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MEN, WOMEN, AND MINXES

Lang, Leonora Blanche

MEN, WOMEN, AND MINXES

BY

MRS. ANDREW LANG

WITH PREFATORY NOTE BY
MR. ANDREW LANG

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PREFATORY NOTE

THE essays in this volume, reprinted from various sources and revised, deal with a variety of subjects; with Richardson's Morals and Manners, with Rousseau's Ideal Household, with Minxes and *Poseuses* French and English, with a contrast to them in the austere theories of the creator of *The Fairchild Family*, with Grimm, the great Paris gossip of the eighteenth century, and with the Women of Colonial America. The fallacies of great poets in their descriptions of landscapes—Sir Walter Scott being strangely Turneresque—are criticised. The essays on Art deal with the ingenious forgeries successfully foisted on learned collectors, and with Art as represented in rural light. Among critics criticised is Paul de Saint Victor, the man admired by Victor Hugo; and the modern literary man is portrayed as he is apt to appear in the eyes of his wife. Home Life during the Great Rebellion is described, and there are essays on Scottish Domestic Manners—Lowland and Highland—in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, with other social studies. Anecdotes and entertainment, rather than severe speculations, historical and social, are the *farrago libelli*—the burden of the book.

A. L.

PREFACE

THIS collection of essays, several of them dating back twenty-five years, was in the press while my husband was still alive. As we had chosen them together and laughed over them together, I have left them as they were, in the order that he placed them.

I desire to express my thanks to the Editors of the *National Review*, of *Blackwood's* and *Longman's Magazines*, of the *Art Journal*, and the *Saturday Review* for their permission to republish the articles which have appeared in those serials.

My thanks are also due to Mr. Lionel Robinson for reading the proofs.

L. B. L.

LONDON, *August* 1912.

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MEN, WOMEN, AND MINXES

A POSEUSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

If a soothsayer had suddenly informed Philippe Egalité, on his wedding-day that he would select, as the person most capable of giving his sons as well as his daughters a solid education, a lady who had spent many months of her childhood in running about the country dressed as Cupid (wings omitted for Church); who only abandoned her airy costume for a boy's uniform, which she wore till she went to Paris; who could not write till she was eleven, and passed her time in acting, and in studying music and a few romances, till she was married at seventeen—if a soothsayer had stated these facts, and informed the Prince of the *rôle* that the ignorant little girl was to play in the Orléans family, he would have laid himself open to a good deal of mockery from the *beaux esprits* about the Court.

Yet such, in a few words, is the early history of Madame de Genlis. She was born on January 25, 1746, at Champcéri, near Autun, and lived there and at another house on the banks of the Loire till she was five, when her father bought the estate of St. Aubin and the Marquisate that went with it. The St. Aubins were at no time rich, not even before they were absolutely ruined; and during the years that followed their ruin the Marquis was a good deal from home, his last journey being to St. Domingo, where he had property. During all this while Félicité was her mother's companion, sharing her amusements, and more than sharing her

duty of entertaining any visitors. Her brother (intended for the Church, and dressed as an Abbé) was being educated at a Lycée; and, although mentioned in the holiday amusements, he does not seem to have been much "accounted of." "He was nothing like so brilliant a child as I," Félicité says, with the charming modesty which she so often displays. Who, indeed, was there to compare with her? We pass over her merely infantile triumphs, of which there were plenty. At tens he acts in *Zaïre* and *Iphigénie*, and is assured by the spectators that she outdoes Clairon; she makes verses that are shown to the leading literary men in Paris, one of whom, Mondorge, "reads them with inexpressible delight!" At thirteen her harp-playing is listened to with rapture by the most accomplished musicians; her mind "has a force quite exceptional at her age"; and she shows "the greatest possible turn for dancing."

In her love affairs it is just the same. "Before I left Burgundy there occurred an event which no woman ever forgets—the first passion she inspires. I was only eleven," she says, "and very small for my age, looking about eight or nine; yet a young man of eighteen fell violently in love with me." The young man was a doctor's son, who had for two years been one of the *troupe* of players whom her mother had gathered round her. Madame de Genlis is fond of omitting to give the dates of the events recorded, though she never tries to falsify her age. She could not have been more than fourteen when she declined the offer of a M. de Monville, "having determined only to marry a man of rank, belonging to the Court: in preference to any one else, I should have fixed on M. de Popelinière," she remarks, "in spite of his being a farmer-general and an old man; but he had won my admiration, whereas I felt nothing warmer than esteem for M. de Monville." Her capacity for imagining all men to be in love with her continued through most of her life. "Custom did not stale its infinite variety"; nor did the fact that (in later days) some of her adorers might

have been her grandsons make much difference; yet an occasional gleam of common sense breaks through her inordinate egotism. She notes (and it is a sign of grace) that her governess openly makes fun of the flatterers who compare her to Clairon; and observes of her own accord that, anxious though all the world may be to listen to her harp-playing, her mother is still more unduly anxious to thrust her accomplishments on the public.

It is not easy to tell how far the eight volumes of Memoirs published in 1825 can really be trusted to give an accurate account of the facts recorded in them. Amid the most adverse circumstances, Madame de Genlis kept a journal all through her life; but when, at the approach of the Revolution, she left France to wander for years from country to country with Mlle. d'Orléans, she handed over her precious volumes to her daughter, Madame de Valence. As Madame de Valence was soon after committed to prison, the journals, among other things, were hopelessly lost; and all that remained of the original documents was a volume that Madame de Genlis had taken with her. She assures us that the lost contents were so engraven on her memory by repeated readings to her friends that she was able to re-write them exactly; but (as in the case of Madame de Rémusat, with a similar misfortune) it is impossible not to feel misgivings that, although the facts may remain unchanged, the point of view may have varied, and events that have been written down as they occurred at twenty will take a very different complexion at sixty.

Still, take it how you will, these Memoirs that she produced in 1812 throw an interesting and curious light on the occupations and amusements of a century which (to use the words of Madame de Genlis) "had not only passed away, but was effaced." If the vanity which she carried into every detail of life makes on us a lasting and disagreeable impression, it does not do away with the fact that she was a keen observer and a lively writer. Indeed, as Grimm remarks,

she was, although not a profound critic, well versed in the surface movements of society, and had contrived (he is alluding particularly to *Adèle et Théodore*) to hit off the manners of the day without caricaturing them.

As every one is acquainted with the main facts of this strange woman's career, this article will deal chiefly with the side-lights thrown by her on the little daily fashions and habits that never lose their interest even for the most philosophic: what time our ancestors had their dinner, what clothes they wore, and similar items of foolishness.

If Madame de Genlis' own account of her bringing-up before her marriage is true, she is a remarkable example of a woman who has learnt from experience, and has contrived, even among the incessant claims of society, to repair her parents' neglect in the matter of education. At six she set forth with her mother to Paris, where she spent a few dismal weeks. After she had had two teeth taken out (the history of children is always the same), "they put a pair of stiff whalebone stays on me, and imprisoned my feet in tight shoes, which prevented me from walking. They rolled my hair in curl papers, and I wore for the first time a panier. To cure my provincial air, an iron collar was fastened round my neck; and, as I squinted a little, the moment I woke, a pair of spectacles was placed on my nose, and these I was not allowed to remove for four hours. Finally, to my great surprise, I was given a master to teach me how to walk (which I thought I knew before), and I was forbidden to run, or to jump, or to ask questions." The private baptism of her infancy was supplemented by a public ceremony, and then her woes were partly forgotten in the delight of fêtes, and the glory of her first opera. This was *Roland le Furieux*; and she was fortunate enough to hear Chassé, the singer who five years later was ennobled "on account of his voice and his beautiful style." Unlike his comrades, he had some notion of modulation.

Modern mothers may exclaim with horror at the notion

of taking their children to operas at the age of six; but, in the first place, music was the one genuine passion of Madame de Genlis' life; and, in the second, theatres began at a much earlier hour then than they do now. People dined at two; and the Comédie Française was supposed to draw up its curtain about five, so that the audience were able to pay evening visits or go out to supper after the performance was over, before making ready for a *bal de l'opéra*. Still, it is noteworthy that in this matter, as in regard to dress, the theory insisted on by Madame de Genlis was quite different from the practice of her own youth. *Her* model children have their limbs free, and may ask as many questions as they choose. They are brought up in the country far from parade or ostentation of any sort—far enough, indeed, to prevent them even hearing of such things;—and if their bedtime is considerably later than we should think desirable, at least it is much earlier than that of Félicité herself. In fact, Madame de Genlis' views of bringing up children are a severe reflection on the training her own mother had bestowed: perpetual visiting, eternal plays, incessant declamation. What wonder that the child grew up to consider herself a marvel—what wonder, either, that she was enchanted to exchange the iron collar and whalebone stays for Cupid's pink satin frock covered with point lace and sprinkled with artificial flowers, and to put on the yellow and silver boots and blue wings? The costume seems hardly suitable for muddy country lanes; yet she wore out many such garments, and next jumped to the other extreme in a boy's dress, which was the most comfortable and sensible thing she had yet worn, and enabled her to move about to her heart's content and to leap over ditches. She had no education in the common sense of the word. Her governess, Mlle. de Mars, who came when Félicité was quite a little thing, was a good musician; but she read nothing with her pupil beyond Mlle. Scudéry's romances, and Mlle. Barbier's plays. In the morning the child sang, danced, and fenced; by way

of recreation, she made artificial flowers, and practised four hours daily on the clavecin, the guitar, and the harp.

One cannot help speculating as to whether in those days children matured physically at an earlier age than they do now. How is it possible to explain the hours that girls then devoted to singing when they were twelve or thirteen, and the extraordinary youth of many of the *débutantes* at the Opera? Sophie Arnould herself came out before she was fourteen, and she is by no means a solitary example. At any rate, at thirteen, Félicité had lessons (at 6 A.M.), from the celebrated Pellegrini in singing, and in accompaniment from the composer Philidor. She learnt the musette and the viola, besides the clavecin and guitar; and for a whole year had such a passion for the harp that she practised it daily for seven hours, sometimes continuing even for ten or twelve. When about sixteen, she was living with her mother in a convent, and immense crowds assembled in church to hear her play the harp.

After all these years of Paris in the winter and country-house visiting in the summer—their income during part of the time was nominally 600 francs—the epoch of Félicité's marriage arrived. Her father had made acquaintance with M. de Genlis at Launceston, whither both had been carried as English prisoners—one on his way from St. Domingo, the other from India and China. M. de Genlis had served for fourteen years with distinction in the Navy, which did not in the least prevent his being one of twenty-four colonels of Grenadiers, and (after his marriage) joining his regiment. Before that event, however, M. de St. Aubin died of low fever; and eighteen months later his wife married a man whom her daughter had refused. Delicacy was not the distinguishing characteristic of those times. This may be gathered from the fact that the marriage of M. de Genlis had to be performed secretly, because he had allowed his uncle, M. de Puisieux, to arrange an alliance for him with

another lady, and lacked the courage to inform either of them of his change of plans.

The young couple were not rich; but, as in modern days, the amount of their income (12,000 francs) seemed to make very little difference. No one appeared to take life seriously, and they passed their time in inventing elaborate (and costly) diversions. "Dressing-up to amuse Byng's aunt" was an entertainment that never failed. Endless are the histories of these mystifications. They induced one unfortunate man, the Duc de Civrac, to lie *perdu* in a garret for twenty-four hours after his arrival from Vienna, in order to produce him at the proper moment, in a fête they were preparing for M. de Puisieux's birthday. They carry on a mystification played upon a house-painter for eight months, and go through elaborate ceremonies, in which they persuade the poor fool that he is created a grandee of Spain; and, strange to say, the deception is kept up not only by the Genlis family themselves, but by the servants and villagers. It is seldom indeed that practical jokes have any real humour; but considerable fun was got out of Madame de Genlis' first introduction to Rousseau. Some weeks before, M. de Sauvigny had given her to understand that her husband intended passing off Préville the actor on her as Rousseau himself. Having once made this project, M. de Genlis thought no more about it; and when one day Rousseau was announced, she received him in a jaunty, off-hand manner, chattered and laughed, played and sang, and altogether showed in her conduct little of the reverence due to a philosopher. Her husband watched her in astonishment, and, when Rousseau had departed, inquired how she could have gone on like that. "Oh," she answered, "you didn't suppose that I should be so simple as to take Préville for Rousseau?" "Préville?" "Yes: no one could have done it better, except that, of course, he ought not to have been so genial and good-humoured." Rousseau, however, bore no malice; and they were quite good friends till the inevitable quarrel came.

It is to Madame de Genlis' credit that she resented being considered "a fine lady"; but she took some singular means of vindicating herself from the aspersion. Immediately after her marriage she and her husband were staying with his brother, the Marquis de Genlis, in his château, and they all went fishing in the lakes. Irritated by some badinage as to "Paris manners," she picked up a live fish the length of her finger and swallowed it whole. It did not choke her; but she was punished for the nasty trick by the horrible fear, which possessed her for many months, that the fish was alive and would grow.

The custom of ladies following the drum was not considered correct in the last century. Thus, when M. de Genlis was occupied by garrison duties, his wife either retired into a convent or stayed with some elderly relative. It was at these times that she began to "improve herself." She spent her days in reading Roman History, Madame de Sévigné, the *Lettres Provinciales*, Marivaux, and other authors, while she learnt cooking and embroidery from the nuns. On her husband's return to his brother's house of Genlis, near St. Quentin, they amuse themselves as before. She takes to riding, and "becomes very clever at it"; is taught billiards, reversi, and piquet; doctors the village (bleeding is among her accomplishments); and acts plays in odd moments. It is easy to see that she is not greatly pleased with the fuss that is made over her young sister-in-law, the Marquise, for she never loses a chance of having a fling at her. Indeed, the art of "praising the charms" of "a sister," or of anybody else, was not one of the many in which Madame de Genlis excelled. It is amazing to read the delight and asperity with which she records the failure of all who attempt to vie with herself, in particular that of her young aunt Madame de Montesson, whom she declares that she loves "almost to madness." Like Alexander, she would reign, and she would reign alone, and no attempt to interfere with her sovereignty is allowed to go unpunished. According to

her own view, she is a quiet and unobtrusive person, who could with difficulty be roused to bear any part in what was going on. "Up to this time," she writes, when relating her visit to the Prince de Conti's lovely property of l'Ile d'Adam —"up to this time I was only known by my harp and my face. I had always kept silence when in company, and my reserve and timidity augured ill for my conversation." One evening, however, it was suggested that she and two gentlemen should act a *proverbe*. It was a prodigious success, and all the ladies were crazy to act *proverbes*. Therefore a series of entertainments were arranged in which Madame de Montesson and Madame de Sabran took part. Alas! "they played not even passably, but ridiculously, and becoming aware of their failure, lost their tempers and were very cross. Madame de Sabran cried with rage, and henceforth was my enemy. I have made many from equally frivolous causes."

The *naïveté* of this last remark is delicious. The words could only have been uttered by a person without a grain of humour. But then humour is a wonderful specific against vanity, and is the best preservative against making oneself ridiculous. Madame de Genlis had none of it, and rambles complacently on, narrating her own triumphs at the expense of every one else. This aunt, Madame de Montesson, plays a great part in her life. They are always quarrelling and always "making it up"; but, whatever terms they may be on at the moment, Madame de Genlis never loses an opportunity of telling tales to her discredit. She is furious with Madame de Montesson for becoming the morganatic wife of the Duke of Orléans (father of Philippe Egalité), and scoffs at her pretensions to being an author and a *bel esprit*, declaring that she was "so ignorant all round, she could never have written her plays without Lefébvre's help," and that "the few clever bits in them were stolen straight from Marivaux." "I was her dupe in nothing," she continues. "When you once have the key to an artificial character, it is easily

understood, because there is not a movement but what is calculated." These remarks, deliberately written down to be read to the friends of the person who is the object of them, and afterwards to be printed, are not genial; but there is worse behind. Seventeen years later, *à propos* of the marriage of her own daughter Pulchérie, she calmly says that it is universally reported that Madame de Montesson, then a widow, was in love with the bridegroom, M. de Valence, but that she (Madame de Genlis) had reassured herself by arguing that, even if M. de Valence had been the lover of a woman much older than himself, his marriage with a pretty girl of seventeen would put an end to all that; and as for the *dot* of 200,000 francs which she permitted a friend to beg from Madame de Montesson, she contents herself with observing that in reality it is not Pulchérie to whom it is given, but M. de Valence himself.

Madame de Genlis would have been very much surprised if she had been told that in all this she appears infinitely more culpable than the person she is abusing; yet this is probably the impression that will be left on the minds of most of her readers. She was twenty-four when she was nominated lady-in-waiting to the Duchesse de Chartres, afterwards Duchesse d'Orléans, with a salary of 4000 francs, while her husband was made Captain of the Guards, with 6000. At that time the society of the Palais Royal was the most brilliant and witty in Paris. Ill-breeding, or any flagrant scandal, shut the door inexorably; but neither a spotless life nor a shining gift of any sort was indispensable. As long as people had good manners, and were rich and pretty, they might find their way in; and *dévotes*, prudes, and coquettes of all kinds were to be met with on opera nights, when any one who had once been presented might drop in to supper. On the other evenings of the week the circle was select. The ladies sat round a table with their embroidery frames, or heaps of gold fringes to

"drizzle" or unravel; and the gentlemen sat behind and joined in the conversation.

According to her own story, Madame de Genlis was not at all a favourite with the members of this little Court. Still, satisfied with the approbation of the Duke and Duchess, she kept as much as possible to her own rooms, and busied herself with her books and her music. Then the Opera-house was accessible by a covered way from the Palais Royal, and she constantly attended the rehearsals of Gluck's operas, which Gluck was conducting himself. Twice a week, too, he made a point of coming to her rooms and hearing her sing and play the harp. She never suffered anything to interfere with her music, and practised every evening for two hours.

When the twin Princesses were eleven months old (one of them died at five years) they were handed over entirely to her care, and she retired with them to a house not far from the Palais Royal, called Belle-Chasse. Whatever Madame de Genlis' faults may have been, she was not lacking in energy. She regulated the minutest details of the establishment, so as to conduct it on economical principles; she calculated the amount of every kind of food necessary for the day's consumption, and even knew the current prices of the market. While the children were young, she had more time to devote to her literary work, and published her first volume of the *Théâtre d'Education*, which caused her to be "the rage," and sorely excited Madame de Montesson's jealousy. In our judgment the enthusiasm seems somewhat misplaced. *The Death of Adam*, *The Return of Tobias*, *Agar in the Desert* (a comedy), and similar works, gain nothing by being transplanted from their original setting and converted into dramas. The other volumes are secular; but, although the actors express themselves in a natural way, they are moral stories rather than plays, and, as such, not likely to attract children.

At this time Madame de Genlis was thirty-one, and, in

compliance with a vow, had left off rouge at the very age when most women would feel inclined to take to it. Her life at Belle-Chasse for the next thirteen or fourteen years was very quiet, but she declares it was the happiest time of her existence. She never went into society at all, but saw her intimate friends and relations every evening for two hours, and the general public once a week, from 6 till 9.30. Very soon her household was greatly increased, for her mother (now a widow for the second time) and her two daughters lived with her, while the English nurses of the Princesses were supplemented when the children reached the age of five, by the arrival from England of Pamela. Every one knows that Pamela was believed to be the child of Philippe Egalité and Madame de Genlis herself, and this belief is strengthened by the elaborate and highly improbable account given by Madame de Genlis of the baby's parentage, and yet more emphatically by the welcome subsequently bestowed on the girl by her mother-in-law, the Duchess of Leinster. Whosoever she was, Pamela was certainly a fascinating little person, horribly careless over her lessons, and gaining the hearts of all who knew her. By-and-bye the circle was joined by two relations of Madame de Genlis, her cousin Henriette de Sercey, and her brother's orphan boy; and then came the supreme moment of her life, when she was requested by the Duke to take entire charge of his three sons, the eldest of whom, the Duc de Valois, was only eight.

The appointment of a woman as governor naturally excited a good deal of mirth at Versailles; but in the end society was satisfied. It must be said that Madame de Genlis did not spare herself. She exercised her functions wisely and well; exercised them, too, without accepting a penny more of salary than what she received for Mlle. d'Orléans. She had absolute control over their teachers, and kept a journal of all their lessons and hours, which she arranged with the utmost care. The Princes got up at

7 A.M. They slept at the Palais Royal, and were taught Latin and arithmetic till eleven. They were then taken to Belle-Chasse, and at two they all dined. Dinner over the tutors left, and she undertook the children herself till nine, when the tutors returned, and after supper the boys were conveyed home to bed. These seem long hours; but in the country, where they all passed eight months of the year, they may have been shortened. Some of the lessons—history, literature, and mythology—Madame de Genlis gave herself. Her first experience of teaching M. de Valois can hardly be called encouraging. She turned round while recounting some exciting deed of his ancestors, to find him yawning and stretching himself, and finally throwing himself at full length on the sofa with his feet on the table! Punishment promptly followed, and the offence was never repeated.

Her plan of education (practically the same as that described in *Adèle et Théodore*) seems very sensible: only the children were hardly left enough to themselves. To be properly carried out too, it requires a great deal of money, a large house, and an absolute isolation and self-sacrifice on the part of the tutors. Private people would have to think of some easier (and cheaper) method of teaching their children history than hanging their rooms with tapestries representing characters and events, or with a series of instructive pictures painted in *gouache*. They would not be always able to afford several personal attendants of every nationality, nor would most boys enjoy having a German valet to accompany them in their walks. The games in the garden—games of adventures and shipwrecks—would be very popular; and so would the portable theatre, though we could have wished them something more lively to act than the *Théâtre d'Education*, of which new volumes were always appearing. If they "walked in German," they "dined in English" and "supped in Italian"; and at odd moments studied botany and chemistry and painted in

gouache. When in Paris, they all worked at trades; and on one occasion there was an exhibition at the Louvre of the Russia leather cases, baskets, tools, wardrobes, and other things, entirely made by the Orléans children. In their leisure hours they visited museums, galleries, and manufactories, and any other places worth seeing. They were even brought up from St. Leu to Paris by their enthusiastic governess, in order that they might watch from Beaumarchais' Garden the crowd assembling for the taking of the Bastille.

Amidst all this practical teaching, the claims which society would have upon them were not forgotten. Dancing was taught them by Dauberval of the Opera; every Saturday they "received" at Belle-Chasse; and once a week, after the eldest was twelve, they were taken to the Français. They learned to swim; they were taught to bleed, and to dress wounds, which arts they practised on the poor at the Hôtel Dieu. It is possible they were not more clumsy than many medical students; and the patients would have felt more flattered by their attention.

It is amazing that with all these occupations Madame de Genlis managed to give so much time to her writing; but she produced many books, most of which (as has been said) were for the education of her pupils. Of these *Adèle et Théodore* (highly commended by Grimm for its grace, style, and sense, though most of the ideas had been anticipated by Locke and Rousseau) is the best known, and even now is not at all bad reading. It rivalled almost successfully Madame d'Epinay's *Conversations d'Emilie* for the Monthyon Prix d'Utilité given by the Academy. Madame d'Epinay won the prize, to her rival's astonishment and disgust; but the defeated one consoles herself with thinking that it is a piece of revenge on the part of the philosophers for the stress which she has laid on religion. In a little story called *Les Deux Réputations* (Veillées du Château) she censures the judgment, and remarks that "in spite of his brilliancy,

Voltaire is really mediocre in everything; producing nothing but platitudes, and writing about all subjects in the same strain." Voltaire apart, it must be owned that Madame d'Epinay's little book has certainly the advantage in simplicity, originality, and humour—qualities not in the least characteristic of Madame de Genlis. The affair occasioned a good deal of talk at the time, and called forth some amusing comments from the Duchesse de Grammont, sister of the Duc de Choiseul. "I am charmed at the result of the competition," she writes to a friend, "for I am certain that Madame de Genlis will die of disappointment, which will be delightful, or she will revenge herself by a satire on the philosophers, which also will be diverting; and, finally, I am enchanted that every one shall see what I have long been convinced of, that the Academy is in its dotage." The Duchess was rigidly impartial.

As the years wear on, the Duchess of Orléans grows colder and colder towards her: a change which Madame de Genlis professes to attribute to political causes, though other reasons may occur to the reader. At last, in 1790, the governess sends in her resignation. The Duke declines to accept it, and a peace is patched up. An absence of a few weeks proves, says Madame de Genlis, that Mademoiselle could not do without her; she is reinstated in her position, and in October 1791, is hastily sent with her pupil and Pamela to England. This was Madame de Genlis' second visit; on the first occasion, some years earlier, she had made the acquaintance of Burke, Walpole, Sheridan, and many others, whose friendship she was glad to claim. We must not linger over the many interesting episodes of their English life and country-house visits to the "castle" of *le chevalier* Hoare and to the lovely conservatories of *le chevalier* Bunbury. Every one treated the fugitives with much kindness; but the most romantic event of their English sojourn was the brief engagement of Sheridan to Pamela.

If Madame de Genlis is to be believed, Pamela owed

neither of her two proposals to her own attractions, but solely to her resemblance to the late Mrs. Sheridan, with whom Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as well as Sheridan himself, had been violently in love. Pamela's betrothal to Sheridan, now a man of forty-seven, lasted hardly more than a fortnight. She returned to France, whither he was to follow her as soon as he had arranged some "pressing affairs." They forgot each other; and in a few weeks Pamela was the wife of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

For nine years Madame de Genlis, proscribed as an *émigrée*, wandered from country to country, before she was allowed to return to France. But the years of the Revolution had done more than sweep away obnoxious institutions and the buildings that were their outward sign: it had absolutely changed men's ways and manners, and the Paris of the First Consul was no longer the Paris of the old *régime* that she knew so well. Napoléon was always very kind to her—he allotted her rooms in the Arsenal, and kept up a correspondence with her; but he could not bring back the birds to the nests of last year. The very language had changed its meaning, and the polite, exaggerated phrases of yore had given place to terms more familiar and more brutal. Hours were later too. Theatres were not over till eleven, and, if people occasionally gave suppers after, the old gaiety was absent. Ceremony had taken the place of ease and courtesy. At the *petits soupers* which formed the joy of the Paris *où l'on s'amusait*, the ladies had been all on an equal footing: a duchess had no precedence over a queen of finance, and would have been thought ill-mannered had she accepted any. When the *maître d'hôtel* announced that "Madame est servie," the lady next the door walked down first, and the others followed and placed themselves where they chose. On entering, a bow to the hostess was thought sufficient, and the visitor was expected to watch his opportunity and steal away when it suited him, without drawing public attention to his movements.

In 1802 all this was altered. The mistress of the house was bombarded with compliments by the newly-arrived guest, on his entrance and on his exit; due consideration was given to rank and importance; and gesticulation and raised voices took the place of the well-bred calm that formerly reigned in salons. The purely ornamental education of former days was exchanged for as purely a useful one; but one habit of the *grand monde* in France (and in other countries) remained as before—the sentimental sighs of the fine ladies after a simple pastoral life, while no entertainment of any sort was ever foregone.

It was in the days of her life at the Arsenal that Madame de Genlis was visited by Miss Edgeworth, her father, and her sister, on the occasion of their six weeks' tour in France, which was so nearly expanded into an unwilling residence of twelve years. In a charming book, privately printed, Miss Edgeworth gives an amusing account of their pious pilgrimage. She thought the celebrated authoress *très peu soignée* in her attire and surroundings. Madame de Genlis wore a wig which was not always perfectly straight, and would have nothing whatever to say to Miss Edgeworth, but devoted herself to playing off her airs and graces on the only gentleman of the party. This account is borne out by one given in 1823, by the condenser of Madame de Genlis' Memoirs (and "pruner of her periods"), M. F. Barrère. The writer's young niece was anxious to see a lady of whom she had heard so much, so they both visited her in a small apartment she then occupied in the Place Royale. "Everything was very badly kept, and Madame de Genlis herself was sitting before a pine-wood table covered with miscellaneous objects in the utmost disorder—tooth-brushes, false hair, two half-finished pots of jam, eggshells, combs, a roll, pomade, hairwash, some dregs of coffee in a broken cup, the end of a candle, a water-colour sketch, cheese, a lead inkstand, two books, and some loose papers covered with

verses." After such a sight, the "ease of manner" with which she had welcomed her guests must have fallen very flat, and her inevitable talk of herself and her accomplishments, flatter still. We will close with one more anecdote, related by herself.

Soon after the Venus of Milo had been brought to Paris (at least so we gather, though no dates are given), Madame de Genlis went to see it in company with Lord Bristol and Horace Vernet. Words cannot express her disgust at the ugliness of the statue. "It has bad eyes, a clumsy nose (not in the least Greek), a disagreeable mouth, a frightful throat—indeed, it has so little beauty that I am driven to believe that, so far from being the ideal of loveliness, it can only be a portrait. Of course, I may be wrong; but that is my view." Then, some time after, she added in a note, "I think that, after all, I must be right in my judgment, as no foreigner ever asks to see the statue, and it has fallen into complete oblivion." Listen to Paul de St. Victor: "Thanks to her, Beauty has touched Sublimity; the world of stone has found its queen. At the sight of her face how many altars crumbled, how many shrines grew empty! The Venus de' Medici, the Venus of the Capitol, the Venus of Arles hung their heads and acknowledged the might of this other Venus, this Venus twice victorious. Venus rising from the waves has asserted her empire, and gods and men have bowed to her will."

More than anything she could have said, this verdict has weakened our confidence in the talents of Madame de Genlis, who has already challenged criticism by the way she defies it. Yet, unsympathetic, spiteful, vain, and untruthful as she is, some good qualities remain to her. She was ready to accept new ideas, without being carried away by them; without help from outside she contrived to educate herself in a solid manner, at a period when any thing beyond a smattering and a jargon was looked on with suspicion. She never wasted a moment, did her best

for the children entrusted to her care, and never lost courage in misfortune. Also, what is perhaps more uncommon, she never lost interest in the occupations that had taken up so many hours of her earlier days. Thus, it must be admitted that the world was the better for Madame de Genlis.

THE SOCIAL RECORDS OF A SCOTCH FAMILY

Nor the least of the benefits conferred by Mr. Lecky on the reading public is his introduction, through the medium of his *History of the Eighteenth Century*, to one of the most interesting and curious books on family life that probably exists, the *Caldwell Papers*. Not that the Mures of Caldwell were people who were content with the narrow cares—narrower in the eighteenth century than now—of a private position. They and their connections bore their part in the business of the country as bravely as any Scotchman had borne it for three hundred years; but the interest attaching to the letters and correspondence with Lord Bute, David Hume, the Lord Privy Seal Mackenzie, or the Duchess of Argyll, is chiefly that of throwing light on social surroundings and character, rather than on public events.

Since the accession of David II in 1329, when Sir Reginald Mure of Abercorn was Lord High Chamberlain, the Mures of Caldwell have been one of the most distinguished families in the counties of Ayr and Renfrew. They could claim cousinship with nearly all the celebrated names that call up picturesque images to English minds as well as to Scottish ones—with the Darnleys, the Eglintons, the Atholes, and many more, and could even boast of giving a queen to Scotland, for Elizabeth Mure became the wife of Robert, Earl of Strathearn, afterwards Robert II.

From the earliest times recorded in the family papers preserved at the old home at Caldwell, in Ayrshire, the Mures appear to have been men of talent and consideration. Their name is constantly recurring in Scottish history, and

even in the fourteenth century we find Mures employed in political missions, and concerned in the drawing up of treaties with England. The documents now existing, which date from 1496, are not, however, confined to relating the doings of the more conspicuous members of the clan. They deal with every sort of subject, marriage contracts, bonds of mawrent, domestic expenses of one of the young Mures in 1644 when "a pair of sweit cordiphant (Cordovan) gloves" costs £2, 8s., and his washing bill for three months comes to £1, 12s. There is a list of the spoil which John Mure took when Beaton's Palace was sacked in 1515, and which he was forthwith ordered to restore or replace. There are letters from James VI respecting "ane Naiknay" (hackney) for transporting the ladies of the "Queine our Bedfallow," recipes against the plague, and for avoiding aches in the spine, which is to be done by taking "ane littl fatt dogg," and after stuffing him with cuming seed, "rosting" him, and keeping the droppings, adding to him a "a handful of earth wormes boyled quhill thy be leik lie." There are requests for patronage, plans for setting on foot public works and improving the state of manufactures, schemes of education, records of the state of remote places and islands in the eighteenth century. There is enough and to spare to furnish materials for many articles, but as space is limited, we can only concern ourselves with the lives and writings of two persons, Baron Mure of Caldwell and his sister, Miss Elizabeth Mure, who died in 1795, aged eighty-one, and whose experiences of the eighteenth century were anonymously printed in Constable's magazine in 1818, under the title of "Remarks on the Changes of Manners in my Time."

For a person who, she allows, "should have been more in the world," it must be admitted that Miss Mure was remarkably free from prejudice. That she was shrewd and observant goes without saying, and also perhaps, that her statements are not always consistent with each other. But as the essay in question is called "a fragment," it is possible

that some portions may be lost that would have thrown light upon the apparent contradictions. Her own experiences date back from 1727, and the facts relating to the earlier years of the century have been gathered from the generation preceding her own. There is little arrangement in her remarks. The results of her observations in various fields are put down very much as they come into her head; but this only makes them more natural and interesting. Within her memory, manufactures seem to have been at a very low ebb, and "every woman made her web of wove linnen, and bleached it herself." Fine gentlemen got their shirts from Holland till about the year 1735, when "wevers were brought over from Holland, and manufactorys for linnen established in the West. The dresses of the ladys," goes on Miss Mure, "were nearly as expencive as at present," though not so often renewed, and hoops were 4½ yards wide, "which required much silk to cover them." Their tables were plentiful, but "very ill-dressed and as ill served up," though, on the other hand, they had clean table-cloths every day, and "allwise napkins." The servants "eat ill, having a sett form for the week, of three days broth and salt meat, the rest meagre, with plenty of bread and small bear. Their wages were small till the vails were abolished; the men from 3 to 4 pounds in the year, the maids from 30s. to 40s." It was usual only to have "one man servant, or two at most, unless they kept a carriage, a thing very uncommon in those days, and only used by nobles of great fortune." Food was very cheap during the early part of the century, when a hen could be bought for 4d., a calf for 5s., and a turkey for 1s. But after the '45, riches increased considerably, and prices rose. Before that time rents had been mostly paid in kind, as money was scarce. The growing communication between London and Edinburgh was stimulated by the Union, and impetus given to trade by the residence in Edinburgh of wealthy English people who held official appointments there. Of course

some years had to be allowed for the country to settle down, but when the disaffection of half a century and more had exploded in the '45, the people gave up the struggle, and things followed their natural course. Besides this, "men came back from abroad with large fortunes," presumably chiefly from the Indies, and "began to buy up estates," and so altogether the internal affairs of Scotland were looking more prosperous.

Miss Mure has not a very high idea of the country society of the period. She tells us that "there was little intercourse between old and young, and as they rarely went to town, their acquaintance was limited. This produced many strong friendships, and often very improper marriages." It narrowed both their circle and their minds; "they were indulgent to the faults of one another, but most severe on those they were not accustomed to, so that censure and detraction seemed to be the vice of the age." "Domestick affairs and amusing her husband was the business of a good wife." It is a new light that in those days of sharply-drawn lines a wife could do anything to amuse her husband, whose sports were generally hunting and shooting without, and sleeping and drinking within; but it is strange to find that the model partner left her children to a governess, if she could afford one, though "all they could learn them was to read English ill and plain work. The chief thing was to teach them to repeat Psalms and long catechisms. Reading and writing, or even spelling" (we suppose she meant correctly) "was never thought of. Music, drawing, or French were seldom taught the girls." We shall see how completely manners changed in this respect as well as in many others, during the last forty years of the century. Still the girls had far more freedom than it is at all customary to associate with our great-great-grandmothers. They ran about and amused themselves as they pleased till they were grown up, when they were sent to Edinburgh "for a winter or two, to lairn to dress themselves, and to dance and see a little of

the world. The world was only to be seen at church"—this is not a joke—"at marriages, burials, and baptisms." At other times they were in undress, and "allwise masked" when they walked in the streets. One is tempted sometimes to wish that this custom was not abolished. When they returned to their country homes, "their employment was in color'd work, beds, tapestry, and other pieces of furniture; imitations of fruit and flowers with very little taste." Their reading was "books of devotion or long romances," and they spent a good deal of time in eating, for as "they never eat a full meal at table," it being considered "very undelicat," they satisfied their cravings beforehand. On Sundays the young people were severely tried. At nine o'clock prayers were read by the chaplain, who was an institution in the houses of most families of pretension, and acted partly as a tutor. These were followed by church service at ten, which was never over till half-past twelve. Half an hour appears to be allowed for the walk home, for at one o'clock there were more prayers, and all that exhausted nature had to recruit itself with was "a bit of cold meat or an ege." By two they were back at church—it hardly seems worth while to have left it—enjoying a service which lasted till four, and on their return the elders retired to their private devotions, and the children and servants were "convened by the chaplain and examined till five." One is quite thankful to hear that it was eight o'clock before they arose from the dinner which succeeded the five o'clock prayers, though after three hours of sitting over a good square meal, the chaplain at any rate can hardly have been up to the singing, reading, and prayers that finished the day. A few years of Sundays such as these would amply account for the "survival of the fittest," which is so noticeable a feature of Scotland.

The very early marriages of men which had been customary during the end of the seventeenth century and the first years of the eighteenth, became the exception

rather than the rule by the time Miss Mure's personal recollections begin, though she has it on her uncle's authority that before the year 1713 most young men were married at eighteen, and few, indeed, were single after twenty-one. Probably the narrow society in which young people were brought up had a great deal to do with this. Their interests were few, and the acquaintances of the ordinary country gentleman fewer still. When sport was over he had nothing to occupy him except a visit to some neighbouring laird's house, and in his case, as in many others, propinquity produced its usual results.

After the Union, important changes were wrought in this matter as in others. With the influx of English into Scotland, and the necessary presence of Scotch Peers and Members of Parliament in London, travelling became the fashion, and soon young men were not content with journeying between the two countries, but pushed on across the Channel, and into France and Italy, as English nobles used to do a hundred years and more earlier. However stupid and prejudiced a young man might be by nature, in those days his eyes were perforce opened to the manners and customs of other nations to a degree which would escape all but the most determined inquirer, now that national differences are nearly smoothed away. He was obliged to mix with the people as he travelled along, either on horseback or by coach. If he did not "do as others did," he starved, and was probably maltreated into the bargain. It was useless for him to attempt to go through France or Italy with his nose in the air, boasting of the superiority of Scotland or England; if he demanded as a right what need only be conceded as a favour, he got his head broken for his pains. So in spite of himself the young Scotchman had to learn civility, and returned home with a marked improvement in his manners, which were much better than those of his female relations who had not shared his advantages. This is noticed by Miss Mure among her earliest reminiscences,

and she comments very severely on the behaviour of the "womans" of that date, calling them "vulgar and undelicat in their conversation." They brought into society the "freedom and romping they had acquired with their brothers and near relations. Many of them threw off all restreint. Were I to name the time when the Scotch ladys went farthest wrong, it would be betwixt the 30 and 40." This she conceives to be the result of the "French manners" brought home by the young noblemen, so that the newly-acquired polish had its drawbacks. But in "well-regulated familys reverence for elders was still the rule; a degree of attention was paid the old, yea, even servility, that this age knows nothing of." "No one thought of pleasing themselves, but tried to make each person think well of himself."

So far, Miss Mure is chiefly speaking of country society. Let us see what the city madams were like, and how they amused themselves. "In the towns the ladys gave themselves airs, and each had a train of admirers." The tea-parties which play so large a part in all old novels, came into vogue about 1720. At these festivities everything and everybody was pulled to pieces in a thoroughly satisfactory way. "Religion" (mark that, those who think religious discussions a modern growth), "religion, morals, love, friendship, good manners, dress," all had their turn. "This tended more to refinement than anything else." "The booksellers' shopes were not stuffed as they are now with novels and magazines. The weman's knowledge was gain'd by conversing with men, not by reading themselves, as they had few books they could understand. Whoever had read Pope, Addison, and Swift, with some ill-wrot history, was then thought a lairnd lady, which character was by no means agreeable." "The intercourse of the men with the weman, though less reserved than at present, was to the full as pure. They would walk together for hours, or travell on horss back or in a chaise, without any imputation of imprudence. The parents had no concern when an admirer was their guide."

These remarks look strange when contrasted with the foregoing observations, as to the "undelicat" manners of the young ladies in 1724. It cannot be wholly accounted for by the difference of standard of town and country, although of course that was much greater then than it is now. In all probability by the time Miss Mure grew up, the "weman" had become accustomed to their liberty, and learned to make a better use of it. Certainly they still retained it down to very late years, for readers of Mrs. Somerville's life will remember the extraordinary freedom that young girls were sometimes allowed in the early part of the last century.

The men had their own diversions. They met every evening in their clubs, and spent as a rule about 4d. or 8d., besides the cost of their tobacco and pipes. Sometimes they played "backgammon or catch honours for a penny the game, washed down by cherry in muchken stoups," of which they drank an "incredible" quantity. Everybody dined at home "in privit"; but notables soon "introduced supping, as when the young people were happy they were loath to part, so that supping came to be the universal fashion in Edinburgh." These merry suppers were so missed by the young people when they went to the country, that late "colations took place, held in the bed-room of one of the party, with either tea or a posset, till far in the morning," but these were always "carefully concealed from the parents." The "colations," whose attraction can only have lain in their secrecy, sound more like the surreptitious meals of magnesia and biscuits of more modern school-girls.

"These manners," goes on Miss Mure, "continued till about 1760, when the English brought in dinner parties, and three was the hour of dinner." "The ladies sat half an hour after dinner and then retired to tea, but the men sat on drinking till eight." "This," she supposes, "makes a run on the public places," as, "(the ladies) cut off from the company of friends, and with no familiar friends to

occupy the void, they must tire of their mothers and elderly society, and flee to the public for relief." There were "no more merry suppers, as the men drink and game, so to give the ladies interest they are much better educated, and girls are taught reading, writing, music, drawing, French, Italian, geographie, history, with all kinds of needle-work," besides having "shopes loaded with novels and books of amusement, to kill time."

So ends Miss Mure's "fragment," which in its few pages has given a clearer idea of social life in the eighteenth century than whole books would have done written about the subject. It is the country pendant to the picture given us by Horace Walpole of the fashionable society of his era. And many of the characters mentioned by Walpole were the intimate friends and correspondents of Miss Mure's brother William, born in 1718, student of law in Edinburgh and Leyden, M.P. for Renfrewshire till 1761, and Baron of the Scottish Court of Exchequer.

To judge by the letters of his correspondents, as well as by his own, Baron Mure (as he was always called) seems to have been a man of sound sense and judgment; of many interests, much knowledge, and free from prejudices to an unusual degree. His friends speak for him, and the man who could number among his intimate associates, Hume, Lord Bute, and the Duchess of Hamilton; who could be consulted about the making of a canal to join the Forth and Clyde; about finding a suitable house in Edinburgh for "Lord Northumberland's son, Mr. Percy," or be interested in the minutest details of his boy's life at a French school, was clearly a man whose good nature as well as advice was firmly to be relied on.

As has before been said, it is not material that is wanting, but "ample room and verge enough" to turn it to account. It is therefore impossible to do more than glance at Baron Mure's letters from his correspondents which are full of interesting and suggestive matter, and

pass on to his views on education, shown by the way in which he brought up his ward and his two sons.

Of course, in his official capacity Mure had to do a great deal of business with the public men of the day, and the acquaintances he had once made officially he seems generally to have retained privately. Questions of patronage were among the most frequent and pressing in the last century, and Baron Mure had candidates of his own to fill the vacant places, though he (and for the most part his friends) appears to have been most particular never to recommend anyone unsuitable. Still, these requests for influence to be exerted meet us at every turn. Sometimes it is to get an appointment to a manse for a "deserving person." Sometimes it is to secure a pension for an old woman of seventy-five, who has no claim but poverty. Very often it is to get somebody's friend nominated to a professorship in Glasgow University, or to vote for a candidate in a Scottish county; once it is from the Hon. T. Erskine, to beg Lord Lorne, Colonel of the 1st Foot, to give him leave of absence from his regiment, and to allow him to shirk going to Minorca, "as since my wife's father has been reconciled to us, it will render it of great consequence to me to be with him at present." We regret to say the leave was given, for it would have been very much better for Mr. Thomas Erskine to have been made to stick to his duty.

We get an amusing glimpse of Boswell in a letter written to the Baron from Lord Mountstuart, dated Rome, 1765, in which he states, that "he has met Mr. Boswell, and is going to travel with him; he is an excellent lad, full of spirit and noble sentiments." M. Rouet, an old friend of the Mure family, introduces us to some one still more celebrated than Boswell—the man who probably was guilty of greater meannesses, and achieved greater popularity than any man living—J. J. Rousseau. M. Rouet writes to the Baron on January 25th, 1766, from London, where he is living for the time, and says, "David Hume and

J. J. Rousseau are in Buckingham Street, where many go from civility to see him, and our friend David is made the shower of the lion. He is confoundedly weary of his pupil, as he calls him; he is full of oddities and even absurdities. A friend of mine has offered him a retreat in Wales, where he is to board in a plain farmer's house, for he would not stay at St. James's unless the King took board." This plan, however, appears to have been postponed, for, on January 6th, M. Rouet writes again, "Rousseau is boarded at a small house in Chiswick; his landlady is a grocer. He sitts in the shop and learns English words, which brings many customers to the house. He goes afterwards to Wales, as soon as his *gouvernante* comes from France." We presume this is a polite way of referring to Thérèse Levasseur.

In spite of his "confounded weariness," Hume must have got some compensation in the absurdities and oddities alluded to above. What a different Hume is the friend of the Mures from the figure with which the conventional Histories of our childhood made us acquainted. This Hume was fond of gay clothes; is it not recorded of him that he returned from Paris with a bright yellow coat, spotted with black butterflies? He was not above the failings of ordinary humanity, and prided himself on his excellence at whist, though he does not seem to have been much sought after as a partner. He was full of humour, and once put an old lady to shame on Sunday by inquiring in company why she did not pull out the cards and let them have their usual rûbber. He was on the most intimate terms with Baron Mure and his family, and took the deepest interest in the education of the two boys, as we shall see by-and-bye. Even on his death-bed, the Mures play a conspicuous part. Mrs. Mure, lively, handsome, the friend and correspondent of Lady Hester Pitt, came to visit him, and he presented her, as a parting gift, with a copy of his History. It is curious to note in the lady's reply, how the

instincts of a shrewd woman of the world are at war with the conventional morality of the hour. "Oh, David," she said, "that's a book you may weel be proud o', but before you die you should burn a' your wee bookies." Hume was too far gone to seize the opportunity for argument held out to him; but a flash of his old self revived in his question, "What for should I burn a' my wee bookies?" then his strength suddenly failed him, and he just added, "Good-bye."

We must pass over some most interesting letters relating to the '45 and other public events, which, though not directly concerning Baron Mure, were all subjects that occupied much of his thoughts. Among the many schemes about which he was consulted was one for settling a thousand disbanded sailors in the Highlands, and forming fisher villages, with a boat between every eight men, and a house and three acres of land (cow not mentioned!) for seven years to every married fisher. We are not told if this experiment was ever tried, or if so, how it answered; but it is plain that at that period the Highlands, as well as the disbanded sailors, were in great need of reformation by a paternal Government. A letter received by Mure in 1764 from Dr. Walker, Professor of Natural History in Edinburgh, gives a curious account of the condition of the Western Islands, among which he had been travelling nine years before Dr. Johnson made his celebrated tour.

Dr. Walker writes that a knowledge of English is absolutely necessary before the Highlanders can become industrious, but that the popular method of preaching to the islanders in a tongue "not understanded of the people" is only productive of prejudice and irritation. In some places, however, they seem to have had schools, which is sufficiently strange in such out-of-the-way places, and in two years the school children contrive to "speak English perfectly." As he mentions that Coll had a population of 1000, and Tiree one of 1400, the whole district must have been more thickly peopled in proportion than it is now.

But the Professor was not content with describing the state of the case; he also suggests remedies for some of the evils. He is anxious to import foreign "lintseed" for the linen manufacture, and to sell it to the people at cost price, as what is raised by them is very slow of growth and poor in quality. He likewise wishes to encourage fishing by selling a large quantity of salt and casks to the natives at prime cost, for owing to the lack of these articles the swarms of fish on the northern and western coasts are practically useless. Yet, let the Highlanders be as industrious as they like, till each man holds directly of the landlord the country will never be prosperous—as how should it be when a man who rents a small holding of £30 a year sublets it to at least a dozen tenants? It is like setting twelve men astride a horse only intended to carry one, and we all know what is likely to be the end of that! So, commending the cultivation of potatoes to the multitude, and objurgating the weather and the roads as "the worst he ever saw in his life," the good doctor brings his letter to a conclusion.

Among the most interesting letters received by Baron Mure—interesting, that is to say, as emanating from the person who wrote them—are those of Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton, afterwards Duchess of Argyll. Baron Mure was one of the guardians of her son, the young Duke of Hamilton, and appears to have had the chief direction of his education. When we consider the way in which the youth of the lively Irish girl was probably passed, it is astonishing to find her business faculty, as well as great good sense, so highly developed. She was a warm and constant friend and a wise mother, and, as far as can be judged from her letters, was careful of her tenants and dependents. In 1772 she thought her son was old enough to profit by foreign travel, and she writes to Baron Mure on the subject of a "governor" to accompany the young Duke. The person finally chosen for this office was Dr. Moore, a well-known doctor in Glasgow, and father of the future

Sir John, who was permitted (under certain restrictions) to join the party. The salary offered by the Duchess was £300 a year exclusive of expenses, and an annuity of £100 a year for life. The first reports sent home to Baron Mure by the Doctor were from Geneva, which then could boast of a very cultivated and polished society, and provided the best masters on every subject. In one of his frequent letters to his guardian—letters rather priggish and grandiloquent according to our ideas, but showing "ease and spirit" according to Baron Mure's—the Duke tells how he passes his day. He rises at five, and bathes with Dr. Moore in the Rhone, after which he drives down to Geneva four days in the week, and has a *leçon de physique expérimentale* from seven to eight. From eight to nine he reads *L'esprit des lois* with Dr. Romilly, and then returns to breakfast, generally reading for a couple of hours before dinner, but sometimes receiving instead, a visit from a music master or *maître d'armes*. In the afternoon he drives about with Dr. Moore who never leaves him, makes calls, walks, or plays bowls, and altogether "is happier than he ever was in his life."

The Doctor was a man of sense, and desirous that his pupil should be fitted for his place in the world by seeing as much of men and things as possible. Soon after their arrival in Geneva they went to Ferney to see Voltaire, "a privilege granted to very few." However, the old man made himself most agreeable, and after inquiring for Hume, said to Dr. Moore—

"You mos write him that I am hees great admeerer; he is a very great 'onor to England, and, abofe all, to Ecosse."

He then invited them to sup and sleep, and when they at last took leave of him, they were both highly impressed with his vivacity and spirit; "which," says Dr. Moore, "are amazing; and I do believe he is not without hopes that the Christian religion will die before him."

After making a long stay at Geneva, they proceeded

(1774) into Germany, first to Strasburg and then to Manheim, where they paid a visit to "the civilest man in the world." They thought they must have "remained two hours, and that their watches had gone wrong by agreement," but found, on looking, that "they had only been twenty minutes with this polite gentleman." In fact, they inspected all the smaller Courts of Germany, where the Duke comported himself in a manner highly pleasing to his tutor, and then made a short stay at Berlin, whence they write home their views about Frederick the Great (1775).

"He is unremitting in his attention and activity, and exacts the same work from his servants as from himself. He is not cruel for the pleasure of it, but desires perfection in everything. He is vivacious, speaks much, and is polite to every one."

One cannot help wondering if, during the visit to Ferney, the conversation had ever turned on the King of Prussia!

Leaving Berlin behind them, they strike south and come to Prague, and after seeing all the marvels of that unique old city, they are conducted to a convent of Irish friars. How strange it must have felt, after hearing the mouthful of consonants of the Czech language on all sides, suddenly to be accosted by a gentleman who remarked by the way, "Some of us taich Latin, and some taich English, but in no place at all at all is religion and philosophy better instructed!" They did not wait to put his assertions to the proof, but went on to Vienna, where "Jack"[1] was presented by Prince Kaunitz, the Prime Minister, to the Emperor and Empress, who were highly pleased with him. Baron Mure did not at all approve of the little boy being taken on this tour, but the Doctor took pains to satisfy him that he never allowed his son's presence to interfere with his duty to the Duke. "Jack" was intelligent and unobtrusive too, in himself, and was a great success throughout Germany, when he made a pilgrimage with his father

[1] Afterwards Sir John Moore.

and the Duke to the battlefields of Saxony and Bohemia. In after-life he became the friend and correspondent of the Baron's eldest son, father of the compiler of these papers.

The education of the Baron's two sons occupies a considerable space in the letters, and in the mind of their father. Being a man of the world, and having travelled himself in France and Holland in his youth, Baron Mure was most anxious that his boys should lose no advantage which he could procure for them. When they were quite small, they had a *bonne* to look after them instead of the stout countrywoman who fell to the lot of their contemporaries, and in course of time the *bonne* gave place to a Swiss tutor, M. de Meuron, afterwards nominated Prussian Chargé d'Affaires in London, though for some reason the nomination was never taken up. M. de Meuron seems to have given the Baron complete satisfaction as long as he remained in his family, but when the boys grew older Baron Mure wished them to see more of life than they could do in Scotland, and to learn to speak French fluently. To this end, in 1767 he begged Hume, who was then in London, to give him advice as to sending his sons to a fashionable school lately opened by one M. Graffigni, at Norlands, Kensington. Hume seems to have been very fond of the young Mures, and, during the short time that they remained in London, took considerable pains to find out on what system the education there was conducted. Indeed, it was chiefly owing to Hume's representation of the unintelligent way in which everything was taught that the Baron decided to withdraw them from London, and ultimately, in 1771, to send them to school in Paris, with Mr. Jardine, afterwards Professor of Logic at Glasgow, for their governor. No part of the Caldwell records is more curious than these details of a fashionable French academy, which a Scotch gentleman considered the most suitable place for training his sons. Mr. Jardine corresponds regularly with the Baron, and omits no detail about their

mode of life or the methods of teaching, and his letters are supplemented (for the benefit of the reader) by the account of an English boy who was there with the Mures.

The school was kept by M. Bruneteau, and was situated not far from where the Invalides now stands, close to the Rue de Sèvres and the "Café du Bel Air de M. Pigache," which delicious name contains in itself a whole romance. It was chiefly intended to give military instruction to young men of noble birth, and the numbers were limited to twenty. Of these, in the Mures' time, might be counted a nephew of the Duc de Choiseul, and a great-great-nephew of Cardinal Fleury. It was a large old house, outside the barrier, known as the Hôtel Meudon, with a big garden behind, and a courtyard with a *porte-cochère* in front. Near by was a smaller house, used as an infirmary, and a little chapel where mass was said daily. There was no rule about attendance, but the young Mures were always present, as their tutor wisely thought it was a pity to make distinctions between them and their companions.

The staff of professors and servants was certainly ample. Besides M. Bruneteau and his wife, their son and two daughters, a lady housekeeper was provided to look after the establishment. Then there was an abbé, a *professeur de droit*, and three teachers, one for classics and mathematics and one for German and Italian. The servants consisted of a major-domo, who superintended the kitchen and had a cook and scullions under him, two men hairdressers, two other male servants, and three or four maids. This was not bad for twenty boys and two parlour boarders, Messieurs De La Roche, *mousquetaires noirs* of the household of his Majesty!

"Everything," Mr. Jardine says, "was very clean and tidy, and great attention was paid to diet and lodging, each boy having his own bed, and only four sleeping in a room, with a servant to look after them." In fact, the only thing to which exception could be taken was breakfast, which was

literally "prison fare," being as much bread and water as they could eat. This must have been very bad for boys who got up at six in winter and five in summer, and attended mass before they had anything to eat at all. After the bread and water, lessons proceeded briskly from half-past eight to twelve, "when," says one of the Mures, writing home three days a week, "the drawing-master comes. Dinner is at one, and we do what we like till three; then the sergeant comes till four. We write from four till five. At five we have a *goûté* of the same sort as our breakfast; then we go to Mr. Jardine. At eight we sup. . . . On the 21st of next month there are to be manual exercises and a dance performed in public, in both of which we are to have parts, and a play is to be acted soon. There is no general breaking up, but they keep all the saints' days and holidays, and there are likewise ten days at Xmas, when those who have behaved well go home."

On the whole, M. Bruneteau's view of education seems to have been sensible enough, except that "the outdoor amusements were few and puerile," so that the boys generally devoted their spare time to reading, and subscribed to a circulating library, "so as to have a constant choice of books." Mr. Jardine cannot overcome his surprise at the prominence given to the German language, and alludes to the fact over and over again. "German is as much in repute here as French is with us," he writes in one of his first letters to the Baron; and some months later, "The German language is now become an essential part of a military education. I suppose that during the last war" [Does he mean the Seven Years' War with Frederick the Great, ending with the Peace of Paris?] "they felt the want of it severely, for nothing else would tempt a Frenchman to learn any other language than his own; and so attentive is M. Bruneteau to the military idea, that one or two of his ushers have served campaigns in that country." Mr. Jardine is a conscientious man, and always has it in his mind that the advantages

reaped are not adequate to the money laid out. He regrets, on his arrival, that they had brought so many clothes with them, as M. Bruneteau supplies shoes, stockings, uniforms, and shirts, "but neither fire nor washing—two articles not the least expensive here." He goes on to say that their first quarter's expenses amounted to £250, and three months afterwards begs the Baron to judge for himself whether the French language is worth all this outlay, "for you know that every other thing of importance could be got much better elsewhere than here. The education of this house, though it may do very well for a Frenchman, would be thought very trifling with us."

The Baron, however, decided otherwise. He knew much better than Mr. Jardine did, that "education" is not merely book-learning. He estimated at its proper worth the insight into the different kinds of men and manners his sons were getting, and thought that the "coaching" by M. Brizard, one of the best actors at the Français, for comedies to be acted on their little domestic theatre, would fit them for acting their parts all the better in after life. One day Brizard did not come at all, and there was consternation in the Pension Bruneteau, but on his next appearance he explained that he had stayed away in order to marry a couple. The penalty was excommunication, but as actors were *ex officio* excommunicated (this was in 1771), it did not much matter. As dancing was an accomplishment then necessary to every gentleman, they had for teacher a ballet-master of the opera. The Bruneteau dances became as much *à la mode* as the plays at St. Cyr. Fashionable ladies used to drive out and see them performed, and the greatest beauty present (we are not told who adjudged the apple) placed a wreath of bays on the head of the dancer who distinguished himself most. The Scotch boy to whom we owe this account had himself been crowned by the Marquise de Genlis, not, *bien entendu*, the mother of Pamela.

In spite, however, of the solidity of his views, Jardine

is enormously pleased and proud by a "call" he and the Mures paid to Versailles in 1773, under the auspices of the Duc de Fleury, and writes home to the Baron that he was "prodigiously satisfied with their visit." The King, he says, remarked the boys, and inquired who they were, and Madame Du Barri spoke to them. It is quite possible that Baron Mure may not have been as much impressed with this honour as the tutor seems to expect, but he writes back to say that he is glad that his sons behaved properly, and hopes their heads may not be turned by the notice taken of them. If we had no other material with which to judge of Baron Mure than his letters to and about his sons, we should feel that he was a man in a thousand. Whether he is writing of them as boys, or to them as young men at Oxford, he never bullies or preaches, he merely guides. Everything that interests his sons interests him, and they seem to have been on the best of terms all their lives. The eldest, Willie, went into the army, served in the American War, was taken prisoner and sent to Philadelphia. He was the friend of Sir John Moore, who writes to him in 1806 that he hopes to go "with the command to India, as he is tired of the trifling details of a home command." Five weeks later he was on his way to Spain and his grave.

Those who care for archæology will find some curious details as to the alterations in Paris in a letter of the younger son, James Mure, to Professor Jardine, on the occasion of a visit to France in 1821, fifty years after they first went to M. Bruneteau. He goes about like one of the Seven Sleepers, asking for this monument, or that street, and finds few of the old landmarks remaining. Even the "Café du Bel Air de M. Pigache" had taken another name, and as "le Café de la Révolution" had become old and dirty. What would Mr. Mure say if he could see Paris now, without a Tuileries and with a Hôtel de Ville that is infinitely worse than none at all? It is not to be spoken of; let us leave the subject.

Space forbids our writing any more of this most fascinating book. Those who have curiosity in almost any direction will find something to satisfy them here; though, as is natural, the largest part of the papers refer to Baron Mure, the compiler's grandfather. He was one of those kindly-natured men in whose presence quarrels cease, and men lose their bitterness. He takes his own way, yet nobody fights with him, nobody troubles him. He was before his time in many ways, in the breadth of his views and the largeness of his interests, but more than all in his relation to his sons, to whom he was not a despot but, in the best sense, a father. If this sketch has inspired any one with a wish to read more of the *Caldwell Papers*, it has done its work.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH MINXES

In his essay on Machiavelli, Macaulay points out, and proves conclusively, that the vice which is regarded with horror in any given age has a much more demoralising effect on the general character of the individual who practises it than is the case when that same vice is accepted and tolerated by society. Now the qualities which go to make up the ideal minx are so foreign to the English nature, which is apt to err on the side of bluntness and even of brutal frankness, that, in taking up a *rôle* so unnatural to her, the English minx will be certain to fall into gross exaggeration. Like nine-tenths of her race, she is sadly lacking in dramatic instinct. She creates for herself a code of manners largely composed of *œillades*, and shrugs, and half-uttered phrases, and brings these weapons into play whatever the circumstances and whoever the audience. The result of this manœuvring, whether on the stage or in the drawing-room, is that there is seldom anything convincing in the performance, which in the words of Major Pendennis, applied to Blanche Amory, is usually "affected and underbred."

It is otherwise with the representatives of the minx in France, and for this reason:

In France the training for girls has been for centuries more conventional and artificial than in England; therefore the artificiality of manner—the calculated effects, which are the essence of a minx—are not so perceptible as they would be if the gulf separating the minx from the rest of her contemporaries were wider and more clearly marked. Hence in France a minx may be perfectly ladylike, and even *distinguée*, like Gyp's Bijou and Ariane, while in England, deserting, as she does, the frank freedom of her sex, she must

almost necessarily be vulgar. Hence also in England a minx can generally be detected after five minutes' conversation, while in France a prolonged acquaintance with her is essential in order to establish her claim to the title; and even then many people will be found to dispute it, as in the case of Ariane, while it is probable that Blanche Amory is wholly without champions.

Certain qualities, minxes on both sides of the Channel have in common. They cultivate surface emotions as part of their stock-in-trade, on the same principle as the hardest-hearted people are most easily moved by a play. They are practical and far-seeing, and do nothing without careful calculation; they have a passion for notoriety, and are possessed with a burning desire to *épater leurs camarades*. They have no interest in intellectual pursuits for their own sake, but only value them as a means of showing off; they are as incapable of love as they are of gratitude or of any fixed sentiment that does not tend to their own advantage. The minx is cruel for the sheer love of cruelty, and she revels in mystery, even when straightforward methods would serve her turn as well. Her ambitions are of the earth, earthy, and begin and end with money and power, while her conversation is sure to work round to herself in the long run, however remote the starting-point may apparently be. It is needless to add that minxes have no humour, or most probably they would never have become minxes; for humour is a sense of the relative proportions of things, and minxes take themselves seriously and are at once the actors and audiences of every play.

If an English minx is less depraved than a French one, she is undoubtedly far less clever, and much more vulgar. The two typical English minxes are Isabella Thorpe (*Northanger Abbey*) and Blanche Amory in *Pendennis*. Isabella is a minx of the blatant sort, loud, empty, and self-assertive. She uses big words, is noisy in manner and gay in her dress. Her protestations are as exaggerated as her appearance; she

snatches at friendship with the same facility as she drops it, but no hint is ever given that she is likely to develop into anything worse than the detestably vulgar young woman who takes forcible possession of Catherine Morland. Of course no one would ever expect to find in Miss Austen a picture of the worst kind of minx. Here and there, as in Lucy Steele and Mrs. Clay, she sketches natures with some of the essential minxish qualities of slyness and love of plotting, but they lack the *verve* and *entrain* necessary to the part, and are too busy forwarding their material ends to care about winning the social success which is as the breath of her nostrils to the born minx.

In Mrs. Gaskell too we should search vainly for the study of a minx. Outwardly Mrs. Kirkpatrick in *Wives and Daughters* has many of the characteristics, but then Mrs. Kirkpatrick is not in the least a bad-hearted woman, and most of her defects and shortcomings might have disappeared altogether had she been more prosperous early in life.

It is to a man and not to a woman that we must look if we wish to know what a minx unveiled is really like, and (for reasons hereafter to be stated) the perfect type of the English variety is not Becky Sharp, but Blanche Amory. Blanche is the most consistently unattractive minx in the whole collection, French, English, or Russian. She has taken on a thin veneer of intellectual attainments during her residence abroad, and uses these with judgment upon her adorers. Her *moyens* are few (a pretty face is her great card), and are made to do duty upon all occasions; but, though she succeeded in getting a firm hold both of Pen and M. Alcide, and also of Harry Foker, she never managed to subjugate either the Major or Mr. Pynsent. The Major, who had the eyes of a lynx for the weaknesses of humanity, saw that she was "forward, affected, and underbred," while Pynsent summed her up in the remark that she "dragged her shoulders out of her dress, and never let her eyes alone." These two criticisms might still be applied to Blanche

Amory's modern representatives. They roll their eyes for one sex, and leave their sentences unfinished for the other—not the least because they are in doubt as to the meaning they desire to convey, but because they wish to find out how their hints of detraction will be received before they commit themselves irretrievably, and have no intention of saying anything by which they can be brought to book.

But whatever the impression made by Blanche on her casual acquaintances, at home they all knew her for what she really was, and did not scruple (when it was quite safe) to express their opinions. Sir Francis Clavering, her step-father, openly "wishes her down a well," a wish that must frequently have been endorsed by the maid whom she bullied and the brother whose ears she boxed. Thackeray would have us believe that Laura Bell was taken in by her for a long time, but this is surely a mistake. Instinct plays a large part in female feelings, and most girls would have distrusted the professions of a young lady who told them on a first introduction that their "robe was not well made, nor their bonnet very fresh," and they would have rated the compliment as to eyes and "tint" for the mere make-weight it really was. But this is characteristic of Blanche. Her spite in the long run prevails even over her own advantage, and is the chief factor in her ultimate failure. But for her own folly she might have married Pen long before the crash came, and have been safe.

Becky Sharp, on the other hand, though she was dubbed a minx by her friends, was in reality a great deal more of an adventuress. A minx acts entirely by calculation, and manages to shape circumstances according to her will. An adventuress is sometimes moved by impulse, and is most commonly and to a large extent the prey of circumstances. Minxes are born; adventuresses are often made; and though we cannot exactly accept Becky's celebrated statement as to the influence of £5000 a year on their moral character, yet perhaps if she had been born to it and grown up beneath

its fostering rays she might really have turned out a very different woman. Becky had her illusions too about her own character, and in this also she challenges comparison with the minx pure and simple, if one may be allowed to apply such epithets to such beings. It is impossible to imagine Blanche, or Bijou, or Ariane soliloquising over the charms of a country life and the joys of counting the apricots on the wall, and of picking the dead leaves off a geranium. Yet more than once Becky wearies of her hand-to-mouth existence, and contemplates sincerely, if evanescently, the attractions of a life where everybody pays their debts. Of course she was absolutely mistaken, but such reflections would never have crossed the minds of the other young ladies. They knew themselves too well. Mrs. Rawdon Crawley owed a great deal of her social popularity and success as a business woman to the French blood in her veins, which she derived from her "Montmorency" ancestresses. This gave her tact and *entrain*, and a thorough enjoyment of whatever part she might be playing at the moment. She alone among them all could look outside herself, and realise the incongruous absurdity of many of her proceedings. What pleasure she must have had in hoodwinking Lady Jane, and in fooling Sir Pitt to the top of his bent! To be sure it was for her own advantage, but there is a real sense of fun at the bottom of it all. Yet it is impossible to read Becky's history without feeling that her biographer was not quite certain what he wanted to make of her. He tells us in so many words that Becky was of "a good-natured and obliging disposition," and that "she liked Amelia rather than otherwise." But these two statements are hardly consistent with her beating little Rawdon for listening to her singing outside the door, or with her speech to Amelia about George the night before the battle. The woman who was capable of such stupid and wanton cruelty would not have put up with a scolding from her victim the very next day; neither would she have sent Mrs. O'Dowd

to look after her. Still less would she have kept George Osborne's proposal to elope in her own possession, until she saw that its production was the only method of forcing Emmy to marry Dobbin. Daudet's Madame Risler *aîné*, the very apotheosis of a low-born minx, acted very differently.

Naturally Becky deteriorates in the course of the struggle. She was never gifted with fine feelings or many scruples of delicacy, but probably when she cast her spells over George Osborne and his *écarté*-playing friends (who must have bored her colossally) she would still have drawn the line at the episode of Lord Steyne. She and Rawdon needed money badly, and she got it in the only way that occurred to her, and one thing led to another, as things will. Her methods are old-fashioned now, though her aims are not, and it is interesting to watch how the English moralist refuses to let either her or Blanche reap the fruits of their misdeeds. In France they manage these things differently, and the curtain falls upon Bijou and Ariane amidst the applause of their friends.

It might likewise have so fallen for Madame Risler *aîné*, *née* Sidonie Chèbe, if it had not been for her own carelessness. In Sidonie, M. Daudet has drawn one of the most real and striking pictures in literature of the depravity that is born of covetousness, when none of the restraining influences of education are brought to bear. The terrible part of Sidonie is that she is a *fact*, which Bijou, the charming Bijou, equally soulless and equally cruel, is not. Sidonie is the incarnation of a vicious and low-born minx, such as Paris produces by the dozen. She has all the love of money, capacity for calculation, adaptation of means to an end, desire to humiliate those who are better off than herself, which are so characteristic of her class. She has also the passion for notoriety and for purposeless cruelty that can only exist in a soul which has never had one thought or aspiration for an immaterial object. Georges

Fromont is no more to her than Risler, or than Franz. Her first efforts to attract him were merely prompted by the knowledge that he was the highest game within her reach, and also that he was the property of some one else. She knows exactly how to make and keep him her slave; yet, smothered in luxury as she is, her triumph is still incomplete as long as Georges' wife is in ignorance of what is going on around her. The intrigue which Sidonie weaves round her husband's brother Franz, whom she had thrown over when Fromont loomed on her horizon, is one of the most masterly episodes in fiction. She calculates carefully every move that may convert the judge who has come to expose her into the lover who is to be rendered powerless, and when once the compromising letter has been wrung from him which entreats her to run away, she is at ease and is happy. It is a fine touch, and true to the nature of such a woman as Sidonie, that even at the moment of her exposure she does not forget to secure this letter, in order to drive to suicide the husband whom she has blinded. There is no entertainment to be got out of Sidonie, but there is a horrible fascination about her story.

Ariane de Montespan[1] is the most wholly satisfactory of all the minxes, as is proved by the fierce denial given by mere superficial students of her career, that she is a minx at all. "What!" they exclaim, "would all her girl friends admire her, and would her family have worshipped and depended on her, if she had merely been wrapped up in herself and only intent on getting her own way? If she was anxious to secure for herself a good position, why did she, beautiful and clever as she was, refuse one brilliant *parti* after another? And as to the appearance and manners of the Marquis de Bruges being such as to place him beyond the pale of possible husbands, was there ever a man so *disgracié de la nature* that some woman could not fall in

[1] *Le Cœur d'Ariane*, par Gyp.

love with him, especially when she heard him abused by everybody else?"

The answer to this is that we have all of us known people—men as well as women—whom it is a tradition to admire, and in these cases it is almost always the *family* who start the chorus of applause. Outsiders acquiesce in the verdict, partly from laziness, partly from a feeling that it is unamiable to press the point. But when at last some one has the courage to observe that Polly always contrives to keep herself *en évidence*, and Carrie is by no means indifferent to the advantages of money, it will be found that various damning facts in corroboration of this view are sure to have occurred to others. There is only one member of society whose testimony is absolutely trustworthy and unbiassed, and that of a younger brother. Tried in this court, Ariane was condemned, with no recommendation to mercy!

From the moment of her introduction to us, in the middle of her girl friends, who are thrown hopelessly into the shade by her superior beauty and air of distinction, Ariane loses no opportunity *pour se faire valoir* and to *épater les autres*. She provokes from her companions a list of her various virtues and accomplishments: how she watches over the small children, teaches the big ones, and does the housekeeping; while at the same time she waltzes, rides, swims, fences, sings, acts, and paints better than any one else. She never neglects a chance of drawing attention to the obscurity of her dressmaker, the claims her family have on her time, even to the small Jacques for whose solfeggio lesson she must hurry away, or to the disinterested and romantic nature of her views of marriage. Yet her remarks are so very incidental, and dropped out with such perfect taste and tact, that a listener would be captious indeed to take exception to them. It is during a conversation of this sort that she first hears of the Marquis de Bruges, cousin of the young lady whose marriage cere-

mony her friends are met to discuss. He is described by the bride-elect as "awkward . . . and vulgar . . . and sly . . . and boring . . . and ill-mannered, with nothing whatever to recommend him but the fact that even during his father's lifetime he has twelve thousand a year." Politeness requires that some one should reply to Mlle. Brigitte de Tremble's tirade, so Ariane softly drops out, "And later?" "Oh, later?" answers Brigitte, "he will have at least thirty-two thousand, without counting the fortune that his aunt is sure to leave him." It is after this announcement that Ariane feigns to pay no further attention to the discussion of M. de Bruges, but takes occasion casually to observe that she intends to become an old maid, and also to explain her carelessness in having ordered, "chez une petite couturière de rien du tout," a white dress to wear at Brigitte's wedding, ignorant that this is a breach of all the usual customs. Brigitte accepts her excuses in perfect good faith, but is none the less entirely eclipsed on her wedding day by the brilliant beauty of her friend. This *truc*, it may be noted, is a favourite one of Gyp's, and is repeated with equal success by Bijou.

Ariane then goes home, rejects afresh a "mariage splendide," a "mariage inespéré; cent cinquante mille francs de rente" (six thousand a year and no expectations!), "un nom acceptable, un physique agréable, des opinions excellentes, une moralité suffisante," again trots out her determination of a love match or a convent, and skilfully drives her mother into such a corner over the muddled accounts of a charity, that the poor woman is forced to accept her daughter's offer to replace her as treasurer of the charity of the Repentir Momentané, whose meetings are held at the Hôtel de Bruges. This step gained, all the rest is easy. At Brigitte's marriage she declines an introduction to the Marquis, who is remarkable for his "air bête et vulgaire, pieds et oreilles horribles, expression bestiale, vêtements mal faits," and succeeds rapidly in gain-

ing the good graces of the paralysed Duc de Bruges and his sister Mme. d'Ancoche, whom she takes care to inform, on the following day, that she never rides, as her father cannot afford to keep a horse for her. Altogether the wedding is a series of triumphs for Ariane, who moves serenely about, quite unconscious of the one jarring note in the hymn of her praise, which (her brothers being absent) is uttered by M. de Folleuil. "Ce pauvre Montespan! il a une si haute idée de l'intelligence et de l'esprit de conduite de sa fille, et en même temps une crainte si salutaire de ses très respectueuses observations, qu'il n'ose bouger sans la consulter . . . et les bonnes amies de Mme. de Montespan disent aussi volontiers, dans un ensemble vraiment touchant: 'Quel bonheur pour cette pauvre Marguerite d'avoir une fille pareille . . . elle est incapable de s'occuper de quoi que ce soit . . . c'est sa fille qui dirige tout.'" Madame d'Ancoche replies that it is all quite true, and goes on to tell him that Ariane is obliged to replace her mother as treasurer of the Repentir Momentané, a remark that calls forth the question from Folleuil whether Mme. d'Ancoche has not observed that M. de Bruges is looking at Ariane very attentively, at which irrelevant reply she scoffs violently.

After this the affair advances rapidly. Ariane behaves to perfection—is absorbed in her accounts—but when she is driven to speak to Hugues de Bruges in his father's house does so in a gay and unembarrassed manner, trying to talk of horses and such subjects as are likely to appeal to him. His father and aunt are not long in perceiving his infatuation, and deplore, first to each other and then to Hugues himself, the absolute impossibility of such a pearl among maidens ever accepting the hand of this monster, in spite of the £35,000 a year that would be his some day. Ariane, however, manages in ways of her own to keep up the spirits of her admirer, and lets fall in the most accidental manner that she often walks

in the Allée Bagatelle with her little brothers. These precocious youths are supposed to feel "*une peur bleue*" of their sister, but they have also their wits about them, and compare notes as to the discrepancies between her words and her deeds upon various subjects, more especially when they come face to face with "le gros monsieur," whom they at first take for a horse-dealer. At the moment of the introduction of M. de Bruges to his future brothers-in-law, Henry and Jean de Montespan, the two boys (aged twelve and fourteen) have left their *coupé* behind them, and are strolling about with Ariane, who has just been criticising their manners in a way that would much have surprised her numerous admirers had they been listening. Suddenly M. de Bruges passes, driving himself in a phaeton, but Ariane feigns to be looking in the other direction, and merely observes:

"I am sure that the violets there must be out already."

"Why, there is a horse-dealer taking off his hat to you," cries Jean in tones of astonishment.

"It isn't a horse-dealer," answers Ariane, growing very red.

"Well, a horse-breaker, if you like it better," replies Jean.

"It is the Marquis de Bruges," continues Ariane, pretending not to hear him.

"What! that man?" exclaims Jean.

"Impossible," adds Henry, but he has no time to say anything more, for the Marquis, who has dismounted from his phaeton, arrives and joins Ariane, still persistently contemplating the woods. The boys take in every detail of the suit of large check and the boots which are entirely strange to the world they live in, and they exchange glances of amusement when, in response to a few awkward words, Ariane turns from the distant landscape and cries:

"Monsieur de Bruges!"

"You would think she had seen him for the first time!" whispers Jean.

"Be quiet," answers Henry, and both boys pay wrapt attention as the Marquis descants on the beauty and value of his horses.

"He is more like a horse-dealer than ever when he speaks," murmurs Jean into his brother's ear, and he positively bounds with indignation when "the monster" offers to accompany them on their walk. But Ariane is much too well brought up to accede to this proposal.

"I am afraid that would hardly do! You see I am alone with my little brothers. I have been sent to take them out."

"How self-sacrificing she is," comments Jean, inwardly much relieved, however, at not being seen in the Bois with such an escort, and after letting fall the information that she is to spend the next day helping his aunt in some work for the poor, Ariane holds out her hand. M. de Bruges takes it and keeps it, his eyes fixed on the ground, while Jean nudges his brother and whispers, "Do look—he is going to sleep!"

It must be allowed that Ariane had an uphill task before her, in persuading her family and friends that she really wished to marry such a "rank outsider." Indeed in some respects Ariane played her part only too well, for she so convinced all her friends of her disinterestedness that in the end she was obliged to abandon some of her delicacy and resort to coarser methods in order to open Hugues' own eyes. The pretended fainting fit at the sight of Hugues' accident at the Concours Hippique (to which she had dragged her astonished family) having served no other purpose than to enlighten Jean, the doctor, and her father as to her "little ways," she was forced to play her last card. This was a farewell visit to the Bruges household before taking the veil. Even then it was necessary to faint on Hugues' colossal neck before matters could be

brought to a crisis, and Ariane did not achieve her fortune without unmasking herself to her father-in-law. What, one would like to know, was her subsequent life? Did she pretend to be as blind to her husband's defects in the future as she had been in the past? Did she keep up the farce of her romantic aspirations, or, having attained her end, was she content to let others know her for what she was? Above all, did she find the stakes worth the candle?

Bijou's many fascinations can be felt through the pages of a book, and even by her own sex. Yet while Ariane is perfectly possible, Bijou is not. She is too all-devouring, too relentless, too eager to go out of her path to hunt for prey—perhaps even too much given to *embrassades dans les coins*—for a person of her character. Like many of her kind, she could not rest without winning the adoration of all around her, and reducing them to her sway, and it must be said, never was empire reached with less trouble. She makes herself bewitching to every one, and plays them off against each other till every man is ready to fly at his neighbour's throat. She knows how to calculate every word and movement that will always keep her in the central place, and manages so well that even a wife cannot openly resent her husband's infatuation, while trying to cure him of it. It is quite enough for Bijou to learn that another woman has inspired affection, for her instantly to set about working on the inconstancy of the lover. She had paid no attention to M. de Bernès till some gossip reached her ears as to his relations with a provincial actress, Lisette Renaud, and then she never rested till she had flaunted him as her captive before the eyes of the unfortunate girl. The result in her case was one of the suicides with which Bijou's path is strewn; but though her friend Jeanne Dubuisson had more sense than to follow such an example, the discord sown by the little minx between the poor girl and her *fiancé* is eternal. The love of power and of wanton cruelty flourished side by side, and

when she could play her game with safety Bijou stuck at nothing. Her cousin's husband, her own three cousins, the tutor, the music teacher, even the farmer, were all marked down as so many victims, and many were the little scenes and embraces enacted in out-of-the-way corners for their benefit. She did not kiss men because she liked it; Bijou had nothing of that sort about her—but because it was one way of obtaining a hold over them—or in the case of Jean (whom she innocently embraces on his eyes before his whole family), of exercising her love of mischief by making him uncomfortable. Apart from this little habit she never betrays herself, either by word or deed, as Ariane does, and is always "a perfect lady." In her schemes to gain the heart —and fortune—of the rich and elderly M. de Clagny she is a model of tact and discretion. She charms him not only by her pretty, frank ways, but by her thoughtfulness for her inferiors—the tutor, for example, who afterwards drowns himself—and by her love of children. There is no prettier scene in the book than when she tries to get her godson, little Fred, to repeat to them the history of the finding of Moses in the Nile, and when the child's memory fails him in spite of her prompting, he suddenly has a happy thought and exclaims, "Et alors c'est le chat botté qui est venu, et qui a crié; 'Au secours! c'est monsieur le marquis de Carabas qui se noie!'"

The audience contemplate her with ecstasy, and no observer is more interested than the elderly M. de Clagny, to whom Bijou, sixteen years before, had owed her pet name. The art she employs in her behaviour towards this most recent and oldest of her adorers is amazing. Their early acquaintance and the difference in their ages permit her to give him an open and affectionate preference, and to tyrannise over him without exciting the suspicion or jealousy of the rest. When at last she has succeeded in turning his head, she refuses promptly the offer, transmitted by her grandmother, of M. de Clagny's fifty-nine years and

£24,000 income, but takes care to secure another chance by reminding him of his promise not to leave the neighbourhood till he had seen her act in a little play they had been rehearsing. Then, having proved conclusively that she has no mercenary views, she "reconsiders her decision," and informs her astonished grandmother of her change of front. She does not trouble to give any reasons, except that she is fond of him, but with Mlle. Dubuisson she resorts to the time-honoured fiction of sacrificing herself in order that the other young lady's inconstant lover may return to his allegiance. This painful act of heroism being imparted to Jeanne, Bijou, in a superb scene with M. de Clagny, explains that though perhaps not in love with him, she prefers him to every one else, and (like Ariane!) is only deterred from a marriage with him because he is so "horribly rich," and her *dot* is a small one. She next proceeds to retail an admirably-imagined conversation she has had with her grandmother on the subject of settlements, and—Bijou was always an excellent woman of business—rejects the will which he has already made, leaving her everything, because "un testament, ça se déchire." He then offers her a marriage settlement which is to hand over to her at once half of his income, the other half being secured to her at his death, and this time she only shakes her head and assures him of her disinterested devotion. We are present at the ceremony, where Bijou made an ideal bride, but we are not told how long M. de Clagny survived it or in what manner he quitted this world! Bijou's cousin, Mme. de Rueille, puts her character in a nutshell when she remarks, "Elle a besoin qu'on la caresse et qu'on l'aime . . . mais non pas de caresser et d'aimer." Let men beware of young ladies of this nature, who take all and give nothing. It has been said that "every nice girl has something of the minx in her." Perhaps; and to those who have leisure to be amused the qualities may enhance her value as an acquaintance, but they are hardly likely to be of so much value in a wife.

In an article in *Cosmopolis* (Oct. 1896), called "Le Lion à Paris," M. Emile Faguet gives his views about Bijou, and insists specially on this love of pleasing, this necessity of being adored by all around her, which, as her cousin truly remarks, is the key-note of her character. This quality, combined with her fresh, rose-bud beauty—and Bijou is always to be found dressed in pink and gathering roses—make her the charming creature she is; but others besides Bijou have found to their cost that it is difficult to satisfy everybody's wants, particularly when each person wishes you to make yourself unpleasant to all the rest. If, therefore, you are unable to do everything that they would like, the next best thing is to lead them gently and imperceptibly to like whatever you do, and in this art Bijou had attained perfection. If you are to sway other people, it is first essential you should be able to govern yourself, and never once does Bijou "give herself away" or unveil the workings of her relentless little soul. Iago was an angel of light in comparison; at least the horrible cruelty, the triple murder which she accomplished in the course of a single month seem infinitely blacker (when plotted and planned by a young girl who has all that the world can give) than even the betrayal of Othello. It is at this point that the picture is overdrawn. Heartlessness, coquetry, the desire to take away what belongs to another, these are common enough, and can be understood; but the passion for dominion that is never satiated till the victim has given the last and direst proof of despair and devotion is seldom found in the history of mankind, and is, besides, a passion hardly safe to indulge frequently!

One thing more. Both Bijou and Ariane were remarkable for their personal beauty, their position, and their accomplishments. Becky and Blanche had no special beauty to boast of, and their social advantages were few. Are we, then, to infer that on British soil the minx is usually the product of the middle classes, and that she obtains her power

by means of an audacity and impudence foreign to the manners of an English lady, while in France the better the birth the more scope there is for the exercise of the qualities which are part and parcel of the minx? Students of the two races must decide for themselves.

PITFALLS FOR COLLECTORS

"C'est un vieux truc mais toujours bon" is a classic phrase familiar to the readers of French sensational novels and dear to their hearts, for does it not promise another success for the "chenapan de la pire espèce" so much beloved by all of us? M. Paul Eudel's book, *Trucs et Truqueurs*[1] (Tricks and Tricksters), is a collection of "trucs" old and new in every branch of art and literature, combined with a few hints to enable us to detect imposture when we see it, and an endless number of amusing stories.

"A collector should know everything," so says M. Eudel, and those of us who possess even the humblest curiosities will close his book with something of the depression Alnaschar must have felt when he saw the basket of glass which was to have led to fortune in fragments at his feet. Our engravings, our gems, our vases will never give us the pride of possession that thrilled us before we ate of M. Eudel's apple. Instead of displaying them to every new-comer, we shall avoid the subject of antiquities, and, if we are wise, shall follow the example of one of his friends, who refused to allow him to examine his collection for fear of the revelations that might follow. Yet many of the modern forgers are not only artists, but great artists, and in the opinion of an English archæologist the art of Greece may be restored by means of their nefarious skill. More than one precious object in our museums, to which the attention of the public was especially called by a slip pasted on the foot expatiating on the beauty of the workmanship, has recently been discovered to be the work of one of the living Greek brotherhood. Their forgeries are to be found amongst the finest collections, and in

[1] Librairie Molière, 17 Rue Richelieu, Paris.

many cases it is only some unforeseen accident that leads to their exposure. But though the technical ability of these men is often nearly as great as that of the artists they imitate, there is one gift the lack of which fixes a great gulf between them—that want of imagination which may be said to be characteristic of modern art in all its branches.

Forgery, it is needless to remark, is as old as art itself, but it is only in this epoch of millionaires that it has assumed such terrific proportions. To an ignorant man, a high price is often the only criterion of value. "It *must* be a button off Napoleon's coat, or they would never charge me five hundred francs for it," he reasons, and in the face of such encouragement Napoleonic buttons naturally spring up under his feet. The forger grows bolder every day, and the contents of his workshop are given a place beside undoubted antiquities in some international exhibition or world-famous sale at the Hôtel Drouot. They are frequently veritable works of art, demanding costly materials, skill, time, and patience. Why, one may ask, under these conditions, do forgers shelter themselves behind the name of a man or a period? Well, we have only ourselves to thank for it. It is not the object and the skill that we want, but merely the name and the period. And this is probably the cause of the indulgence shown even by experts to these kinds of frauds. They understand the temptation, and are amused by the cleverness of the execution. "Il faut de l'audace" is a doctrine which will always find friends.

A century since, antiquities were of comparatively small account, or Charles Sauvageot, a very poor young violinist of the French Opera House, could hardly have made a collection which even fifty-five years ago was valued by the Louvre at £16,000. Now, the valuation would be enormously greater, though it is hardly likely to be as much as ten millions of francs, the figure given by M. Eudel. During the thirty years or more that Sauvageot remained at the

Opera—he retired for good in 1829—every spare instant was spent in collecting. Beginning with Chinese curiosities, he soon abandoned them for French art, especially that of the Valois period, and Francis I. was "son roi de prédilection." For once, the time and the place and the lover were all together. The treasures of centuries, scattered by the Revolution, were to be found all over Paris, and to be picked up for nothing by any one who knew their worth. The hours passed by Sauvageot in bric-à-brac shops taught him patience, experience, taste, and rapid judgment. During many years he was perhaps the only person in Paris who possessed an eye—and a taste—for Renaissance art, and the two small rooms in which he lived were crowded with pictures, engravings, pottery, furniture, chests, and everything else that might have decorated the house of a Valois noble. He was lucky too, which all collectors are not, and on many occasions sold a work of art for at least fifty times the amount he had paid for it. But in one respect he differed from the majority of collectors. It was the "match" he liked, and *not* "the manner of the wooing," and when, at seventy, signs of his last illness began to manifest themselves, a mortal dread fell upon him that the collection which had grown under his hand slowly and lovingly should be dispersed, so while he was yet living, he presented it to the Louvre.

Let us now turn from the lucky to the unlucky collector.

Some years ago the famous Egyptologist, Professor B. of C. University determined to indulge himself with a visit to the Nile, and stopped near the first cataract in order to explore the temples of Philæ. The usual crowd of fellaheen with scarabs to sell pressed round him, but one sharper than the rest noted the Professor's eyes wandering eagerly towards the ruins, and in a mysterious whisper invited him to come and examine a necropolis on the river bank, which was, so far, unknown to the savants. The suggestion was one after B.'s own heart, and he signed to the Arab to lead on

and he would follow. Silently they walked for some distance, and then the guide stopped before a mud hut and pointed to a sarcophagus a few paces off, still half-buried in the sand. "Mine. Sell," said the Arab, and B. needed no more words, but flung himself on the sand to inspect the painted sarcophagus. With trembling hands he scratched away the sand till at length there lay before him the procession of harvesters, reapers, threshers, kneaders, and water-carriers so familiar in Egyptian art. "Anubia," the name of the occupant, was duly written, and beneath it the inscription:—

"Let Osiris give the funeral meats, that the dead may eat of them."

As he read, the enthusiasm of the Professor waxed as hot as the sun itself. No doubt was possible. The sarcophagus dated from the twelfth dynasty, and was admirably preserved. Turning, he made a sign to the fellah, who appeared to misunderstand it, for the man uncrossed his legs and rose, holding out a handful of dried dates and a cake.

"No, no; not that! Help me to dig out the sarcophagus from the sand and lift the cover."

The Egyptian did not need to be told twice. He called to some friends who were squatting in the distance, and between them the sarcophagus was set free, and the Professor was able to lift the lid. There lay the mummy in its linen wrappings adorned by a bead necklace, ivory needles, sandals, and a mirror for its "double" to use, while in place of its head was a painted mask, with two black eyes in a setting of white enamel. What joy to present it to his museum at C.! The price was high—higher than B. expected—but he agreed to it without hesitation, only stipulating that it should at once be placed in a boat and taken down the Nile to Alexandria and there put on board a vessel bound for the north. On the quay of Alexandria the purchase-money was to be paid down.

Two months later the precious case was deposited in one of the rooms of the museum of C., where the Committee of Antiquities hastened to inspect it. The packing had been carefully done, and Professor B. noted with relief that everything was in as good a condition as when the coffin had quitted the banks of the Nile. But his glow of triumph faded as the examination proceeded, and doubts were writ large on the faces of his colleagues. One tapped the side of the case, and shook his head as the dull sound of mill-board responded; another objected that there was a lack of style in the prayer to Osiris; a third was struck by the modern look of the decoration; while a fourth—most damning of all—declared that from the smell of the varnish it was quite plain it had been put on recently.

The poor discoverer was now ready to weep, yet a little hope still lingered in his heart that even if the case were a fraud, the mummy within might somehow prove a reality. But the removal of the lid was a signal for fresh discussions, all tending to prove to the unfortunate Professor how easily he had been taken in. The linen wrappings were whiter than they should have been after more than three thousand years of seclusion; the eyes of the mask suggested glass rather than enamel; and the bands wound round the body after the embalmers had done their work were made of different material from those of other mummies. A few of the committee upheld the judgment of B., but the greater number sided against him. Leaning against a pillar, the Professor listened in silence while his colleagues consulted together how to ascertain the truth. Of course the endless spirals of linen could be unrolled, but once exposed to the air might not the embalmed figure collapse into dust? Yet it was impossible to give this mummy "snug lying" among its fellows when beneath the manifold coverings might repose—not even a sacred cat, but some unclean creature. A museum, like the wife of Cæsar, must be above suspicion. What was to be done? "At this

moment of acute tension a shout of victory burst from the Professor of Physical Science. "Eureka!" he cried, and, dashing from the room, returned in a few minutes with an apparatus under his arm. "*Now*," he said, "the Röntgen rays will tell us." And what the Röntgen rays told them was that Anubia of the period of the twelfth dynasty was a wicker-work dummy.

"Never believe in the authenticity of any object you have not seen dug up yourself," is the counsel of M. Eudel, "and even then you may be tricked"; and he gives examples of savants who have set their seal on forgeries which would never have been found out had their authors not grown careless with impunity and flooded the market with rarities, till the suspicions of the experts were awakened. In Italy, where the excavations are carried on—or supposed to be carried on—under the eye of the Government, fraud is more difficult than in other countries, though even there it is by no means impossible unless a note of each object is taken on the spot. And nowadays the supervision of the workmen needs to be sharp indeed, or they will manage to conceal and sell for their own profit, the antiquities of which they have learned the worth.

Sometimes a genuine treasure may for reasons of his own be asserted by the discoverer to have been found hundreds of miles away from the spot where it was actually dug up. It is not easy to guess how the value is enhanced by this process, but it has happened again and again. The famous collection of Boscoreale, now, thanks to the generosity of Baron Edmond de Rothschild, to be seen in the Louvre, was said to have been unearthed in the garden of the deputy Prisco, at the foot of Vesuvius. Coins with the images of Nero or Galba, and pieces of plate, bracelets, and jewels of gold, are there in abundance, and everything is of the finest and most delicate workmanship. True or false, that is certain. "The authorities of the Louvre have always believed in its authenticity, but then they also believed in the authen-

ticity of the tiara" (that poor tiara! which is to the archæologist what Ossian is to the littérateur), "so perhaps their conviction hardly carries the weight it might. Yet experts have decided that the treasure of Boscoreale is composed of pieces of different epochs and of different countries, collected evidently by some one man who did *not* live at the foot of Vesuvius eighteen hundred years ago. No doubt some old vases and coins were found at Boscoreale, but in the journey from Naples to Paris they received considerable reinforcements." Well, *si non è vero, è ben trovato*—in all senses.

The fate of the Biardot collection might serve as a warning to amateur archæologists, if warnings were ever taken by anybody. Biardot, who loved antiquities not wisely but too well, settled in Naples and proved a mine of gold—or rather of silver, for he was a poor man—to every plausible scoundrel who would bring him fibulæ, statuettes, bracelets, lamps, or anything else purporting to have been stolen from Pompeii. Like Palissy, he starved himself and his wife in order to indulge his passion, and returning bursting with pride to Paris, he offered his collection to the Louvre for two millions of francs. The Duc de Luynes, M. de Witte, and M. de Longperier were deputed to inspect the treasure and pronounce upon it. The objects were so numerous that it seemed as if a long day's work lay before the commissioners, but with the discovery of a helmet copied from the helmets of Bavaria, and a silver bas-relief of the Three Graces signed by Praxiteles in Italian, they felt that no further investigation was necessary. Nothing, however, would convince Biardot of the spurious nature of his treasure, though his disappointment was great, and after his death his widow was lucky enough to sell it *en bloc* for 40,000 francs. It finally (Dec. 1904) came to the hammer, and fetched 4268 francs, the fact being by this time established that most of the models might roughly be dated from 1850.

To the tyro, it seems that after forging Tanagra terra-cottas, miniatures, engravings, statues fashioned out of marble from Pentelicus, and a thousand other things requiring the most delicate and skilful treatment, it would be child's-play to turn out a supply of arms and armour. With full and justifiable confidence in the ignorance and credulity of the public, the fraudulent brotherhood have contrived to place in various museums, palaces, and abbeys of France, relics of heroic figures which might (and do) draw tears from the eyes of their worshippers. In the old Dominican Convent in the Place Saint-Thomas d'Aquin (the depository up to 1871 of the collection of armour formerly in the Bastille) is the complete suit of mail bequeathed by Joan of Arc in 1431 to Saint Denis, made, as is shown from the style, by the best Milanese armourers of the early *sixteenth* century. In the same Musée is the armour of Godfrey de Bouillon the Crusader, decorated after the manner of Giulio Romano; the coat of mail of Bayard (engraved with the device and cipher of the Medici), and that of Roland, also proceeding unmistakably from the workshops of sixteenth-century Milan. At Nantes you may admire the slender sword with which Cambronne led the Old Guard at Waterloo, and elsewhere the knife with which Jacques Clément stabbed Henri III, and the dagger that Ravaillac plunged into the side of Henri IV, besides the arquebus fired by Charles IX from the windows of the Louvre, and the weapon which struck off the head of Mary Stuart. At Fontainebleau the warder will reel off the horrible tale of the murder of Monaldeschi in the very presence of Queen Christina of Sweden, and in order to silence any doubts that might arise, he points triumphantly to the two large holes in the coat of mail hanging close by the sword of the victim. He himself believes every word of his story, and if he did not, who will take the trouble to look up the account given by Père Lebel, an eye-witness, which expressly states that the coat of mail

worn by Monaldeschi under his clothes turned the point of the sword, and that the assassins were forced to stab him in the throat. After this we may reasonably hope some day to see the Excalibur of Arthur or the Hauteclair of Oliver.

Forgers of coins and of bank notes are always with us, and a curious episode in the annals of fraud is related by Maxime du Camp. In 1832, he says, twelve forged notes for 1000 francs each were presented to be cashed. The forgery was soon recognised, and the matter was secretly investigated. It was ultimately discovered that they were made beyond the French frontier by a Duke and Field-Marshal, attached at the time to the person of an exiled sovereign. The chief agents for their circulation in Paris was a Marquis (also a Marshal) and a Prince directly descended from a family which had once reigned over part of the east of Europe. The affair was hushed up as much as possible, and the real names of the criminals became known to few.

It was in 1810 that Napoleon gave orders that statues of eight of his generals who had met their deaths in battle should be placed on the bridge of the Place de la Concorde. The names of the "Happy Few" were Espagne, Lapisse, Saint-Hilaire, Lasalle, Colbert, Hervo, Lacour, and Cervoni. The work was begun at once—Napoleon was not a person who understood the doctrine of *mañana*—but for some reason the statues were never set up, and the "director of the Hospital des Invalides, imitating St. Vincent de Paul, gave them the hospitality he had shown to many another bit of glorious wreckage. There they remained till in 1835 Louis Philippe undertook the redecoration of Versailles—may Heaven preserve us from the recurrence of such a calamity!—and it occurred to someone that these statues, so long out of work, might at length be made useful. Unluckily the generals whom they represented were not amongst those whose names are immortal, and even at that date their fame had almost perished." M. de Mont-

alivet, however, was competent to solve the problem, or, more literally, to cut the Gordian knot. "The eight generals were decapitated, and new heads placed on their bodies at a small cost. Colbert was transformed into Mortier, Espagne like another Atlas supported Lannes on his shoulders, Hervo changed himself into Masséna, and Lasalle disguised himself as Jourdan. And all this for 4000 francs."

This "vieux truc" also is "toujours bon," to judge by the experience of a well-known peer living in the west of England. Some years ago he received a letter from a young sculptor totally unknown to him, saying that he had just finished executing a bust on commission. The likeness to the sitter was not considered by the family sufficiently conspicuous, and they threw back the bust on the sculptor's hands. In the interval, however, he had chanced to see Lord M. at a public meeting, and felt quite sure that with a few trifling changes the bust could be altered into a perfect portrait of him. When this was done, would Lord M. have the kindness to buy the misfit?

After the battle of Arques, Henri IV snatched a short rest in a neighbouring château, and before riding away he scratched with his diamond the following aspiration on one of the windows: "Dieu gard de mal ma mie. Ce 22 de Septembre 1589.—HENRI." "I can see this inscription now," says M. Eudel, "with the big clumsy letters forming two lines in the middle of one of the small leaded squares. Indeed I had taken a little sketch of it in my note-book, on the occasion of my first visit to the château. Two years later I happened to be in the neighbourhood, and thought I would go back and look at the inscription. To my surprise it was now in *three* lines, and the letters were much more uniform. What could be the meaning of this? I must ask the guide." The man, being a Norman, was prudent and suspicious, and it was not easy to obtain an

answer, but M. Eudel's arguments at length proved irresistible, and he confessed his secret. For forty years the inscription on the window had been his pride and pleasure till, in one fatal moment of inattention on his part, an Englishman—at least he spoke English—had cut the pane of glass out of its setting, and walked away with it in his pocket. Full of consternation, the man hurried to tell his master what had befallen him, and to his astonishment and gratitude the owner of the château assured him that the accident was of no consequence, and could soon be put right. And so it was! "A piece of glass of the same tone as the other panes was procured and fastened lightly in its place. The guide received orders to turn his back so as to allow visitors to read the inscription—or, if they wished, to steal it." But of course it was necessary for the man to perceive in the nick of time what was going on, and only consent to shut his eyes on the receipt of a handsome tip (the amount fixed beforehand), two-thirds of which was to go to his master. All is for the best in this best of all possible worlds. And at this moment there are circulating in England, France, Germany, and America hundreds of panes of glass bearing the inscription of the Roi Galant.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that devoted to carving and gilding, and great is the learning M. Eudel brings to bear on the subject. We have, as he truly says, travelled far from the days when an old worker in bronze who had become blind could determine the authenticity of any object merely by touch. Since then forgeries of all kinds have been brought to such a pitch of perfection that it needs all the senses an expert possesses, and often many more, to pronounce upon the value of the articles. No longer can we exclaim with the man in *Poeta Fit Non Nascitur*—

> "The True, The Good, The Beautiful,
> Those are the things that pay,"

for as a matter of fact it is usually the False, the Bad, and not infrequently the Ugly, which prove most remunerative. And besides the amused indulgence accorded to these criminals by the experts and even the victims, the forgers have another and stronger safeguard. The buyers may perhaps put beyond a doubt the problematical purity of their "Russian" by "scratching" him, but then who wants the "Tartar" underneath? Again we echo with a sigh M. Eudel's remark, "A collector must know everything."

The old bronze was formed of copper and tin, with a certain fixed proportion of silver. This produced a metal so supple that it could be bent with impunity. The modern bronze is made of copper and zinc, and breaks easily. To the learned the interior of a figure tells its own tale, and before glass blow-pipes were invented the parts were soldered at a forge, which gave a somewhat patchy air to the joints. During the eighteenth century, when the art of chasing came to perfection, each workman fashioned his tools for himself, according to the effect he wished to produce. Nowadays the tools are all alike and machine-made, so that the result is less delicate. The gold too, used in gilding is thinner and softer, and the tone is less mellow than of yore. But these indications of date have of course not escaped the lynx eyes of the community of forgers. Many a gilded bronze which has been sent to a workshop to be cleaned has been returned to its owner with an entirely new golden covering, the old one having been powdered with sulphur by the craftsman and exposed to the fire. In process of time the gilding dissolved, and could be gathered from the ashes in order to decorate some recent fraud.

Old French clocks are amongst the favourite purchases of amateur collectors, and are therefore the objects of special attention to the forger. "Unique opportunities" are scattered under the feet of the tourist, from the Loire to the Cornice. Everyone is glad to possess anything so light and graceful, especially when the hands of the clock may have

struck the hours of many a historical event. Such a chance might never occur again: it would be a sin to let it slip! So with all the eagerness of Professor B. over his mummy, the prize is secured, and is sent to adorn the mantelpiece of some English country-house. For England, according to M. Eudel, is the happy dumping-ground of this branch of the forging industry.

M. Eudel himself was one summer taking the waters among the Vosges mountains, and engaged rooms in an excellent hotel, largely frequented by tourists. In the dining-room was a splendid bronze clock which, he says, "completely took you in at a little distance. With a slight effort you might have imagined it the work of a bastard of Caffieri. To the English visitors it represented all that was finest in art. The young misses would frequently pause while consuming their tea and *tostes* to gaze with admiration at the clock. The old mistresses would exclaim, 'Ah, beautiful indeed!' and there was invariably present some ancient esquire to inquire of the landlord whether the clock was for sale. As invariably the landlord flew into a rage—'What! a family relic? A clock given by the Queen to her head cook, and cherished by his descendants for over a century? Really, foreigners thought money would buy anything.' But the next morning, just as the omnibus was coming to the door, the landlord's wife appeared, and drew the ancient esquire aside. The clock was hers, she said, and her husband had nothing to do with it; and as she had been married under the Married Woman's Property Act (*séparation de biens*), she was able and willing to sell the clock at a reasonable figure. The 'reasonable figure' was 2000 francs, and nine times out of ten the Englishman paid it. Twice," concludes M. Eudel, "during the twenty-one days that my baths lasted did I witness the sale of the Caffieri clock given by the Queen to her cook. And twice did another example of the master glide into its place, unsuspected by anyone."

"*Uno avulso non deficit alter aureus*—or nearly *aureus*."

As might be expected, the Musée d'Armée teems with relics of Napoleon; whether true or false, few care to question out of the thousands whose hearts have "burned within them" at the sight of the table and two chairs that formed the sole furniture of his room at Brienne, which he shared with his brother Louis. At Sens you can see the green coat he wore as Colonel of the Chasseurs de la Garde, at Val de Grâce the sword he gave at Eylau to the surgeon Larrey, while in the house of the Prince de la Moskowa are religiously preserved the cloak, pistols, and Field-Marshal's *bâton* of Ney. As we gaze criticism is silent, and when the spell is removed, if doubts take possession of us, let us refer to M. Perdriel, an old chemist of the Faubourg Montmartre, who made his collection in the days when collectors were as rare as they are common now. "Nothing that he possesses is contestable or contested. But now he does not buy, neither does he sell, for fear of giving rise to forged reproductions. If ever you are in doubt as to the authenticity of an object, consult M. Perdriel. You cannot do better."

But for the public there is a plethora of helmets, sabres, shakos—especially shakos—labelled with great names, and forming the glory of many worthy people who accept implicitly everything they are told; and you could not do them a worse turn than to open their eyes. And why should you (unless your opinion is asked), merely to display your own superior knowledge? The Russian Archduchess who bought for 360,000 francs the clavecin with the inscription testifying that it came from the Petit Trianon and had belonged to Marie Antoinette, owed, we may be sure, a deep grudge to the expert who pricked her bubble. And the English girls, who bend with misty eyes over another clavecin in the Queen's drawing-room in her favourite playhouse, and are shown by the custodian the letters P.T., which stand, he says, for Petit Trianon, are happy in their ignorance that Marie Antoinette, according to Madame Campan, never touched any instrument but the piano; that the clavecin (which is not, properly speaking, a clavecin at

all) was made a year after she had taken her last walk in the Trianon, and that P.T. are the initials of the maker, Pascal Taskin.

As to the furniture that belonged to the unfortunate Queen, truly many crimes are committed in her name, and the royal palaces of the whole of Europe would hardly hold the specimens offered to us. We must all have been struck with the vast size of the *Mayflower*, which contained such a number of potential "ancestors"; and the population of Normandy was surely far larger than one would have imagined if any knights remained there at all after those who "came over with William the Conqueror," and are the fathers of so many noble English families. But besides those who buy—and sin—in the good faith of ignorance, there are many who will always set a disproportionate value on their own possessions, and graft on them every name and quality that can add to their value.

M. Eudel tells an amusing story of how he fell in love with a beautifully-carved and painted Gothic seat which was snatched away from him by a celebrated painter. The artist declined to part with it, and for long refused permission to have it copied, on the ground that everybody would declare M. Eudel possessed the original and he himself the imitation. At length, however, he consented, and the work was entrusted to a clever sculptor with *carte blanche* as to expense. M. Malard justified his employer's confidence. For 1400 francs he executed a perfect reproduction: the marks of the chisel, the patina on the painting, the worn look of the seat, all were there; and for ten years the chair remained in M. Eudel's house without its authenticity being suspected, though he counted among his friends many noted archæologists. At the end of that time he arranged for a sale of his furniture, and his collection was visited by a famous connoisseur, M. Emile Molinier. His language about the chair might almost be described as

gushing, but M. Eudel held his peace, till at the moment when the catalogue was going to press he remarked to M. Molinier, "Perhaps it would be as well not to indicate the epoch." The connoisseur did not need twice telling. The description was toned down, and the "*chayre à dosseret* of the fifteenth century" was sold at about the cost of its making. Had M. Eudel held his peace it would probably have fetched 50,000 francs.

The account given by M. Eudel of the famous Gold Cup in the British Museum (not for a moment to be confounded with the Gold Cup of Ascot so mysteriously stolen) differs materially from that printed in the British Museum catalogue. The cup is a wonderful piece of workmanship, representing the life of St. Agnes told in translucent enamels, and bearing a cover finely wrought with figures, the whole dating from the end of the fourteenth century. It was originally given by the Duke of Berri to Charles VI; by him to John, Duke of Bedford, who bequeathed it to Henry VI.[1] M. Eudel ignores this early part of its history, though it is of special interest and importance, and only alludes to "a seventeenth-century inscription at the foot of the cup, stating that James I of England had given it in the year 1604 to the Constable of Castile, Don Juan de Velasco, as a memento of the peace just signed." He says nothing as to how it came to be in the possession of the English Crown.

The Constable of Castile either did not appreciate the gift bestowed on him, or valued it so highly that he feared it might be stolen. At any rate, it was handed over by him in 1610 to the convent of Santa Clara at Medina Pomar, near Burgos. There it remained till 1883, when, as M. Eudel truly states, it was sent in the custody of a trusty

[1] Sir Cecil Harcourt-Smith, of the Victoria and Albert Museum, kindly supplies me with the pedigree of the cup. It was presented to Charles V of France, and by his brother, the Duc de Berri, to Charles VI. From him to Bedford and Henry VI. It occurs in the inventories of Henry VIII and Elizabeth.

agent to be sold in Paris, so as to supply the nuns with money which they urgently needed. It was received by the most famous archæologists with sniffs of contempt. "Modern, quite modern," they said, and jeered at Baron Pichon, who decided to buy it for 9000 francs—3000 francs above its actual weight in gold. His courage justified itself, for at his sale in 1891 it was purchased for £8000 by Wertheimer, and sold by him for the same amount to some amateurs, who presented it to the British Museum. Since that it has always been in the Gold Room, except for a brief absence, when, as many of us will remember, it was carried away by Raffles in his hat to present to Queen Victoria on her Diamond Jubilee.

M. Eudel gives many amusing anecdotes of the forgeries of modern pictures, and how the artists met themselves, to their own great surprise, in subjects wholly foreign to their brushes. We have, unluckily, no space for these, but there is one curious adventure of a work of Roybet's which merits telling.

The celebrated collector M. V. invited some friends one day to see two historical paintings, signed by the artist, which M. V. had just bought, one entitled "Benediction at the Court of Louis XIII," and the other, "Richelieu awaiting the King." The guests placed themselves in the best light for appreciating the pictures, and then burst out into fits of laughing, to the amazement, and rather to the disgust, of the owner.

"Mlle. d'Hautefort!" cried one. "Well, that *is* a good joke! It is Thérèse Humbert!"

"Richelieu!" exclaimed the other simultaneously, "why, its Romain Daurignac."

It was true. The pictures were the two halves of one canvas ordered in 1886 by Frédéric Humbert, which had obtained a medal in the Salon of that year, under the name "Louis XIII and Mlle. d'Hautefort," and Roybet had taken

Mme. Humbert and her brother as models. The picture completed, by some oversight the heir of Crawford's money had omitted to sign the cheque in payment, and after the Confidence Trick had been played out and the safe opened, Roybet sought to indemnify himself by buying back his historical work at a low price, and selling it as two signed pictures.

It is impossible to close even this brief survey of M. Eudel's most amusing and instructive book without some reference to the *Grande Bévue* of a large proportion of the archæological world in 1903, known among experts as "the year of the Tiara." The tiara made its *début* in Paris in March 1896, a wonderful golden egg-shaped *coiffure*, covered with ornaments and figures in relief, and bearing an inscription to the effect that the tiara had been presented about 200 B.C. by the ancient Greek colony of Olbia in the Taurid, to the Scythian king Saïtapharnes, as the price of his protection.

A month previously, in Vienna, the tiara had been entrusted by a Jew from the Crimea, named Hochmann, to the two dealers in antiquities who brought it to the Louvre, after first trying to dispose of it in Vienna, where the price was considered prohibitive. It was then, though the fact is not mentioned by M. Eudel, offered (by letter) to the British Museum, but Mr. A. S. Murray, at that time the head of the classical department, replied that no one need trouble to send it over. In Paris, however, the entire body of *savants* (including the eminent M. Salomon Reinach), who were assembled at the Louvre to examine the proposed object of purchase, were unanimous as to its beauty and value, and 200,000 francs were readily voted for its acquisition. But if the Parisian public remained "more than usual calm" when the tiara was exhibited in the glass case, a wave of astonishment swept over foreign archæologists at the credulity of the French officials, and lurid tales were told as to the date and place of its manufacture.

Correspondence and consternation became general, but the Director of the Hermitage Museum of St. Petersburg, and the greater number of the French experts, put their glasses to their blind eyes—and kept them there for seven years. Then the unexpected happened, for an artist in the suburb of Montmartre claimed to have fashioned the Scythian king's tiara! He had been given, he said, a drawing to copy by M. Spitzer in 1894. A gold leaf weighing 458 golden grains had been used in the production of the tiara; it had taken several months to make, and the price paid was 4500 francs. The artist confessed that, feeling very curious as to its destination, he had marked it in three different places with indelible black spots, and had employed the modern method of soldering the joints.

To be sure a certain difficulty lay in the fact that M. Spitzer had died four years before he was said to have ordered the tiara, but who pays attention to such trifles? The tiara occupied the same position in conversation, in journalism, and in caricature as the Humberts and the Druces in their day, and in spite of two letters which appeared immediately after the Montmartre declaration. These letters affirmed that both writers had seen the tiara in process of making in Odessa in 1896, by a man named Rouchomowski. Thanks to the patient investigations of M. Clermont-Ganneau, Member of the Institute and Professor of the Collège de France, Rouchomowski was ultimately proved to be the real delinquent, and the tiara was swiftly and silently withdrawn from the public gaze.

According to Rouchomowski himself, he had no idea that a fraud was intended. Some cheap German illustrations of ancient Greek gold-work had been sent him to copy, at the same time as a set of designs of a late Roman triumph—after Giulio Romano—the whole work being designed as a gift to an aged professor. The Russian worked conscientiously from the models given him, and the experts of France, undeterred by German warnings, took modern

copies of late Italian art for Greek work of the second century, B.C.

That seems to be the authentic history of the tiara, though *why* the Montmartre artist claimed it as his own is one of the "games we do not understand."

PAUL DE ST. VICTOR

SINCE St. Victor published *Hommes et Dieux* about forty-five years ago, and Ste. Beuve wrote an article on it in *Nouveaux Lundis*, knowledge has increased by leaps and strides on many, if not most of the subjects on which he touched. To some, this might form an adequate reason for neglecting them altogether, for to be "vieux jeu" is held to be the one unpardonable sin of modern days. Yet the few who are not so hide-bound by fashion will be amply repaid by a study of these *feuilletons*, lacking though they undoubtedly are in the accurate and deep learning which marked the writings of Ste. Beuve himself.

In a powerful though rather bitter essay on Swift, St. Victor observes that the fame of the great Dean "has never been able to cross the Channel; the character of his genius is too insular to find a home for itself beyond the limits of his own country." This observation applies with far more justice to St. Victor himself, for Gulliver is as well known in Paris as at home. How many are there, even among the well-read men and women to whom Ste. Beuve is as familiar as Bacon, who have heard of Paul de St. Victor, or have any acquaintance with his works? Yet Ste. Beuve speaks of St. Victor's weekly *feuilletons* on plays or pictures or books as "brilliant portraits which stand out from their frames"; Lamartine says that when he reads these same *feuilletons* he puts on blue spectacles to escape being blinded by the excess of their light; while the grateful Victor Hugo exclaims that "it is worth while to write a book, only to make St. Victor write a page." Against these weighty words of praise it is but honest to quote the verdict of a contemporary. M.

Robert de Bonnières, who, speaking of what may be called St. Victor's obituary style—the style of his essays about people recently dead—observes that "St. Victor was an embalmer, or, rather, he was one of those makers of coffins who in Egypt constructed magnificent boxes to receive the mummies of priests and kings. Weekly he gave us one of these coffins of gold and wood—empty." Perhaps the truth lies somewhere between Victor Hugo and M. de Bonnières, for even in St. Victor's most brilliant passages we are sensible of a certain coldness. Like the Athenians of old we cry, "How fine was the speech of Phocion!" but we never are moved to exclaim, "Let us make war against Philip!"

With our interest or curiosity excited by such various judgments, we seek to learn something about St. Victor's life, but only to find that it affords little matter for the biographer. His father was a writer of "elegant" verses under the Empire, and a translator of Anacreon. After relinquishing poetry in favour of politics he finally ended his days as an art critic of some reputation. The son's early life was entirely spent with his father, and all of it was passed out of France. Paul grew up in Switzerland and Italy, spending most of his time in Rome, and was educated in an atmosphere of literature and art. As a man, he re-entered France and came to Paris, where he succeeded Jules Janin as theatrical critic of *La Presse*, an employment in many ways unsuited to him, for he had not sufficient humour or lightness of touch to appreciate the modern French drama. But suitable or not, his views on the subject appeared weekly in the columns of the journal, and won him the name, flattering or the reverse, of "the Paganini of the Pen." Among the criticisms which may be cited to show how far his taste differed from that of the day, we must allude to his article on Offenbach's *Belle Hélène*. He launched in his paper a vigorous anathema against the burlesque which had driven Paris crazy with delight, protested in wrath against the

degradation of all that is most beautiful in literature and art, to make sport for the Boulevard.

Though St. Victor's return to Paris was unheralded by any reputation, he was too remarkable a man not to make a position for himself, and that speedily. He at once became absorbed in the society of which Ste. Beuve, Lamartine, Théophile Gautier, and Eugène Delacroix were leading members, and where Victor Hugo reigned supreme. In this company St. Victor was warmly welcomed and highly valued, but he remained in some senses a figure apart. He took things more seriously than most of his friends; *l'esprit gaulois* was, as we have said, lacking in him altogether, and we miss from his longer books the sparkle that illuminates the pages of Théophile Gautier, of whom he was a kind of literary disciple. St. Victor's genius was always unlike that of his contemporaries, and is seen at its best in *Hommes et Dieux*, a set of short collected essays which formed the first book he ever published. He is one of the men who, like Bret Harte and Kipling, see their subject in focus. The salient points alone stand out, but they form a perfect picture. Unfortunately he was not content with what he could do supremely well, or else he failed entirely to grasp the nature of his own gift. He never realised that in the nature of things, the mind cannot behold a landscape in focus and in detail also, and thus it is that his longer, and, as he would have said, more important books are wholly without a sense of proportion; are overloaded with irrelevant facts, and only leave an impression of blurred confusion on the tired brain of the reader.

In *Hommes et Dieux*, however, it is just the opposite. In these essays everything is sharp, defined, and as clear as crystal, and has the effect of the delicate sharpness of outline that belongs to fine work in enamel. Yet there is frequently a lack of enthusiasm in his brief, trenchant sentences. His praise or blame is not the criticism of a

man discussing his fellow-men, but the impartial and final judgment of an Olympian. His reading is wide, but his scholarship is lax; for example, he attributes the "many twinkling smile of ocean" of Æschylus to Homer! His knowledge, though not always profound, is very extensive, but, unlike Carlyle, he has the art of conveying it so that the reader is neither bewildered nor made ashamed of his own ignorance. He delights in the use of similes, but in *Hommes et Dieux* he never employs them for mere purposes of rhetoric, but always to elucidate his meaning. What he says of Henri Mürger is true of himself, and of the care and finish bestowed on the whole book, "the tiniest of his arrows was chiselled," yet his brevity never becomes dryness nor his labour, effort. Every statement has the concentration of an epigram, that is all. In none of the essays is there evidence of a previous bias; they are never the work of a special pleader.

The essays in *Hommes et Dieux* are divided by St. Victor himself into four series, and may be classified as those relating to mythology and ancient art; those treating of history, and the romantic side of history; those dealing with what might be called some of the fantastic aspects of mediæval life; and, lastly, those essays that belong purely to the domain of literary criticism. We shall consider these as they come, and illustrate their merits by quotations—plums picked from a pudding almost too exclusively composed of plums.

When St. Victor wrote the opening *feuilletons* collected in *Hommes et Dieux*, he had not yet bent his neck under the yoke of solar mythology. He looked upon the ancient myths as the romances of a people endowed with vivid imaginations and love for all that is beautiful. He considered the Trojan War to be a real or a romantic war, and not a contest of the forces of Night and Day; he regarded Helen as a woman, peerless in her fascinations as in her misfortunes,

not as the Light for which a fierce struggle is raging with the Powers of Darkness and the clouds. Afterwards, in his later books, he becomes a backslider; but at this period he held the Greeks to be very children in their love of story-telling. He does well to begin his series with the name of the Venus of Milo, the one statue in the whole world which gathers up within itself all that the human mind can imagine of beauty, and of beauty which is not only physical but intellectual. It is thus that he describes her, and the impression she can still make after more than 2000 years of worship of female loveliness of a very different sort. "The impassive countenance of the Sphinx is less mysterious than the apparent frankness of this young face. On one side we are struck by the sweetness of her profile; on the other, the mouth is curved, and the oblique gaze of the eye gives an an expression of defiant disdain to the features . . . the tranquil face beams with the confidence of victory, the serenity of happiness." She stands before us as she stood long ago, "flushed from the full-flushed wave, imperial, her foot on the sea."

Not less clearly does St. Victor penetrate the complex nature of the Greek conception of Artemis, "changeful as the moon which she personifies." At one moment the goddess is a kind of young Amazon, roaming the woods with her bow in her hand, and her quiver slung over her shoulder; at the next she is the all-powerful deity, whose revenge is pitiless and whose worship is bloody, "yet in the end it is Diana the Huntress who triumphs over Hecate." Her companions are vowed to perpetual maidenhood. Sacred groves are their cloisters, mountains are their monasteries. The goddess is, if we may call her so, the abbess of the forests. In some ways her image seems out of place in Olympus, but in a fine passage that closes his essay, St. Victor explains the position she held in the Greek Pantheon: "In her is embodied the highest and purest ideal of the pagan world. This stainless virgin was needed as a champion against divinities

made up of human frailties and a boundless love of pleasure. Whilst the immortals are filling heaven and earth with their adulteries, the austere goddess, secure behind her inviolable hills, protests silently against the disorders of Olympus. Here, in the mountains, she gives an example of abstinence and of energy. Here she rears up healthy minds in vigorous bodies, and trains them to heroism. Her example does its work, her influence is breathed from the depths of the forests over the whole of Greece, like the cold wind which purifies the air as it passes. It is she who impels the young men to the manly games of the gymnasium; it is she who inspires them with the love of the chase, and takes them far from the houses of courtesans and the portico of the Sophists. When her image changes, when her worship becomes corrupt, Polytheism has lost one of its finest inspirations; for in losing the Artemis of the early Hellas, it has also lost its only image of modesty and parted with its last incarnation of dignity."

Compare this view of the goddess and her bracing effect on the minds of men with Théodore de Banville's charming ballad of the mysterious dwellers in the forest, Artemis driving the deer through the glades of Fontainebleau. The poet draws a graceful picture of the silence of the woods, broken only by the gambols of the green-eyed nixies and undines among the water-lilies, and the groans of the wounded stag, where "à l'heure où la lune paraît Diane court dans la noire forêt." One conception is only an amplification of the other; and the whole description is characteristic of St. Victor. He would take no pleasures in tales of the gallantries of Zeus, or the *gamineries* of Hermes. The want of pliability in his mind, of which M. de Bonnières complains, prevents him from sympathising with the joys or pranks of weaker spirits; but this stiffness (to write in his own fashion) has the richness and glitter of brocade, rather than the hard texture of buckram.

The mysteries of the nether world have a deep attraction for St. Victor, and many of his pages are devoted to the story of Demeter and Persephone. He is ever seeking to rend the veil which hides the life beyond the grave, and in this essay, called *Ceres and Proserpine*, gives us a curious and connected sketch of Proserpine as the Bride of Hades. By her presence in the nether world, Death even in heathendom has lost his sting. "Love and Joy reign where man dreamed of terror and solitude; health rules in the stronghold of destruction; a new life opens before him who had believed himself going down to the grave of nothingness."

Turning from a goddess to "a daughter of the gods," we find that the view taken of Helen by St. Victor is that of Homer. She is the passive and unwilling tool of the immortals, and not the light woman of Euripides or Virgil. St. Victor's Helen is always the victim of circumstances too strong for her, *c'est le destin*, as she says in *La Belle Hélène*. Throughout the *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, she never lowers herself to the level of her position, and by her sweetness and dignity has won even Priam to her side. "The emotions she excites in the breasts of men, never agitate her own heart; the fire that devours Phædra and Medea respects that tranquil bosom from which sculptors modelled their altar-cups of gold. She is marble, like every perfect beauty, destined rather to delight the eyes than to trouble the senses, and the love she inspires is in reality an ecstasy of contemplation. Wherever she appears, in plays, in poems, in the odes and the elegies of the ancient world, she is always grave, silent, self-possessed, grieving in her soul over the slavery of the passions to which the gods have condemned her to be the victim. . . . Thus this marvellous woman escapes the fate that attends the other daughters of desire. What if Love, Slavery, and Marriage have borne her away in their impetuous embraces, have cast her off, have sought her again, have tossed her from one hand to another, she retains through all a mysterious maidenhood. Age cannot wither

her, time cannot touch her. She pervades a century of ancient song, always young, always to be longed for—a living image of ideal beauty, whose fleeting form may be soiled by man, but whose type remains eternal."

With the essay entitled *La Momie* ends the first part of the book, and nowhere is St. Victor more graphic or more brilliant. Not all the minute accounts which savants give of Egyptian ideas and sepulchral labours inspire us with such an understanding of the civilisation of that strange old world, as this one short paper. As we read, we realise as never before, the absolute subordination of life to death that existed in Egypt for thousands of years, when the earth was young and fresh, and Assyria, India, and Greece had still centuries of barbarism before them. We, too, begin to feel the paralysing effects of a condition of mind which pervades the whole history of a whole nation, when the Present is nothing and the Past everything—when palaces were neglected and left comparatively bare, while splendours were devised for the tomb that was being slowly reared, for eyes for ever sealed to the light of day. How unlike the way in which the Greeks thought of death and treated the body! "In the clear air of Greece, Death appears only in his lightest form. As her funeral deities tread under their feet the symbolic flame, leaving but a thin cloud of smoke, he breathes upon life, and it is gone. . . . What is left behind he delivers over to the element that destroys and that purifies; he keeps nothing but a substance which is almost aërial, a handful of white dust—dust on the wings of the butterfly of Psyche." Compare this with a passage a little farther on—as true and as nobly expressed: "Egypt is only the porch of a huge sepulchre. Her pyramids are mausoleums, her mountains cities of graves, the soil rings hollow in her plains, a semblance of life hides a vast charnel-house. To shelter her dead she has changed herself into a tomb."

Leaving the kingdom of Death, St. Victor passes into

the realm of life and history. After contemplating the solemn silence of Egypt and the lower world, we feel almost bewildered at being thrust into the mad disorder of Rome under Nero. In his pages we seem to be reading a tale of Babylon in its most corrupt days, or of India under the last Moguls, instead of a chapter in the annals of the sober and dignified West. The most powerful and best born patricians placed their necks without a murmur under the heel of a madman universally loathed, and often anticipated the sentence they awaited. It was not the tyranny of an order or of an institution. It was merely the freak of a maniac, to whom nothing was sacred, not even Rome itself, who had no lucid intervals. Yet the city held no Charlotte Corday to free the world from such a monster; and even when it at last rebelled, it was left to Nero to make a miserable end by his own hand. The state of turpitude and degradation which Rome must have reached before it could passively submit to such horrors, was too great for her to be roused by the efforts of Marcus Aurelius eighty years later. Even he could do no more than postpone for a short time the inevitable decay. After him, the work of internal corruption went on rapidly; and all that the strongest of the emperors could do was to keep the hordes of barbarians at bay, or, at best, to gain a respite from invasion. By and bye this too became hopeless. Rome herself was besieged, sacked, and when the Empire seemed to have suffered every horror that barbarians could inflict, whispers were heard that another and yet more terrible enemy was approaching. "It was not an invasion—it was a deluge. Huns, Avars, Ostrogoths, Gepidæ, Bulgars, Hungarians, the entire world of barbarism rallied round Attila. If all the animal creation were to revolt against man, and range themselves under a monster endowed with will and intelligence, it would hardly give a just notion of the danger run by civilisation at this moment of gloom. In a few days Germany and Gaul disappeared completely under a whirlwind of horses and their

riders. On all sides no sound was heard but the noise of towns that fell, and the death-rattle of nations." One man only stood between the civilised world and barbarism—the general Aetius, and in the Plains of Châlons he gained a victory which should have crowned with laurels his name for evermore; whereas it is only recollected by the few who know it at all, as the name of a man who at the close of his life conspired against his sovereign. But it is the property of Barbarism to create night around her—men and things darken at her approach, civilisation becomes barbarism in the struggle for supremacy. Even the victories obtained over her seldom captivate the imagination."

The essay on Charles XII is the only one in the book that we would willingly have spared. St. Victor is not at home amongst soldiers who fight only for the pleasure of fighting. The craft of Louis XI, or the unscrupulous statesmanship of Cæsar Borgia, have more charms for him. Cæsar Borgia was in his day too black a character to tempt even the most enterprising of whitewashers, but assiduous rubbing has removed some of the stains on the robes of his sister Lucrezia; as for Louis XI, perhaps at his worst moments there is something to be said in his favour from the point of view of a united France. We must not, however, linger over either of these sombre figures, but pass to one of the most interesting and brilliant of this group of essays, "The Court of Spain under Charles II." A casual allusion to the matter in the work of Victor Hugo shows us the care and attention St. Victor expended on these pages. "Some years ago, when engaged in study of the Court of Spain under Charles II, I surrounded myself by the materials furnished by the epoch. I consulted all the documents, examined all the chronicles, re-read all the narratives and all the memoirs." One of the principal sources consulted was of course the charming little memoir written by the Comtesse d'Aulnoy at the close of the seventeenth century.

St. Victor, who is always tempted to "wallow" in the picturesque, begins with a terrible picture of the almost fabulous poverty of the empire, which comprehended nearly a third of the explored world; of the frightful desolation of Spain itself when American gold was somehow never turned into bread, and horses died of hunger in the royal stables. He then goes on to tell of the horrors perpetrated by the Inquisition, which ended in hardening the hearts of the people and producing a state of things scarcely possible to conceive or to describe. Side by side with all this was the amazing fanaticism, and the formal, almost scientific, gallantry of the Court, of which Victor Hugo has given us a faithful sketch in *Ruy Blas*. "In order to forget her miseries, Spain yielded herself to the excitement of love. When a lady of the court is bled, the doctor dips a handkerchief in her blood, and her lover buys this relic from him with gold and silver." Custom prescribes that the payment is "not to amount to less than six thousand pistoles." A man was considered disgraced for life should he neglect to redeem this precious love-token. Besides these madmen, the Court had a band of men whose gallantry gave them a recognised rank and position. "They were called 'embevecidos' or 'drunk with love,'" a kind of amorous Bersarks, in fact; "even if not grandees by birth, they had the right to remain covered before the King and Queen. They were supposed to be so dazzled by the sight of their mistresses as to be incapable of seeing aught else, or of knowing in whose presence they might be."

Every day, existence became more and more unreal; every year the Court became more and more overladen with forms as complicated as they were meaningless. Death and its attendant ceremonies assumed an importance which has never been witnessed before or since in the annals of the Western world. Even the Bourbons, when they succeeded to the throne, came under the spell, and Spain was governed by queens and ministers, while king after king was occupied with the contemplation of his own decease, in solemn funeral

services and visits to the tomb where he also would shortly lie. Don Quixote himself would not have thought of tilting against such windmills as these.

The group of essays that belong purely to literature is headed with the story, vigorously told, of Roland, yet the material for the legend is as slight as well can be. An allusion in Einhard's chronicle to the death of Roland, prefect of the marches of Bretagne, is the foundation of the structure, and "one footprint on the sand" is all that remains of the real history of the man who for centuries filled with his name the whole poetic world. "His renown has the gift of ubiquity, the flashes of his sword illumine the four corners of the earth." From the Pyrenees to Brusa every country bears marks which are said to be the work of his sword Durandal, and every nation points to rocks which have started asunder at the sound of his magic horn. The simple, trenchant language of the *chanson de geste* is well rendered by St. Victor, and we seem to catch a faint echo of the heroic end of Roland and Turpin in the death of Bussy d'Amboise as told by Dumas.

From heroic legend we turn to modern romance, to Mdlle. Aïssé, the Circassian child with the most romantic of histories, who surrounded by circumstances each of which was a temptation, amidst men and women to whom corruption was as the air they breathed, kept her own reputation spotless, and wept over her one sin till it was washed away. St. Victor's *feuilleton* on Mdlle. Aïssé is far superior to Ste. Beuve's. It is shorter, more concise, more graphic in every way. He sees exactly what is essential, and discards everything else, and in consequence we gain a real idea of the figure described, and can summon it to our minds at will.

And now we must take leave of *Hommes et Dieux*, the earliest and best of St. Victor's works; but, before passing on to his next book, it would be as well again to sum up his faults and his virtues. In *Hommes et Dieux* he is dealing

with subjects which are within his grasp, and which appeal invariably to his strong sense of picturesqueness. It is this picturesque exterior that always attracts him, but the impression made is increased by the deliberate choice of words which are the best possible for conveying his meaning. But when he abandons his *feuilletons* for minute and lengthy criticisms on the Greek dramatists, he is like an artist in granulated gold work who suddenly takes to forging a suit of plate armour. He is faulty in scholarship, he is inaccurate in knowledge, he repeats himself, he has recourse to padding. Worse than all, his similes multiply and run away with him; instead of defining the impression he wishes to produce, they obscure it; they become mere rhetoric, and, as such, his pages would be better without them. He writes no longer because he has something he desires to say, but because it is necessary that a man with his reputation should publish a big book, and though he cannot help interspersing his criticisms with flashes of his old insight and his accustomed brilliancy, yet they are comparatively rare.

These remarks do not, however, apply to *Barbares et Bandits* (1871), which stands by itself among St. Victor's works. Here the calmness of the man of letters and the self-control of the man of the world are broken through, and a cry of passion, all the fiercer for its conscious impotence, takes their place. The *Barbares et Bandits* are, of course, the Prussians and the Commune. The first of the *feuilletons* is dated a fortnight before Sedan, when the misfortunes of Paris were only beginning. With the aid of Heine, whom he largely quotes, St. Victor lashes the Prussian faults and shortcomings with a violence and fierceness that must have astonished as much as it delighted contemporary readers; but it is curious to note how, even in the fervour of his patriotism, the trained impartiality of the critic gets the better of his feelings, and he acknowledges—bitterly, it is true, but still fairly enough—the immense superiority of the Prussian mechanism and discipline, which more than any-

thing else decided the contest. In the midst of all these scathing denunciations, of insult repaying insult, we come upon two essays of a wholly different kind, worthy to take rank with any in *Hommes et Dieux*. Prosper Mérimée died while Paris was still being besieged, but even in the intensity of that death-struggle his friend still found time to weave a wreath of laurels for his tomb. In many ways the two men greatly resemble each other, and the criticism passed by St. Victor on Mérimée might often be applied to himself. "Only emotion," he says in speaking of some of Mérimée's stories, "is missing from these perfect and beautiful tales. They are cold and polished; the imperturbable elegance of the style never varies; the ice is never melted. Sobriety is an excellent literary quality, but it is as well not to abuse it; for when exaggerated it becomes dryness."

True advice; and St. Victor, probably observing this tendency in himself, set out to correct it, and, later, fell lamentably into the other extreme. "A Prussian Prisoner" —Le Prisonnier de la Prusse—is the indomitable Baron Trenck, the incarnation of one side of romance, as the Man in the Iron Mask is of the other. The inconceivable strength, courage, and skill which enabled Trenck, unaided, and armed only with a knife, five times to break through chains, bars, gates, and walls, is told with the concentration and vigour peculiar to St. Victor at his best, and must have wiled away some of the weary hours of the inhabitants of the imprisoned city. *They* were not Trencks!

For some years—from 1876 till 1880—we hear no more of St. Victor; but in the latter year he published the first of a series of three volumes of criticism, *Les Deux Masques*, or Comedy and Tragedy. Whether he wrote for money, whether the desire to produce a "great work" had taken possession of him, or whether, as we have hinted, his admirers thought it was due to himself to publish something more imposing than *feuilletons*, we know not, but

he certainly undertook a task not suited to his peculiar qualities. In these volumes, which have been constructed from articles in *La Presse* and *Le Moniteur Universel*, St. Victor's characteristic excellences are exaggerated into faults. The pages are overladen with similes and allusions (especially to Hamlet and Attila), and disfigured by laboured Scripture parallels, not always to the point. His outlines are no longer sharp as those of an engraved gem, but are soft and blurred as a landscape of Corot's. He has likewise fallen a victim to the seductions of Solar Mythology, and caught up a second-hand smattering of the Vedas, which misleads him. Sometimes it is the Sun to which all the legends and phenomena of the Vedas are pointing; sometimes it is the Storm, as if, to quote his own words, "the Vedas are to be read by flashes of lightning." In the last volume he more or less shakes off the paralysing yoke of the solar myth, but in the part devoted to Æschylus the allusions to it are frequent, and one long chapter, in vol. ii., is occupied by a rambling account of the myths of the Veda, and of Œdipus as the Sun. Notwithstanding many most excellent criticisms and picturesque passages, the analysis of the classical poets must be considered a failure. St. Victor's acquaintance with Greek was sufficient to enable him to grasp the general meaning of the drama, but was by no means as close as is considered desirable in a critic or a translator, and he aspires to be both. He is very carelessly edited, too, and whole pages are repeated verbatim throughout the book. We do not wish to accuse St. Victor of plagiarising from himself, with a view to padding his volumes. He probably kept his notes by him to consult; and when, after his death, his manuscripts were collected and revised for publication by his friends, M. Paul Lacroix and M. Alidor Delzant, these notes appear to have been inserted in the text without due search to see if they had been previously published. In this manner ten pages of criticism are transplanted bodily from the chapter on the *Andromache*

of Euripides into that of the *Andromache* of Racine; some of the essay on "L'Argent" (*Hommes et Dieux*) is to be found repeated in that on the *Merchant of Venice;* and the reader often feels that the sentences are vaguely familiar even when he is unable to trace their origin. It would be interesting to compare the articles composing *Les Deux Masques*, in their original form, with the way in which they now lie before us. Throughout his writings, St. Victor is invariably good in exact proportion to his brevity, and it must be confessed, with regret, that *Les Deux Masques* is too long. The point is no longer hit with the same certainty as before. We have a sense that he is talking round his subject instead of about it. The ideas are cut into little strips, like the ox-hide of Ragnar Lodbrok's sons, and made to cover the largest possible amount of space. Not only are his quotations hardly to be trusted, but his remarks are occasionally in bad taste; for example, when he observes that "Æschylus had a theatre killed under him." Perhaps this is meant for a jest, but the humour of a man who is not humorous is often apt to be vulgar, and is almost invariably stupid.

The first volume of *Les Deux Masques* consists of 544 pages, all entirely devoted to Æschylus, or, to speak more truly, all supposed to deal with him, for there is a great deal of supposition in the matter. St. Victor, of course, finds it necessary to allude to the fact that the worship and rites of Dionysos, or Bacchus, gave rise ultimately to the Greek drama. He expatiates, however, at quite uncalled-for length on the details of these myths, some of which are remarkably disgusting, and out of place in a book of this kind, intended for general reading. The account of the orgies, both in Greece and Rome, and the mythical conceptions from which they sprang, occupy 76 pages, and might have been condensed with advantage into a fourth of that number. Then follows an interesting chapter on Æschylus himself, and a description, not only of the Persian

wars, but the state of things that led to them, which, spirited though it be, again might have been omitted. St. Victor's vivid imagination is an endless snare to him. One comparison suggests another, and that another still, till we find ourselves at length as far from the main point as the outermost circle in a pond is from the stone whose fall originally caused the disturbance. We have quotations from Dante, allusions to Esther, Isaiah, Daniel; a graphic sketch of the wonderful medley of nations that composed the host of Xerxes, and the varieties of their dress and armour. The scourging of the Hellespont opens the door for a whole collection of parallel cases; the tears shed by the Great King over the myriads of men who would all be dead a hundred years hence, suggest a thousand moral reflections. This tendency comes to a head in his analysis of Sophocles, where he compares, at great length, Philoctetes to Robinson Crusoe. It is not that we complain of a want of interest in his observations. Were he writing a history of the Persian wars, we should welcome them with pleasure. But there is a lack of proportion in the space assigned to them, and they are mostly quite unnecessary to the understanding of Æschylus.

Then, too, he falls into another pitfall. The titanic style of Æschylus takes great hold of him, and he also tries to write titanically. What a safeguard is a sense of humour for a man who consciously or unconsciously puts on a little harmless affectation! Those who have admired the magnificent similes in *Hommes et Dieux* will sigh, while they smile over his statement (vol. i. p. 138) that "Xerxes accouchait quatre années après d'une monstrueuse armée, qu'on eût dit sortit des vomitoires de Babel."

The description of the myths of Prometheus, though disfigured here and there by a dissertation on Solar Mythology, is the most interesting part of the whole book. The picture of the great Titan paying the penalty of his pity for humanity by æons of torture on the rocks of the

Caucasus, is one that exactly appeals to St. Victor's rather sepulchral imagination. He calls it one of Æschylus's "great tragic silences," broken only by the rare visit of some compassionate naiad or maiden who has suffered the love of the gods. Yet even here the sobriety of his style is no longer what it was. He refers to Oceanos as "a kind of *roi-fainéant* of the waters," and has pages of discussion, partly gathered from the early Fathers, on an elaborate comparison of the sufferings of Prometheus with those of Our Lord.

The second and third volumes of *Les Deux Masques* are less confused and less full of faults than that upon Æschylus, partly because St. Victor devotes less space to each poet. Sophocles, of course, takes rank both in date and position immediately after Æschylus, and St. Victor says well that Æschylus was a Titan and Sophocles a man. He shows, too, the depth of the gulf that lies between the two older dramatists and Euripides in their treatment of things divine as well as human. How the art of Euripides was self-conscious and his characters complex, how he casts aside, to quote the words of Sophocles, the reverence that had inspired his fathers, and rending the veil that hides the gods from the gaze of men, reveals them as they are, and not as they ought to be. The plays of Sophocles breathe the odour of the incense that emanates from the temples. "Piety," he makes Heracles say in the *Philoctetes*, "is the only thing that men can carry away with them, which is never lost, neither in life nor in death." Euripides, on the contrary, "attacks the gods, and puts a non-natural interpretation on the venerable traditions of Polytheism. He complicates them by romantic intrigues, and substitutes arbitrary denouements." The same difference in treatment is to be noticed, as St. Victor points out, in their women. The one-ideaed, self-contained, self-sacrificing heroines of the earlier stage hardly seems to belong to the same race as the softer, tenderer, less simple women of the later drama.

These are noble, too, many of them, but unlike either Antigone or Electra, are fully aware of their nobility.

The criticism of Aristophanes opens with a short and clear account of the origin of Comedy, and then of the condition of Athens at the period when Aristophanes, the literary conservative, began to play his part on her stage. It is curious to notice how a man of the refined and serious mind of St. Victor can sympathise infinitely more with the Brobdignagian humour of Aristophanes, Rabelais, and Falstaff than with the delicate satire of Molière. It may be that he cannot see the point unless it is stated in the broadest way, but certain it is that he speaks without disapproval of the frank coarseness of the *Lysistrata* and the *Acharnians*, while he is impatient of the *Misanthrope* and bored with the *Femmes Savantes*. Here, as elsewhere, St. Victor's philosophical and metaphysical spirit has proved his bane. The stage which directly reflects life, or, rather, reproduces the actual circumstances of contemporary existence, with a view to inculcating some serious principles or cutting at the root of a deep-seated abuse, has attractions for him. He is too earnest to take much interest in the follies of humanity, which were the joy and occupation of Molière, or to recognise the power of a laugh. He gives it as his opinion that whatever "Comedy may have gained in form since the days of Aristophanes, there is lacking to its full maturity an indefinable something of divinity that inspired its untamed childhood." St. Victor is more at home in his criticism and analysis of the *Clouds* and the *Birds*. The latter opens with a passage that is specially graceful. The play, says St. Victor, is "wonderful as a fairy tale, musical as an opera, light as a dream, bound neither by time nor space, free from the hatreds and almost from the recollections of the world below. With the plumes of its birds, the comedy of Aristophanes dons something of their innocence. It has the freshness of the air to which it is transplanted, the brightness of the day which illumines

it. Its irony is a melody, its laugh a song. It is the Midsummer Night's Dream of Greece." The chapter is full of passages like this, but it is also full of much besides: allusions to the Bible, Zoroaster, the Golden Legend, St. Francis of Assisi, and many other books and people, which might readily have been pruned away. With it ends St. Victor's study of the Greek drama, and he closes the second volume of *Les Deux Masques* by a chapter on the Indian theatre and *Sakountala*, with which the description of nature in the *Birds* may be held to have some qualities in common.

Nearly two hundred pages of the third volume of *Les Deux Masques* are filled with a study of Shakespeare. As has already been said, in spite of St. Victor's occupation as a dramatic critic, he was almost entirely without dramatic instincts. It is the philosophical part of a play that interests him; the workings of the mind and the principle involved, not the way in which those workings are betrayed by action. He becomes absorbed in watching the development of Othello's jealousy under the skilful manipulation of Iago; but he would probably never have cared to notice that after the Moor has denied indignantly the first insinuations against his wife, and sits down (when represented by Signor Salvini) to write despatches to Venice, his eyes gaze vacantly before him, till he lays aside his pen and summons Iago to explain himself. In all that directly concerns what may be called the Seven Deadly Sins, St. Victor is superb. His analysis of *Hamlet* is admirably put, if it does not contain much that is really new. The account of Shylock is full of interesting historical details (many of these are also repeated from the essay on "L'Argent") concerning the position of Jews in the Middle Ages. It is worthy of note that in the matter of the Jews, as in most others, Shakespeare was free from the prejudices of his time, in this following the example of the author of the *Romancero* many centuries before, who makes his Cid keep faith with the despised race. The view taken by St. Victor of the historical plays,

and of the Plantagenets and Tudors (whose motto, he says, was "Evil bee tow mi good"), is rather unnecessarily grim, and, as regards the comedies, his criticisms are perfectly inadequate. They are too lumbering and too solemn, though a brilliant exception is to be found in his remarks on Falstaff. St. Victor appreciates his wit in a totally unexpected way, and aptly compares him to a combination of the two fairy princesses whose mouths let fall both toads and diamonds.

The chapters which treat of the rise of the French drama, and of Racine and Corneille, will be read with pleasure by the many whose minds are blank on the subject. Nothing could be prettier than the account of the representation of *Esther* at St. Cyr, or more sad than the dismal histories of the young girls who formed the *corps dramatique*. St. Victor's sympathies are all with the measured cadences and virtuous sentiments of the authors of *The Cid* and *Athalie*; but with regard to Molière the case is different. He admires sometimes with his head, but never with his heart; and though he allows that Mascarille is "so witty, so gay, such a good fellow, that the most severe moralist is moved to laughter by tricks which deserve the rope," we are convinced that St. Victor himself never got beyond a calm smile. The *Misanthrope*, he declares, is only beheld with "cold admiration mingled with secret weariness, for there lies between the public and this masterpiece a sheet of ice which two centuries of prestige have never been able to break." The tirades of Alceste he considers out of place, while Célimène "has no individuality"; is merely "coquetry personified, an allegory correctly painted on a background of neutral tints." Those of us who have been fortunate enough to see the *Misanthrope* represented by the full strength of the Comédie Française will pass a different judgment. No "allegory" ever took away her neighbours' characters with such frank good humour as Célimène, or plumed herself

with such petulant self-complacency on her own attractions. "Puis-je empêcher les gens de me trouver aimable?" and few people will gainsay her. It is the same with the *Femmes Savantes*. It is all very well to speak of the play as an "undoubted masterpiece," but then St. Victor promptly begins to pull it to pieces. He is shocked at the great ladies being made fun of, declares that their learning was as wide as it was deep, and finally that "Molière appears to refuse to women the understanding of the things of the intellect, and insists that the only duty of a married woman is to skim the saucepan and to mend her clothes." *Malheur à ceux qui rient*, indeed. *On ne raisonne pas avec les Turcs.*

We have now reached the last but one of St. Victor's works, the *Life of Victor Hugo*, published in 1884.

Amidst all the worshippers that crowded round the throne on which Victor Hugo sat and permitted himself to be adored, none was more fervent in his admiration than St. Victor. He was carried away by many qualities in the poet that appealed to his own character. St. Victor praises justly the effort to emancipate the French drama from the hard and fast rules of the classic period, but he does not realise how much better Victor Hugo's plays would be for a little more of that humour which makes the whole world kin. Even Don César de Bazan would become dull and heavy if played by a commonplace actor, and M. Coquelin himself acknowledged it to be his most fatiguing part, as all the "business" has to be created by the actor, the text affording not a single indication. It seems strange, too, that neither Victor Hugo nor his critic was struck by the extreme absurdity of the final scene in *Hernani*, where Doña Sol and her lover have both taken poison, and sit rocking themselves to and fro, asking each other their symptoms. It may be pathetic enough to read, and on the stage Madame Bernhardt herself cannot avoid being grotesque. St. Victor, too, has a long and learned defence, drawn from a minute acquaintance with Spanish history, of

the possibility of Ruy Blas' equivocal position. He urges, with truth, that Mazarin was the son of a fisherman, and Alberoni the son of a gardener, but he forgets that these men shook off once and for ever their chrysalis skins when they blossomed out in gorgeous colours, while Ruy Blas remains at the same time a valet and a Prime Minister.

In the analysis of Victor Hugo's other dramas, *Marion Delorme*, with her "little red nose," *Marie Tudor*, whose character is closely studied, and *Lucrezia Borgia*, St. Victor is interesting and picturesque, but it is a pity that in the last-named essay he should have borrowed several complete sentences out of his own sketch of her brother Cæsar. St. Victor goes carefully through all Victor Hugo's works, and illustrates them by copious quotations; he admires, as well he may, the beauty of the poet's children, first placed by him on the pedestal they have since held in literature; sees nothing but charm in the poems, and grandeur in the novels; but there is one point—he says it himself—where his love and loyalty fail, and that is in Victor Hugo's approval of the Commune. "The great man whom I love and venerate will pardon me for leaving him at the opening of this path. One way points to Barbarism, the other leads to Civilisation; I see no middle road." Posterity will agree with St. Victor.

It is by *Hommes et Dieux*, and a posthumous collection of the same kind, *Anciens et Modernes*, that St. Victor will be judged. Let us close with a quotation from his *feuilleton* on Prosper Mérimée, that may fitly be applied to himself: "His memory will not perish; it remains associated with some essays destined, perhaps, to last as long as the language —with some figures which he has endowed with life, whom Art has sealed as her own."

TRIALS OF THE WIFE OF A LITERARY MAN

Novels without number have been written setting forth the sufferings of the Literary Man, who has awakened from a moment of folly to find himself mated with a spiritual clown, or with what is even more paralysing, one of the "Doras" of this world. Harrowing pictures have been drawn of some "Gifted Hopkins" driven, by lack of sympathy in his own home, to seek that precious balm elsewhere. He only craves to pour out his soul—at every possible opportunity—on the subject which is possessing it for the time being, and while he excites himself to frenzy as to the truth of the claims of some False Dmitri, or the ultimate fate of Don Sebastian, he is met by a wife's wandering eye and vague smile, followed, after a polite pause, by an instance of Tommy's drollness or Mary's precocious wit.

It is not every woman who is clever enough to catch up her husband's voluble arguments and reproduce them as if they were her own—to his wonder and admiration—nor, indeed, is it every man who would be content with having the mirror thus held up to his own nature. Yet, after all, this is perhaps quite the best that he has any right to expect. Marriage—most of us have found that out—is an affair of compromises. Few people are attracted to each other by their intellectual qualities, and, if they are, they are generally of the first order of prigs. A man falls in love with a girl because she is pretty, or lively, or sympathetic; it is surely unjust to demand that she should be intellectual as well. As to the girls, they fall in love with a man because he has fallen in love with them, or because there is nobody

else. Either way, neither has the right to blame the other.

But it must not be supposed that every literary man's wife is capable of feeling the trials of her position; to some the position itself is only a matter of pride. This kind of wife is a very serious person, who invests everything that touches her with a halo of solemnity delightful to the One Who Looks On. As a rule, her life has been passed among scenes quite different from those into which her marriage has plunged her, and she begins her new career densely ignorant of subjects and details which have been the literature of the nursery to most other people. But in a surprisingly short time she has got by heart the masonic signs and passwords of her new state of existence, and if she sometimes misquotes or misapplies them she never finds it out. This is not the sort of woman who will lie awake at night reddening with shame and mortification while she watches the *bévues* of which she has been guilty, standing in a row opposite her bed making their bow.

The man who marries a lady cast in this mould is usually as deficient in humour as herself, and is prepared to take her at her own valuation—thus making her worse. He is, in every sense, *le mari de sa femme*, and most certainly each is the elective affinity of the other. It is rare indeed that the husband turns out a Mr. Bennett, and unkind things were said by Darcy and have been repeated by other people, about Mr. Bennett's habit of extracting entertainment from his incomparable lady. Yet, what could the poor man do? There was only one alternative possible, and that led to the gallows.

The foregoing remarks have been made to show that all the trials and grievances are not on one side, as some eloquent orators would have us believe, and that no prejudice exists in the mind of the writer against the male sex. The Rights and Wrongs of Man are not, however, the subject of this paper, which is, as they say in churches, "For Women Only."

Now, of course, the typical instance of a literary man's wife who has attained the very height or depth of suffering is Mrs. Carlyle. But let us leave her on one side; partly because nobody with any sense or consideration for his fellows would revive that war-cry, but partly, also, because it is difficult to give our entire sympathy to Mrs. Carlyle's grievances. Besides, quite a new crop of sufferings have sprung up since Mrs. Carlyle discoursed so eloquently upon hers.

In modern days budding authors and authoresses (especially the authoresses) are a fruitful source of danger to the literary man's wife. If the husband happens to be the editor of a magazine he will be inundated with manuscript poems or novels, accompanied very frequently by appeals *ad misericordiam*. Amidst the bundle of hopeless mediocrities he may come upon something better than the rest, and then, full of benevolent ideas, he comes to his wife and tells her that a Miss So-and-So has really written a rather clever story, and as she says she is coming up to town on business, should they ask her to come and spend a day or two with them? The wife has very likely seen this experiment tried before at the houses of other literary friends, and if she is a person who can learn by experience—it is not every woman who can, and no men—she has "inwardly digested" the lesson. So she points out firmly that if the future Sappho or embryo George Eliot turn out to be shy, or impish, or gushing, it is she and not he, who will have to bear the burden. Afternoon tea she will consent to, but nothing more until she is sure of her ground. The husband, whose zeal in the matter has been quite disinterested, gives way, as he cannot help doing, and probably lives to thank her for her foresight.

The trials to which the wife of a literary man is subjected naturally differ according to his temperament and mode of life, but there is one which, from Mrs. Carlyle downwards, all the wives have in common, though in a greater or

less degree. The wife must be prepared to be ignored, consciously or unconsciously, by people who are either unaware that she exists at all, or are profoundly indifferent to the fact. How far this position will be felt by the lady who is passed over depends to a certain extent on the amount of social ambition she may possess, but more on her common sense, which will tell her whether the slight is deliberate or unintentional. As to the husband, if he thinks the proposed dinner or visit will bore him, he assumes airs of virtue and declines; but if it happens to be a question of his favourite sport or latest craze—golf, or Roman camps, or Norman architecture—then it is to be feared, ah! greatly feared, that he will make one of that country-house party. On the other hand, sportsmanlike fairness must admit that the case is sometimes reversed. The lady is literary, and the author of *A Murmuring Heart*. The husband is undistinguished. *He* cannot be left out, and has been found weeping in the harness-room, while his wife shone in the gilded saloon. "These tears," as Mr. Frederick Bayham said, "were manly, sir, manly."

If the literary man is an eager, enthusiastic being, ready to unbosom himself to any audience however unpromising, how much worse is it when the wife has some special knowledge or intelligence that may make her opinion really of some use. "I should like to read you this," he will say, coming in with a sheaf of loose papers in his hand, all mixed and all requiring correction, "as your judgment is a criterion of that of the average public." And after this hardly flattering commendation, he proceeds to read out an article on some obscure subject to which the wife has never given a thought, stopping all the while to correct a phrase or insert a missing word with his hovering pen, and expecting the unfortunate woman to be ready with an intelligent criticism at the end of it.

Is any creature in the world more wearisome than the man or woman who is a person of one idea, or who habitually

talks "shop"? Yet is anybody a worse sinner in this respect than the literary man? Morning, noon, and night does he expatiate interminably upon the subject to which he is at that moment giving his attention, say Frederick the Great. However congenial or familiar the theme may be to the wife, it is impossible for anyone to follow without special study the details of hitherto unsuspected conspiracies, or exult in a proper spirit over important discoveries. Yet for months together—in fact, till one burning question is replaced by another—she must be content to have the topic recur at every meal. Perhaps *she* would like to speak of the matters which interest *her*—French memoirs, astronomy, the Borgias, let us say—but she is never given a chance, for men have a wonderful power of assuming that what interests them is bound to interest other people. "What was the cause of the Thirty Years' War, and who were the principal generals?" a literary man once asked his wife as they were having an early breakfast before starting for their summer quarters, and, having produced the required information, it was months ere the luckless woman was allowed to converse about anything else. The years were dated by her in an entirely original manner. "Oh, that was the summer we talked of Confucius," "that was the George Washington summer," and so on. On one point only she was firm—her walks should not be invaded by this phylloxera. If she was to keep hold of her sanity at all, she must possess her own soul for some part of the day. The demon might breakfast with her, dine with her, mingle with her dreams, but take a constitutional with her he should not!

Perhaps at the outset, when young and full of vigour, the wife may have had visions of correcting her husband's shortcomings, making him share the practical difficulties of their daily life, as wives always contrive to do in a sentimental novel. But as the years roll on, and her power of fight becomes weakened, she gives up the struggle, finding

it far less trouble to do things herself. Often a morbidly anxious person, she even ceases to discompose herself when her husband dashes into the room and announces that he has burnt a letter containing some editor's cheque. "Oh no, you haven't," she replies calmly; "it is sure to turn up all right," and of course it does. Neither does she pay the slightest attention to his asseverations when he mislays a book that he had it on such a table, and by no possibility can it be found on any other. A prolonged search—which occurs several times every day—will invariably end in the production of the missing volume in the precise spot which "he had never been near," and if she is wise she soon learns to begin her search from that very place, like the Laird with the salmon. "Show me a hopeless cast," he said after an empty day, and there he had him.

As to arranging journeys or recollecting her husband's independent engagements, the wife speedily discovers that if either are to be carried through she must take the burden on her own shoulders. And instead of the husband being grateful for being saved from pitfalls of all kinds, he probably lets off impatient gibes at his wife's memory. "Of course I could have done it perfectly well myself if you had only told me what to do, or what to say," he exclaims, and very likely he could. Still, it grows tiresome to remark eight or nine times over, "Have you written that letter? Have you answered that invitation?" and it is infinitely easier to do it herself.

This division of labour works very well as long as the wife "enjoys good health," but there are moments when it has its inconveniences. Occasionally she may be obliged to take to her bed, and when she is up again the doctor declares that she will not get strong till she has had a thorough change. Her husband is anxious about her, and is desirous to take her anywhere that will cure her most quickly; but a wife endowed with any sense will resolutely stay at home, and get better when and how she can. "Oh

yes," she says to the doctor, "I've no doubt a change would do me good, and if I only had the Maiden Aunt of fiction who would carry me off to her lovely country house, where I could lie wrapped in shawls under the trees and drink bowls of soup every hour, I would go to-morrow. But if you think it would be a rest to me to have my husband sit down to the writing-table and begin 'What hotel shall I write to? What rooms shall I order? What train shall we go by? What time shall I order the cab?' you are wrong! I must mend at home or not at all." Change may be possible for the wife of a barrister, a soldier, or a clergyman, but not for the wife of a literary man. For these and other reasons it is quite clear that foreign travel can be no enjoyment to the literary man's wife, and her husband, recognising this fact, will probably urge her to accept an invitation to join a friend when he is safely engaged for some weeks hunting for *crannogs*, whatever they may be, or seeking oghams in the wilds of Ireland. For one weak moment she thinks she may manage it, and then her long and ghastly experience comes to her aid. "I don't see how I can. Remember you have promised to lecture at Sheffield on the third of next month, and if I am not here you will be sure to get into some mess about it." "What nonsense!" he cries indignantly; "you can't want to go if you make such a silly excuse! Just as if I couldn't manage my own lecture by myself." He does his very utmost to persuade her, but she stands firm, and what happens? He departs for his remote corner of the west, with the date of the lecture repeated to him *ad nauseam*, both by word of mouth and in subsequent letters. At last, late one Saturday night, with Bank Holiday treading on the heels of Sunday, the hapless victim gets two letters by the same post, one from the Secretary of the Lecture Committee saying that the date was now drawing near and no subject had as yet been fixed on, and till that was done nobody would take tickets. Might he say it would be

upon "The Women of the Fronde"? a period with which he knew the lecturer to be familiar. The other letter is from the literary man himself, and begins, "For heaven's sake, wire at once and tell me the date of the lecture, and the subject." The wife, who is not of the order of woman that keeps her husband's letters in a scented box, sends hastily for the waste-paper basket, and turns over the contents of two in the hope of discovering the name of a telegraph station stamped in the corner of one of the fragments. There is none, and her only resource is to write out two concise telegrams, one to her husband with the date and the subject fixed on by the secretary, and the other to the secretary himself, and despatch them to the head office to go up by post. The other offices have been closed hours ago.

But the wife knows quite well that her trials in the matter are not yet over. The husband has carefully avoided answering any of her numerous questions as to how long he is staying in his present quarters, and what he means to do next. The journey is a long and broken one, and letters are apt to come irregularly; and besides, as he has paid no attention to any of her remarks hitherto, what guarantee has she got that the substance of her telegrams will reach his supraliminal self? The other is no good. However, she does all she can; looks up every conceivable train and steamer that may lie between him and his ultimate goal, and calculates carefully all his dates. These, with a letter of minute instructions, she sends off next day.

Her efforts are so far crowned with success that he finally grasps the date of the lecture; but through the succeeding days letters and telegrams contradict each other with wonderful regularity as to places and seasons. But we are often told, whether truly or not, that the capacity of human suffering has its limits, and it may be supposed that this particular woman had reached hers.

There is, however, one kind of trial to which the literary

man's wife is especially subject, but for which he cannot fairly be held responsible. If she, like him, occasionally has a fancy for "dabbling in literature," then every word she writes (as long as it is worth anything at all) will be ascribed directly or indirectly to her husband. It matters nothing if the subjects she chooses are those of which he is entirely ignorant; it is to no avail that her name, and not his, appears on the title-page of the book; it is *he*, and not *she*, who will obtain all the credit and all the praise. No wonder literary ladies are proverbially somewhat short in their tempers!

To those who reflect on the trials of Lady Byron, Harriet Shelley, or Mrs. Robert Burns, the sufferings enumerated above may seem paltry and not worth mentioning. And, indeed, to a person fond of managing or with an inborn love of playing Providence it is possible that they might even be productive of pure enjoyment. But it is not every woman who has these advantages, and before she is made practical by sheer pressure of circumstances, when her nature is naturally shiftless and indolent, she will have to pass through a purifying fire of considerable intensity. From this she emerges "one entire and perfect chrysolite."

A PARIS CORRESPONDENT OF 1753

"Did you ever read Grimm?"

"Yes, of course; I used to read nothing else when I was a child."

"I don't mean the fairy-tale Grimm."

"Oh! the man who invented that tiresome 'Law'? No; I hate philology."

"That was the same Grimm. I didn't refer to him, but to the friend of Diderot and the Abbé Galiani, and all those people."

"What! the person who wrote those seventeen volumes of 'Correspondence' that you see, uncut, on the top shelf of every public library? Good gracious, no; certainly not. Life isn't long enough."

Such a conversation would almost surely ensue at any mention of the name "Grimm," even among comparatively well-read people—people who have pored excitedly over Gibbon, and have not quailed before the ten stout volumes of Milman's *Latin Christianity;* people who may possibly have entertained ideas of reading Saint-Simon from end to end! Literature has nothing more fascinating to offer than the portrait-gallery of that faithful observer, yet the pages of Frédéric Melchior Grimm are no less graphic, and deal with an infinitely wider range of subjects.

Grimm was not a Frenchman by nationality, though his name has become identified with Paris and the Encyclopædists. He was born at Ratisbon in 1726 (the same year as Madame d'Epinay), and, in spite of the poverty and obscurity of his parents, he managed to obtain a good and solid education. Like other young enthusiasts with a turn for writing, he first tried his hand at plays; but these were a

total failure, and he was glad to accept the post of tutor to the children of the Comte de Schomberg, with whom he came to Paris. He does not, however, appear to have kept this situation long, and we next hear of him as reader to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha. It was at this period of his career that he met Rousseau (who was drawn to him by their common love of music), and by Rousseau was introduced to Raynal, the Baron d'Holbach, and above all, to Diderot. His relations with Rousseau ended as people's relations with Rousseau generally did end. There is no variety in the history of Rousseau's attachments, but the devotion that sprang up between Grimm and Diderot remained uninterrupted all their lives long. "Si je me plaignais de mon sort, la Providence aurait le droit de me répondre, 'Je t'ai donné Grimm pour ami,'" writes Diderot on one occasion. Their minds were cast in much the same mould, though Diderot's was certainly the master, and their interests lay in the same directions. One most uncommon talent they shared alike, and that was the power of describing a picture so as to convey a vivid notion of its scheme and of its charm. When we read the modern descriptions of our galleries, and examine ourselves as to the impression produced by the elaborate accounts of the works of art exhibited, we shall be able to rate this gift at its true value.

It was during Grimm's appointment as "Secrétaire des Commandements de M. le Duc d'Orléans" (1753) that he began an interchange of letters with some German princes, and especially with the Duke of Saxe-Gotha. One by one the Empress of Russia, the Queen of Sweden, and the King of Poland (Stanislas Leczinski)—an imposing array of correspondents — were drawn into communication with this obscure young man of twenty-seven! But for some reason or other it was the Empress Catherine II with whom he seems to have been on terms of the most real intimacy, and by her he was nominated Minister in the States of Lower Saxony, an appointment in which he was confirmed

by her son the Emperor Paul. Besides Catherine, the Duke of Saxe-Gotha always stood Grimm's friend. He made him Minister of Saxe-Gotha at the court of France in 1776, and Grimm held this office till the Revolution broke out, when he retired to Saxe-Gotha, where he died in 1807. While he enjoyed these diplomatic offices, Grimm's real business was to act as Paris Correspondent of her Muscovite Majesty, and of other royal persons. What the London Correspondent of provincial papers does now for the readers of country journals, Grimm did with infinitely more accurate information, and with a pen far more learned and brilliant, for the entertainment of a few crowned heads. The talk of the town, of the *tout Paris*, talk on music, the drama, society, and above all, on literature, furnished his topics.

In reading Grimm's *Correspondance Littéraire* every English person will be struck by two facts: first, by Grimm's intimate knowledge of English literature (and particularly of contemporary books): and second, by the mania that existed in Paris for English books and plays during more than fifty years—in fact, till the outbreak of the Revolution. On the whole, it may be said that Grimm's judgments were singularly impartial, for though his prejudices were strong, he was unusually ready to be convinced (as in the cases of Gluck and Clairon, for example), and he always had the courage of his opinions. So, it may be added, had his chief correspondent, Catherine II, to whom this charming *pot-pourri* of historical, literary, musical, artistic, theatrical, and social gossip was principally addressed, and who must have counted the hours before the arrival of this delightful *courrier*. What was there that Grimm did not know, and about which he could not be intereresting? But among the 9000 pages (roughly speaking) which are the sum of his seventeen volumes, none are more acute and more absorbing than those which he devotes to the English publications of the day.

"The English," he says (1763), in a conversation with a

certain Marquise who had been holding up to admiration a long-winded and involved romance called *Les Mémoires de Madame la Baronne de Blémont*—"the English have left us far behind them in the matter of fiction. I would rather have written that novel of *Amelia*,[1] translated into French six months ago, than almost any French novel I know. . . . Of course hardly anyone has read it, which does not prevent the women from abusing it violently. Yet the characters in this book resemble closely the people we meet in daily life. They have none of that false gloss which we in France are accustomed to daub over all our romances, as well as over all our plays. You have only to read the conversation about the duel between Dr. Harrison and Colonel James, and you will see what a difference there is between a man who really knows how to make his characters talk naturally, and a person like Rousseau, who merely interpolates a dissertation on the sin of duelling into the *Nouvelle Héloïse*. The fact is, Fielding is a genius, while Rousseau is nothing but a writer."

To this sweeping accusation the Marquise retorts with reason that she gives up "that *bégueule* Julie," with her noble sentiments and her pedantic tutor, but that Richardson (whom Grimm adores) is as emphatic on the subject as Rousseau, and that Sir Charles Grandison, in his remarks about duelling, swaggers quite as much as any of Rousseau's characters.

Even Grimm is constrained to admit that the incomparable Sir Charles is too great a talker, and has an unfortunate tendency to point a moral on every possible occasion. He would have preferred him to be more silent and more simple, and is indignant at his success. But for all that he complains that in the *Nouvelle Héloïse* everybody talks Rousseau, while it is the essence of a novel that the author should "lie low." Again and again he returns to his favourite English romances as the types of what works of

[1] Fielding's.

fiction ought to be, and it is seldom indeed that he does not at once seize on their strong points in a manner that is certainly unusual when books are only read in translations. Of *Clarissa* which was translated soon after it came out, and ten years before he expressed himself so vigorously to the Marquise, Grimm declares that it "bristles with genius," and that every character, whether speaking or writing, has a touch of his own, and resembles in nothing the manner of anyone else.

This difference between English fiction and the ponderous, unreal romances in which French fine ladies and gentlemen had hitherto taken such pleasure (for the purely domestic novel was then unknown in France [1]) is attributed by Grimm to the fact that in England people had the courage to be individual, and to develop themselves in their own way. In France on the contrary, everyone tried to live up to the standard of the *homme du monde*. "One may spend hours with a dozen different persons," exclaims Grimm in disgust, "and they all say the same things in the same tone." It was considered low and ill-bred to differ from your surroundings, therefore the artificiality which was the keystone of the French life of the day became also the keynote of French fiction.

Perhaps the French felt this. They may have got tired of their perpetual stilts, and longed to divert themselves after a simpler manner. At all events, translations from the English became the rage among people without the taste for omnivorous reading that marked Grimm and the Encyclopædists. Sterne's books were widely read (though, curiously enough, Grimm says nothing about them), and several of the great English classics — notably *Tom Jones*, *Clarissa*, and (later) *Cecilia* — were not only translated, but also adapted and transferred to the stage, for which they were mostly quite unfitted.

[1] *Le Roman Bourgeois* of Furetière may be cited as an exception. But the somewhat Thackerayan manner of Furetière was never popular, and his editions were few indeed.

It cannot be said that the French public were hard to please. It was not necessary to give them Richardson—the equal, according to Grimm, of Homer and Sophocles—nor the "great and original artist Fielding," nor "Dublin's immortal Dean, the sublime Swift, one single shaft of whose wit outweighs whole volumes of didactic writers." No doubt they read the Abbé Prévost's translation—a good deal cut down—of *Sir Charles Grandison*, and peeped into the pages of *Jonathan Wild*, but for the most part they were content with simpler fare. The *Histoire de Miss Betty Fatless*, in four vols., translated from the English, had a wide popularity, and, according to Grimm, deserved it. Miss Betty seems to have been a kind of earlier Evelina, whose carelessness and inexperience led her into all sorts of false positions; and her story was told, says Grimm, in a simple but spirited style.

Readers of the old literature will at once jump to the conclusion that the history of Miss Betty Fatless was really the adventures of one *Betty Careless*, a novel of some repute, by Fielding's sister. Certainly Miss Betty's popularity was so great that three years later (1757) we find Mme. Riccoboni, an actress at the Comédie Italienne and a woman with considerable gift for writing, publishing two tales in letters, a form which was now becoming highly fashionable. Both tales had English titles and affected to deal with English life. We are told, but on no specific authority, that Miss Fanny Butler, the heroine of the first, was a real woman; though the other two ladies whose correspondence forms the second story—Milady Juliette Catesby and Milady Henriette Campley (Campbell?)—are admitted to have no prototypes in fact. Mme. Riccoboni seems to have been more distinguished as a writer than as an actress. Her style was rapid and concise, full of grace and distinction, and Grimm seldom mentions her without a little friendly pat.

Novels, however, were not the only branch of literature

that was eagerly read and translated. In March 1754 Grimm speaks of an edition of Bolingbroke's *Memoirs* that has been done into French, and praises the book highly. It is singular that the qualities in the author which he selects for commendation are not precisely those we have been accustomed to think the marked characteristics of the brilliant Bolingbroke. "Versatile," "ingenious," and "fascinating" are the epithets that follow naturally on his name, but one would not have instinctively described him as "frank, impartial, and trustworthy"; neither would one have referred to "the integrity of a man as respectable as Bolingbroke." But it says a great deal for Bolingbroke's talents that he was able to impose upon Grimm.

History had a strong attraction for the more thoughtful members of French society, who doubtless agreed with Grimm that "a great historian is the rarest of beings." "With the exception of De Thou, such a writer is wholly lacking in France." The reason, he says, that makes the French incapable of writing history, is the same reason that makes their memoirs the most interesting in the world. They float on the surface of things, and are neither deep enough nor philosophic enough to divine hidden causes. Even Voltaire had nothing to do in that *galère*, fond though he was of trying it. Peter the Great was a character beyond his comprehension, as indeed was not unnatural. Voltaire's lightness of touch and facility of expression proved his snare, and are out of place in the stern realities of history. These qualities had nothing in common with the sweeping reforms of Peter the Great, though they are appropriate enough to the narrative of Charles XII.'s meteor-like career; and the history of that dazzling and futile monarch is in consequence Voltaire's best bit of historical work.

So, not having any historians of their own (this was of course before the days of Michelet), the French turned with ardour to those of other countries, and particularly to England. Hume, in his famous yellow velvet coat,

was a familiar figure in the Paris of Rousseau, and his *English History* was translated and widely read, especially his *House of Stuart*,[1] which fell into the capable hands of the Abbé Prévost, author of *Manon Lescaut*. The *House of Tudor*[1] fared rather ill at those of Mme. Belot, but, on the whole, Hume cannot complain of want of appreciation in France. Robertson's *History of Scotland* was translated by the indefatigable M. de la Chapelle in 1764, and Smollett's biography appeared in 1768, but found no favour in the eyes of Grimm, who observed that the "author was a contemptible person, with no weapon but satire, which he used freely to gain readers for his book." This is hard on the historian of Humphrey Clinker and the poet of *The Tears of Scotland*. Boswell can boast of his admirers, for his *Memoirs of Paoli* and his *Visit to Corsica* both excited considerable interest, and literary men were beginning to attract attention in their own persons, as well as in their works. A life of Savage the poet (translated by Le Tourneur) was followed shortly after by one of Thomson; we are not told how this was received, but there does not seem *à priori* any intrinsic probability that the Parisian public would be violently excited by Thomson's history. In 1763 Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's correspondence was translated and published in Holland, and, strange to say, fell flat in Paris. One can only suppose a foreign language has much to answer for, or perhaps the translation was bad. Assuredly Grimm's judgment of literary ladies seems less sound than most of his verdicts, as we find him twenty-five years later (1788) gushing over Lady Craven's letters to her son, and declaring that incarnation of vanity and selfishness to be "a superior woman and enlightened mother, endowed with the happiest instincts and most delicate feelings." English readers of the effusions of the *Princess Berkeley* will be of another opinion.

So much for the novels and histories; but long as

[1] Parts of the history dealing with those subjects.

the list is, it by no means exhausts the field of French enterprise. English plays and English *motifs* are all the rage, though they have to be considerably chastened and toned down to suit the French ideas. Recalling the awful tone of voice in which English matrons thirty years ago would inquire if "you *really* liked French plays," and unhesitatingly condemn anything they considered improper with the phrase, "It is so very—well—*French*," it is rather amusing to find that in the Paris of 1763 it was necessary to modify the *dénouement* of Thomson's play—Thomson's *Tancred and Sigismunda* (translated and adapted under the title of *Blanche et Guiscard*)—because no French audience would tolerate the sight of a heroine being murdered in her *bed*, or of her father rushing across the stage in his night-shirt. After this, we are not surprised at Grimm's writing in April 1789, three months before the taking of the Bastille, that in *L'Homme à Sentiment* (adapted from the *School for Scandal* and played at the Comédie Italienne) some of the scenes had to be omitted, because "the licence of the English stage permits the successful representation of events which would be repugnant to the code of morals that governs the theatre in France. . . . You may see on the boards any day a crowd of damsels, some of whom are passionately in love, others simply heartless coquettes, others again, playing off one lover against another for their own purposes; but as for a *married woman* behaving after the manner of Lady Teazle —such a scandal would be absolutely impossible on the French stage." These remarks are sufficiently startling in the ears of people accustomed to the *fin de siècle* style of French plays. But the reason given by Grimm for this excessive propriety is stranger still. "In France," he goes on to say, "women influence the tone of society to a much greater degree than in any other country, and in proportion as *they* became debased and corrupt, *we* grow more severe, and are more critical of anything approaching to indecency

on the boards. Indeed, it may be doubted whether in these days *Tartuffe* itself would ever have been tolerated by the public" (Pt. 3, vol. v. p. 95). On reading this passage there came to my mind the verdict of a learned professor, who when discussing the always interesting though well-worn subject as to how far French novels in any way represent French life, gave utterance to views which may be summed up briefly in the axiom "that the morality of the French nation was in inverse proportion to the immorality of its literature." I laughed at the time on hearing this remark, but then I had not read Grimm. Now, one is inclined to wonder if the converse of this proposition may be true.

In the light of these observations it may be imagined how the grossness of Wycherley and Congreve would strike the dwellers in the whited sepulchre of the Paris of Louis XV. Yet here and there we find notices of Restoration plays being adapted and "cut" for the French stage, though one might have thought that when all the necessary pruning was done, nothing of the original would be left. And perhaps nothing was! The industrious M. de la Place, whose aspirations were superior to his talents, devoted many years to issuing translations of the series known as the *English Theatre*, and poor though the work undoubtedly was, it probably proved a mine of gold for French playwrights to dip into. It was in 1763 that M. de la Harpe had the happy thought of writing a tragedy of *Warwick*, in which the hero was in love with Elizabeth Woodville. We learn that this flight of the imagination was a "most brilliant success," and would probably have a run of "at least fifteen days, which is at present an almost unheard-of triumph." As to whether it had or not, readers of Grimm are left in the dark, for it is never mentioned again; but, five years later, the production at the Français of a stupid and dismal play called *Beverley*, in which the gambling hero commits suicide in prison, gives rise to some rather *naïf* and amusing observations on the part of Grimm. "I hardly think," he

says, "that a suicide can *à priori* be interesting as a subject for the stage. It is, in reality, neither praiseworthy nor pathetic. I see nothing in it but one miscreant less in the world, and I dismiss him from my mind."

But if Grimm is naturally bored with the elaborate gloom of the "unborn" tragedian, his enthusiasm over real genius knows no bounds. Twelve years before *Beverley* appeared to darken existence, we find him alluding in glowing terms to Gay's *Beggar's Opera*. "You are in the worst company in the world," he exclaims, "and you never want to be out of it, as nothing can be more original or more diverting. You have only to compare it with French comic operas to see how wholly lacking the French are in truth and spontaneity; and indeed, we cannot help allowing that in the matter of plays the English are our masters. The one idea of *our* authors is to draw portraits and make epigrams. The sparkle of their wit is the glitter of an icicle, and the weariness their plays produce is all the greater for the false air of gaiety which pervades them, and which renders attention nothing less than a conscious effort of will."

Meanwhile, popular as other branches of our literature were, our poetry had many votaries. Even *Hudibras* is appreciated as a "work of genius" by those that have eyes to see and ears to hear, though naturally, "from its local colour and its endless allusions, it is difficult for a foreigner to understand and still more difficult for him to translate." It is hardly surprising to find that Thomson's *Seasons* (1760) were a failure, and we are more astonished at two people attempting to render into French Young's *Night Thoughts* (1769–1770) than at Grimm's comment that "you must have a great passion for gloom before you can get through this book without being sensible both of fatigue and disgust."

Many of the names that we have noticed cause one a thrill of amazement, so much out of place do they seem among that company of wits and triflers which formed the

Paris of the last days of the Monarchy. But there is one Englishman who would most emphatically have been *en pays de connaissance* amongst the most punctilious members of the French Court, and that man was Chesterfield. As might have been expected, he had both his admirers and his "imitators," and this epithet is an elastic one, capable of meaning little or much. The little book called *The Art of the Toilette*, which appeared in 1776, contains sentiments after Chesterfield's own heart, even if they do not emanate directly from his pen, and Grimm's comments upon female beauty and attire are as worthy of attention as his comments on everything else. How many women would barter much of their worldly goods, perhaps much of their solid happiness, to be immortalised as perfect mistresses of the science of dress! Yet more might earn the right to such praise if they would only have the sense to act on the principle laid down by La Rochefoucauld, to which Grimm refers in a compliment which would be spoilt by translation into our clumsy English. "Toutes les femmes," says Grimm, quoting from La Rochefoucauld, "se mettent comme la veille;" and adds on his own account, "il n'y a que Mme. Geoffrin qui se soit toujours mise comme le lendemain."

With this tribute to Grimm's "universality" we take leave of him, but one or two questions force themselves upon us from the facts we have been contemplating. When we reflect that one hundred and fifty years ago the French were the prudes and the English were the profligates; that the English took Nature for their model in both novels and plays, while the French shut their eyes to the weaknesses and sins of which everyone was aware and all practised, but which it was considered proper to ignore; when we compare our playwrights of only yesterday Bowdlerising and adapting French dramas with Dryden deliberately performing the opposite function for Molière, and listen on the other hand to the aspirations of some of our contemporary

authors after a school of "Naturalism" as audacious as the modern French dramatists, we ask ourselves—Is there such a thing as national character at all, or is everything mere fashion and conventionality? The Anglomania ceased abruptly with the Revolution, the rôles were inverted, the sides were changed. They envied us our liberty, and sought to attain it by the September massacres; they admired *Hamlet* and produced *Hernani;* they worshipped *Clarissa*, and created *L'Assommoir.*

THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY AND THEIR CREATOR

We are never so much tempted to question the doctrine of the Survival of the Fittest as when, after the lapse of more than forty years, we rise up from a fresh reading of *The Fairchild Family*. Why has this book been a classic of the nursery for more than half a century, while others which surely can have been no whit inferior have long been forgotten? What is it that makes the incidents in the daily life of these intolerable children and their yet more intolerable parents stick in our minds, while far more exciting adventures have failed to take root there? This article does not pretend to solve the problem, for the writer is as much puzzled after the most earnest consideration as anyone else; but a short analysis of the teaching and tendency of the book may illuminate the topic for others.

The theory of education set forth by Mrs. Sherwood in *The Fairchild Family* is very much the same as that inculcated by Madame de Genlis in *Adèle et Théodore*, and depends not only on the complete isolation of the children, but also on the fact that they are the one and only care of all about them. The wholesome neglect which obliges young people to shift for themselves and forces them to invent their own games and to develop their own characters, was as foreign to Mrs. Sherwood's ideal system of education as it is, in another sense, to that at present in vogue. Of course, children are now allowed infinitely more freedom than when *The Fairchild Family* was written. They are encouraged to form their own plans and permitted to do as they like, but they are quite as much the one centre of every-

body's attention, the axis round which the wheel of life revolves, as in the days when Lucy and Emily asked leave before they took a stroll in the garden, or made a frock for their doll.

It seems very strange, considering the numerous proofs which Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild had of the failure of their teaching, that they did not try some other method. Time after time, the moment the children were left to their own devices, they disobeyed every order that had ever been given them, and ran counter to the religious principles impressed on them by their parents at every hour of the day. They were so much accustomed to go about in a moral leash that they were absolutely incapable of running without it. They themselves were so conscious of this that they were only at ease in the presence of someone who could be trusted to pull them up when necessary, and on one occasion, when they all three went out to spend the day, Lucy begged her friend's governess to tell them everything they did wrong, adding, "We wish to behave well, but sometimes we do not." Most children would hardly think these inspiriting conditions under which to pass a holiday, but the young Fairchilds are aware that it is their only chance of bringing back a good character at night. And if they don't! Their parents, too, are quite as clear as the children about the instability of the principles which had been so carefully and incessantly taught. Indeed, they would probably have considered it wicked to imagine that the children could be trusted to their own instincts, and that the lessons of years might bear fruit. They shudder at the thought of a wild, good-natured, harum-scarum girl coming on a few days' visit, fearing that she may work irreparable harm; they warn the children not to imitate her, and forbid Henry, as being the youngest and most easily led, to remain for a moment in the same room alone with her. It never occurs to the worthy Mrs. Fairchild that in spite of the texts in which she wraps up her discourses, she is teaching her children to be self-righteous,

and giving them a sense of moral superiority which is more fatal to real goodness than any amount of thoughtless scrapes could be. Already Lucy at nine fears "that there are very few real Christians in the world, and that a very great part of the human race will be finally lost," and makes the cheering proposal to "say some verses about mankind having bad hearts"; and her brother and sister, in order to show that they are in no degree behind in theology, each quote a text to show that "the nature of man, after the fall of Adam, is utterly and entirely sinful." They are so much concerned with the dogmatic parts of the Bible that they overlook completely its moral training, and absolutely ignore the truth that its most shining examples of greatness have been allowed scope to develop their own natures, and to rise upon their falls. To put the case in a nutshell: The Bible's theory of education includes the necessity of experience; Mrs. Fairchild's the obligation of dispensing with it.

One might have thought that the danger of self-consciousness arising from these perpetual religious conversations would have become obvious to the feeblest mind, but both parents appear to have regarded this unlucky state as an evidence of grace. The children are eternally watching themselves, probing themselves, writing down their bad thoughts, talking about themselves. It is Self, Self, Self, from morning till night, and the more they talk about Self the more delighted their parents are. Now, it is a well-known fact that many people—and children—would rather tell stories to their own disadvantage than not speak of themselves at all. It is perhaps also a fact, though not such a well-known one, that if people—and children—could forget themselves altogether, even if they sometimes forgot their faults too, both they and the world would be considerably the better. Nothing is so fatal to well-doing or well-being as the perpetual contemplation of self. But Mrs. Fairchild would consider these remarks rank heresy.

The good lady's notions of secular education were nearly as singular as her religious ideas, and they are all the more odd as Mrs. Sherwood herself had had an excellent education, and was accustomed to mix in good and cultivated society. When the story opens the three children range from nine to six and a half, and a period of "some years" is supposed to elapse before the close. At eight and nine "Lucy and Emily learned to read and to do various kinds of needlework, and Lucy had begun to write." "Mr. Fairchild taught Henry all that was proper for a little boy in his station to learn." This does not seem to have included a great variety of subjects, but about a year later, Henry having in an unguarded moment expressed a wish to be a clergyman—he was then between seven and eight—an attempt was made to introduce him to the Latin language. The formidable array of books necessary for this purpose impressed Henry with a sense of importance, but he soon found that "he could not learn his Latin grammar and play with the hare too half the morning, as he used to do when he had only spelling and a verse from the Bible to learn every day." Then follows one of the most gallant attempts at resistance recorded in history. Henry absolutely refused to commit to memory one single word! It was not, as he explained to his friend John, the factotum of the establishment, that he could not learn it, but that if he learnt one word he should be made to learn the next, and so on throughout the book. It was, he knew, the thin end of the wedge, and for three days he suffered ostracism and horsewhipping and starvation sooner than admit it. It was like the Revolt of the Netherlands. Henry was lashed, put under an interdict, and confined to bread and water. At last the interdict prevailed.

Certainly any acquaintance with "contagious countries" does not appear to have been included by Mrs. Fairchild in "the knowledge that becomes a young woman," for we find Lucy at nine years old having the four continents explained to her, and a year later inquiring where Paris was. A

vague future is referred to as a time "when they will be old enough to read history," although each of them is held to be sufficiently advanced to teach in the Sunday school. It is curious, too, that though they are considered far too giddy ever to look after themselves—even Henry, at nine or ten, is nearly drowned in a pail of pig's wash, and has to sit in the maid's presence for the rest of the day—Lucy and Emily are allowed to dress themselves with the exception of a "complete wash on Saturday nights." Henry, however, on the mournful occasion referred to, still requires to have his clothes fastened, and in the absence of his parents is ordered to sleep in the same room as John. To make up for the lack of worldly instruction, it was Mr. Fairchild's habit to give a singular sort of object-lesson to his family, whenever the opportunity permitted. He seized on the excuse afforded him by a childish quarrel between Lucy and Emily to escort them all three to a wood a short distance off, where the body of a man was still hanging from a gibbet. He then insisted on sitting down close under the gibbet, with its rattling burden, and giving them the whole history of the bones that were swinging above their heads, and of the envy and jealousy that had finally placed them there; not omitting to observe that the mother of the murderer had kept an "excellent table," though this detail does not seem to have had any important bearing on the affair. Not long after this ghastly episode follows another, still more revolting. An old man in the village dies, and Mr. Fairchild remarks to his children, "Have you any desire to see the corpse, my dears? You never saw a corpse, I think." To which Lucy answers, "No, papa; but we have a great curiosity to see one." Accordingly, after summoning Lucy and Emily to repeat all the texts they could remember about death, they proceed to the cottage, and are invited in. "When they came to the door they perceived a kind of disagreeable smell, such as they had never smelt before; this was the smell of the corpse, which, having been dead now

nearly two days, had begun to corrupt." It is incredible that any man should voluntarily have exposed children to such an ordeal; still more that he should have kept them there a considerable time while he talked and prayed. It is a wonder they were not made physically ill, or else frightened into fits; but the family were unusually stolid, and nothing created much impression on them that did not immediately touch themselves.

The natural and inevitable result of the self-righteous manner cultivated by the Fairchilds was a certain degree of snobbishness in the way they regarded the outside world. The utter depravity of the human heart, which formed the staple subject of their conversation, did not prevent them from having very strict ideas in the matter of rank and equality. Mr. Fairchild was the son of a squire with a large estate near Reading, to which, in Part III., the whole family ultimately remove. He had originally been intended for a clergyman, but his health had afterwards prevented his taking orders. There was no reason, therefore, why he and his children should not have been fitted to associate on equal terms with their neighbours, as far as their small income would allow them so to do; but, in spite of all their talk, it was not the habit of either Mr. or Mrs. Fairchild to take the obvious and simple view of anything. They accept twice a year, for themselves and their children, the invitation of some purse-proud people, Sir Charles and Lady Noble, to spend a long day at the Hall, although they all appear to be treated with neglect and even positive rudeness, by the hostess and her guests. The "wish to avoid a quarrel" does not seem a sufficient excuse for submitting to this treatment, but, to be sure, they all had the pleasure during the long hours of the day of contrasting themselves with their hosts, and of discussing the Nobles' shortcomings on the drive home—in the Nobles' own carriage! These Nobles were the Helots of the Fairchild family, and were always at hand to point a moral or to serve as texts for a lesson on

ambition, self-will, or some other bad quality. This is not an uncommon state of things. Many families have acquaintances apparently created to fill this office, and when self-conceit is in danger of tottering under some of the hard knocks of life, it is an ineffable comfort to have it set firmly on its feet again by a glance at some one or other whose manners and words may fairly be considered worse than our own.

As far as can be gathered, the only standard by which the Fairchilds measured worldly superiority was a monetary one; at least, nothing is said to prove that Miss Darwell (whose parents succeeded the Nobles at the Hall) was any better born than the Fairchilds themselves. Yet we are expressly told that it "is sweet when persons of higher rank take thought for the small comforts of those below them" —she had sent her pony-carriage for the children—and her governess had "directed her how to show those little attentions which make inferiors happy with superiors." The account of this visit, by the way, is one of the strangest episodes in the book, and the reader experiences a series of shocks from the moment he attends the young Fairchilds to the carriage. First, there is the servant: Mrs. Sherwood's servants are as extinct as the dodo, only it is not so certain that they ever existed. Well, the servant who drives the pony-carriage at once opens the conversation with praise of Miss Darwell, and goes on to remark that Henry and his sisters are much favoured. To which Lucy in her best and most characteristic manner rejoins, "Not us, sir; but our papa and mamma, because they have taken pains with us; and I do hope that we shall behave well, for we have never been out quite alone before." The coachman, with more elegance of language than is usual in his class, replies to this pious aspiration that "Mrs. Colvin" (Miss Darwell's governess) "is as worthy a lady as ever stepped; so that the best thing you can do is, for this day, to place yourselves under her command, and if she guides you as she has done Miss

Darwell, you won't come to any disgrace." This being satisfactorily settled, and Lucy having taken the earliest opportunity to request that their errors might be pointed out to them, they begin to play. But even in the company of the well-brought-up Miss Darwell, they are not suffered to remain alone. Mrs. Colvin tells them to leave the door open, as she knows "they think it comfortable to have a person watching them, though it is to find fault." For the evening a *fête champêtre* was arranged, at which a poor family was present who had been helped by the Fairchilds. One of its members expresses his gratitude, and is corrected promptly by the ever-ready Lucy with the words, "We must thank God, little boy, when He sends us good friends."

Not long after this Mr. Fairchild comes into the family property on the death of his niece, and they all remove to a country house near Reading. This neighbourhood was very familiar to Mrs. Sherwood, as she had passed some time at a French school there, and had happy recollections of balls and plays and talks with the French *émigrés* of high rank whom the Revolution had driven across the sea.

None of these joys, however, were destined to be the portion of the Fairfield family. They would have contemplated them all with horror, and it is not to be expected that their society would have been very eagerly sought by the neighbours. It is true that we do not follow their fortunes very long after their accession to wealth. But they do not appear to be adapting themselves very gracefully to their change of circumstances. Indeed, Mrs. Fairchild, who never conveys the impression of being a lady, shows rather unfavourably under the new régime. She at once forbids her children, when they are arranging their schoolroom, to fetch what they want themselves, as had hitherto been their habit, but orders them always to ring for their maid. She likewise enjoins upon Lucy and Emily the necessity of concealing from the stuck-up lady's-maid the fact of their

having formerly made their own beds, which had been another daily duty in their old home—a line of conduct that is truly surprising in a person so happily convinced of her own superiority.

With every desire to make allowance for the difference of custom, it must be conceded that *The Fairchild Family* is not profitable reading for children. A book more calculated to produce an effect exactly opposite to that intended by the author cannot possibly be conceived. Indeed, the very sins that the children are guilty of are not those to which their training would have tended; and as is the case with any book written for a purpose, every event happens, as it must, for the sake of the story, and not as it would naturally have occurred. There is a total want of perspective throughout, and everything assumes precisely the same proportion. It is amazing how Mrs. Sherwood, who had seen life and the world, and was always surrounded by a bevy of children, both her own and adopted ones, should have imagined that it was either possible or desirable to bring them up like the Fairchilds. No subject was ever too sacred to be broached to the first-comer, and they all give utterance to the profoundest truths with a glibness that is shocking to the reader's feelings. It is a very great misfortune when it becomes a family habit to discuss everything till it is dry; and roots that are perpetually being taken up to see how they are growing, will never strike. Eyes and thoughts that are constantly bent earthwards, even though the object of contemplation is our own fallen nature, will never learn to soar; and if, instead of quoting verses about "mankind having bad hearts," the children had been taught a few about "the fruits of the spirit," they would have been happier themselves, and not so much addicted to "the pride that apes humility."

If, after reading *The Fairchild Family*, *Little Henry and his Bearer*, *Roxobel*, *Juliana Oakley*, and the rest of Mrs. Sherwood's books for children, we had been asked to guess

the social status of the person who wrote them, the shot would certainly have gone very wide of the mark. To nine people out of ten these stories, all drawn on the same lines, would have seemed the work of a pious old maid, dwelling in some remote country village, fonder of visiting the poor than of mixing with her equals, with little education and narrow sympathies. This would have been almost as far from the truth as the conjecture of the reviewer of *In Memoriam*, that "these religious poems were apparently written by the widow of a military man"! Mrs. Sherwood came of an old English family, and could trace her genealogy back to the days of Poitiers. Her grandfather, Mr. Butt, lived in Lichfield, where, in 1741, her father was born. There he and his brothers used to play with and make game of Samuel Johnson, and one day, when their father happened to detect them good-naturedly chaffing the big clumsy fellow, he shook his head and remarked, "Ah! you call him the Great Boy, do you, but, take my word for it, you will live to call him the Great Man!"

Johnson was not the only celebrated person with whom the young Butts mixed in early days. No better or more varied society could be found anywhere than in the little country town which contained Darwin; Miss Seward, young, handsome, vain, and talkative; Mr. Edgeworth and his daughter Maria; Dr. Day, the author of *Sandford and Merton*; Garrick's brother, and not infrequently Garrick himself. Among all these distinguished people Mrs. Sherwood's father was well able to bear his part. His conversation was excellent, his manners charming—in later years he was made Court Chaplain to George III.—and his mind was well cultivated. After fixing his affections on the lovely Mary Woodhouse, who died young, he accepted a wife of his father's choosing, and married Mary's cousin. Outwardly the contrast between the two ladies was great, for the new Mrs. Butt was a plain little creature, but she was a good woman and a great reader, as reading was under-

stood in those days. It is recorded of her that once, as she was walking in the Close at Lichfield reading *Rasselas*, Dr. Johnson met her, and, seeing how she was employed, seized the book in a fit of nervousness and flung it among the tombs.

In 1771 Mr. Butt was presented to the living of Stanford, in Worcestershire, a lovely place with pleasant and well-bred neighbours, and there, four years later, Martha Mary was born. Her autobiography is a very interesting book, and her own life is far more instructive and admirable than any of the fictitious biographies by which she set so much store. Of course, she and her brothers and sisters were kept very strictly in certain ways, as children were in those days; but they thought nothing of it, and it did not interfere with their enjoyment. Their food was very plain, consisting often merely of dry bread and milk. They never sat down in their mother's presence, or were suffered to come near a fire; neither were they allowed to talk much before their elders. They were forced to listen to general conversation, and in this way early got notions of men and things which they would not have been likely to gather from books. Still, this régime in no way affected their relations with their parents. Martha was no more than five when she first began to make up stories, and, as she could not write herself, used to run about after her mother with a slate and pencil to get her ideas put down. Before she was seven her father shut her and her brother Martin up in a room, to see which could write the best story; and two years later she is to be found reading romances to her sister Lucy, about fairies, enchanters, gods, and goddesses, while they all acted scenes out of *Robinson Crusoe*, and were acquainted with Æsop. How much Mrs. Fairchild would have had to say about this sinful waste of time, and what texts Lucy would have quoted as to the vanity of worldly knowledge!

Mr. and Mrs. Butt, however, had no such qualms. They taught Martha Latin at the same time as her brother, and

encouraged her at eight to read the *Tatler*, and afterwards the *Spectator*, the *Arcadia*, and some old romances. From six to thirteen the little girl did her lessons standing in stocks, with a blackboard across her shoulders, and wore an iron collar from morning till night, but whether for mental or physical discipline she does not say. However, this was taken as a matter of course, and did not by any means affect her spirits. As to their religious education, it was carefully seen to by their parents, genuinely good and earnest people who suffered their faith and principles to speak silently for themselves, instead of perpetually holding them up to admiration. The children's Christianity seems to have been rather of a militant kind, to judge by the performance of Lucy, Martha's younger sister. A boy of her own age, who embodied in his small person some of the atheistic tendencies of the time, once informed Miss Lucy that he did not believe that there ever was a man called Jesus Christ. "Don't you?" she said succintly, and knocked him down and then beat him.[1]

In 1788 Mr. Butt was appointed Vicar of Kidderminster, and thither the family moved, leaving Stanford and its pleasant county society with the deepest regret. At this time Martha was a girl of thirteen, fond of dolls, and very shy and awkward. She seems to have been nice-looking, with quantities of hair, but, like many girls of her age, not very particular about her clothes. Indeed, she tells us how Dr. Plumptre, the Dean of Gloucester, used to admonish her to pull up her shoes, with the regularity that brings back Captain Wragge to our minds. The engraving from the picture taken of her in later life shows her to be a woman with a handsome face, and a very agreeable, sensible expression.

At fifteen (1790) Martha was sent to a French school near Reading, where she had a very gay time, and saw a

[1] This recalls the answer of Mr. Jowett to an argumentative undergraduate who once remarked to the Master that he had never succeeded in finding a God. "Haven't you?" replied Mr. Jowett, "you will find Him by five this evening, or go down."

good deal of the best French society, in the *émigrés* then crowding over from France, besides mixing with the family of her father's old friend Dr. Valpy, and becoming acquainted with Dr. Mitford and his daughter Mary, then four years old. The school appears to have been conducted to a certain extent on the principles affected in France, and included in the curriculum dancing, acting, and the art of making oneself agreeable. One of her vacations was passed by Martha with some friends in London, when she danced every day for a fortnight, and was lucky enough to see Mrs. Siddons and Kemble in *Macbeth*.

Martha Butt really *was* only seventeen—the supposed and ideal age of every successful authoress—when she produced her first published work, *The Traditions*. Unlike most young people, she had no desire to rush into print, for she had always had "a horror of being thought a literary lady," while at the first word of publication one of her relations comes to represent forcibly to her parents "the vast amount of evil which would be done" to the girl in the very bloom of her life, "by dragging her before the public." Martha's father, however, was more sensible or less sensitive; besides, he had his reasons. A friend of his own stood greatly in need of money, and it was proposed that the profits accruing from Martha's pen should be entirely devoted to his benefit. She never tells us whether she herself had any voice in the matter, but, at any rate, a sufficiently large sum was obtained to set this poor man—who seems to have been an *émigré* of high birth and position—on his feet. He opened a school in Hans Place, and was thus enabled to support himself and his wife comfortably. This must have been a proud remembrance for Mrs. Sherwood all the days of her life.

It is impossible to follow Mrs. Sherwood through the vicissitudes which attended her career, and we must be content with glimpses which are unlike what we expect from the authoress of *The Fairchild Family*. In 1795 she lost her

father, a terrible blow to them all, for he was a genial, cultivated man, equally at home in any society, "with a religion more of the heart than of the head." His daughter mentions with regret that "he never had any distinct idea of human depravity," but as she observes that "his was a religion of enlarged love and charity, and confidence in the Divine Love," it is not easy to see why he would have been a better man had he been continually dwelling on his own shortcomings.

After his death, at their mother's desire they all settled in Bridgnorth for a time, where Martha and her sister taught in the Sunday schools, then a new institution. She did not, however, neglect her own studies, for in the course of walks with her brother she learnt the Greek verbs, and at once plunged into Homer. She also kept up her music on the guitar, and wrote her second book, *Margarita*, which she sold for £40.

It was in 1799, on the occasion of a visit with her mother to Thornbury, in Gloucestershire, that they were taken by their hostess to spend a day at Bath, in order to make acquaintance with Hannah More, then living in Pulteney Street. The ostensible excuse offered was the benefit that would be conferred on young Butt, now a clergyman, by an introduction to so pious and celebrated a lady. Mrs. Hannah was, however, nearly as difficult of approach as the Grand Lama. She had a bodyguard of four elderly sisters, who all talked at once and made the same objections. "*She*"—they always referred to her as "she," from the reverence with which they regarded her—"*she* was not well; she was confined to her room—such demands upon her, such a tax, such an object of public attention, the fatigue so great, the fear of giving offence so vast. Lady —— had been refused, and my Lord —— put off, and even Mrs. Wilberforce and the Bishop of London set aside . . ." but when the proper amount of fuss had been made, it was agreed that *she* (always uttered in the

lowest key) should be asked if she would see the visitors. After a further pause, all done with a view to effect, they were "led upstairs to the drawing-room, and finally into a dressing-room, where sat the lady, looking very like her pictures, though considerably older, and without a cap. She sat in an arm-chair of the invalid order, and though a strong-featured woman of a dark complexion, she had a magnificent pair of dark eyes."

Mrs. Hannah made herself very agreeable to her guests, though she took little special notice of the young lady. Her conversation appears to have taken the turn of offering advice to young Butt, and she spoke well, though in rather too self-conscious and deliberate a manner. "The lesson," adds Mrs. Sherwood, "I hope, was beneficial to me when my turn came for exhibition."

Mrs. Sherwood was always fond of meeting distinguished people, and came across several in the course of her life, while her intelligence and good looks must have made her welcome in any circle, even without the pleasant manners for which she was famous among her friends. Mrs. Sherwood knew the value of manners as well as any woman living, and observes that after her return from school at Reading where she had mixed with many distinguished foreigners, she "had gained that something which can only be acquired by high society, and can never be given without frequent intercourse with good company, and, perhaps, a variety of good company." She learnt to adapt herself readily to other people's ways and customs; consequently she never was embarrassed herself, or made others feel so.

Amongst those whom she met, are to be counted Mrs. Schimmelpennick, Mrs. Duncomb, who, as Miss Highmore, had heard Richardson read *Clarissa* in the garden at Fulham; L. E. L., Miss Mitford, Lady Caroline Lambe, Mrs. Fry, and Fanny Kemble. She also passed an evening with a Miss Lee, who could repeat the whole of Miss Burney's *Cecilia* the year after it came out. But the

most interesting meeting of all was that with Sir Walter Scott and his daughter, on the voyage from Rotterdam, in 1832. "The packet was drawn up close to the pier, whereon was the barouche, in which lay the invalid. The horses had been taken out, and boards had been placed so that it could be wheeled on deck without disturbing the sufferer. The hood of the carriage was up behind and the front open. A bed had been spread in it, on which lay Sir Walter; his fine head, that head aforetime the seat of high conceptions and glorious imaginings, being covered by a black velvet cap. When the carriage was placed on board, there was a solemn silence for some minutes. The gayest, the most thoughtless amongst us, seemed struck with awe; and I really think we should have felt less if an actual corpse had been brought before us on a bier. On a nearer view we all thought we should have recognised the face from the many portraits which have made the world familiar with his features; but, alas! the light which even those inanimate representations conveyed, where was it now? He seemed to lie awhile in total unconsciousness, his eyelids falling heavily; but at length he raised them, and spoke to a very attentive servant who was near him; but still there was no animation in those eyes. . . . The fatigue of the morning it seems, however, distressed Sir Walter; and when he was lifted from his carriage and borne in a chair to his cabin, it was said he was ill again; and a Russian physician on board was applied to, who administered with success a soporific draught. On awaking he called for pen and ink, and it is in vain for me to try and paint my feelings when it was asked of me to give up the implements I was using at the moment, for the benefit of the invalid. It was a high gratification to be able to meet his wishes."

If we have lingered long over Mrs. Sherwood's spinsterhood, it is because to most people the English part of her life will be more interesting than the years passed in India. She was not a very young woman when she

married her cousin, Henry Sherwood, and he was not quite so old as she; but, as she rarely gives a date, it is not easy to state any fact with certainty. Henry Sherwood had passed many years in France as a *détenu* during the time of the Napoleonic wars, and his adventures as a young man, in escaping to England, viâ Switzerland and Germany, would of themselves fill a book. When at last he reached home, barefooted and almost delirious from hunger and fatigue, he entered the English army, and some years later married his cousin Martha, whom he had known as a child. Henry Sherwood appears to have been a very kind-hearted, good-natured man, who allowed his wife to do much as she liked, and this included their adoption in India (where they went about a year after marriage) of quite a number of helpless children, some temporarily, others permanently. The amount of good work done by Mrs. Sherwood in India was immense. She established schools wherever she went, and sometimes the scholars who applied for instruction were by no means drawn from the classes she particularly designed to benefit. She looked after the material comforts of all the children in any way dependent on her household; she organised regular religious services, and altogether seems to have got through as much as ten ordinary people. And yet her own family troubles were very heavy. Her babies were invariably born delicate, and three of them lived but a very short while, but her losses only made her the more alive to the distresses of others. It was at this time and under these circumstances that religious meditation occupied more and more of her thoughts, and intercourse with the missionaries, more especially with the celebrated Henry Martyn, confirmed her mind to this bent. Yet even so, there are no traces of the illiberality and narrowness which were the distinguishing characteristics of *The Fairchild Family*. From time to time Mrs. Sherwood lets fall remarks which show that, busy as she was, she still kept up a healthy interest in secular learning and in the books of her youth. She tells

with delight how the tedious voyage to India was beguiled with the wonders of the *Arabian Nights*. We gather from a reference to Corporal Trim that she was not unacquainted with *Tristram Shandy*, and we know that she had read *Don Quixote*. Besides these profane recollections, she did not hold herself entirely aloof from the life of the great country that was for the time her home. "It was while we were at Meerut," she writes, "that Chuny Laul, the great Nose Fellow, brought to our gates a party of nautch girls, and asked me if I would like to see a nautch. I was glad to have the opportunity, and had the party to the long room, whilst every child and servant in the compound were collected to see the sight. . . . The influence of these nautch girls over the other sex, even over men who have been bred up in England, and who have known, admired, and respected their own countrywomen, is not to be accounted for, because it is not only obtained in a very peculiar way, but often kept up even when beauty is past. The influence steals upon the senses of those who come within its charmed circle, not unlike that of an intoxicating drug, being the more dangerous to young Europeans because they seldom fear it. . . . It was on this occasion that I thought of writing *The History of George Desmond*, which is taken from various facts. The three girls described were represented from the three introduced by Chuny Laul. . . . Of course, the effect produced on me was not similar to that described in *George Desmond*, but certainly I was astonished, fascinated, and carried as described in fancy, to the golden halls of ancient kings. I was thus made thoroughly to comprehend the nature of the fascination which persons of this description exercise over many a fine English youth, commencing the process of the entire ruin of all his prospects in this world."

George Desmond must certainly be a very different book from any of the others from Mrs. Sherwood's pen. It sounds both original and interesting, and it is a pity that it is

so little known and so hard to obtain; and although any secondhand bookseller will contrive to get for you without delay a copy of *Little Henry and his Bearer*, he shakes his head dubiously if you ever ask for *George Desmond*.

Not long after the nautch-girl exhibition the Sherwoods returned to England and settled in Worcester, so as to be close to Mrs. Butt, then a very old lady not destined to live many months. After her death they moved to a small house in the country, which must have been filled to overflowing with Captain and Mrs. Sherwood, their five children, two Indian orphans they had brought home, another from Brussels whom they had since adopted, two attendants of old Mrs. Butt's, who had been left helpless, two servants, and some pupils. To this large circle another son was shortly born, but died a little while later.

To the end of her life, in 1851, Mrs. Sherwood was the same active, intelligent, unselfish woman that she had been from the beginning, getting pleasure from the smallest trifles in a way that only very busy people can do. Besides the children above mentioned, she had the superintendence of several other little Indians, left by their parents in the neighbourhood, and kept up a constant correspondence with those she had parted from in India. Yet amidst all this unwearied benevolence she found time to learn Hebrew herself and teach it to her children, with a view to making a dictionary of the Old Testament types. In this work her husband soon joined, and contributed after ten years' hard labour, a concordance, which must greatly have simplified their toil.

It was in January, 1847, when she had lost two of her remaining daughters, that Mrs. Sherwood closes her autobiography, to which an appendix, telling of the four last years of her life, is added by her youngest child, Sophia. Her husband died in 1848, and from that blow she never really rallied. She became wearied and depressed, though she managed to conceal her sadness from the outside

world, and tried to distract her thoughts by working hard at her Type Dictionary, the rough copy of which was finished after thirty years' hard toil six months previous to her death. Her last days were quiet and peaceful; she took her usual vivid interest in other people's pleasures, and even laughed at herself for her eagerness over such little things as the opening of parcels. She sometimes talked on religious subjects, but always naturally and without effort, and to the end thought more of the future life of others than of her own coming death-struggles.

Comment is unnecessary in writing of a woman who has done so much to help her fellow-men; yet it is to be regretted that the book by which she is most widely known should not, good as its intentions were, have been more worthy of her, for in charity, benevolence, and everything that constitutes true religion, she was immeasurably above anything that she has drawn in *The Fairchild Family*.

A GRANDDAUGHTER OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

No one, surely, is so devoid of fancy as to look unmoved on the picture of a long life passed amidst a series of events which form the landmarks and stepping-stones of history. It may perhaps, happen—it often does—that the person who has gone through such an exceptional experience has never really appreciated the true significance of the movements that have been taking place around him, for to some people a background is absolutely necessary to the right understanding of anything. But let him be as dull or as uninterested as he chooses, the mere fact that he looked and listened, though with blinded eyes and deafened ears, to a world that was throbbing and thrilling with excitement, lends him a fascination that is perfectly distinct from any personality of his own.

Now Lady Louisa Stuart, whose letters were edited some years ago by Mrs. Godfrey Clark, was neither dull nor uninterested, but one of the cleverest women of her day, which was a long one. The youngest daughter of the famous Minister, John Earl of Bute, and granddaughter on her mother's side of the yet more famous Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Lady Louisa was all her life in a position which enabled her to turn to the best account the talents which were hers by inheritance. Born in 1757, the year after the Seven Years' War had broken out, she lived to see the opening of the Great Exhibition (1851). She had witnessed the most dramatic catastrophe the world has ever seen, when the elaborate and pleasure-loving French Monarchy was suddenly extinguished by the Revolution,

to reappear in another form under Napoleon. Union with Ireland and the first Reform Bill came into being in her time; the stately measures of English classic poetry had given place to the Nature worship of the Lake School and the lyrics of Tennyson; the lengthy journeys by stage-coach and post had been superseded by railway travelling, and though even at Lady Louisa's death in 1851 trains were far from reaching their present speed, they had progressed some distance beyond the eight miles an hour originally laid down by Parliament as the utmost limit of safety. In a word, if Lady Louisa could not in one sense emulate the man in an old *Peter Parley's Annual*, who went to the first Crusade with Peter the Hermit, and was still serving his country in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in another her life was just as long, for the century that she lived through saw more changes than all the others give put together.

One of the first things that will strike the reader of these letters is the free and independent existence led by this young lady and her sisters at a period when most people vaguely suppose that children were always embarrassed in the presence of their parents, never daring to speak till they were spoken to. Nothing of this sort prevailed either in the Bute family or amongst their large circle of interesting friends. In 1778, the date of the earliest letters to her newly married sister Lady Caroline Dawson, Lady Louisa at twenty-one is apparently as much her own mistress as any girl who grew up thirty years ago. Her walks extend far beyond the two miles thought so unmaidenly in Elizabeth Bennett; she loved scrambling, and in an age when fine trees and smooth lawns were the universal objects of adoration, pined after bare mountains and rocky streams as much as Sir Walter himself. Perhaps, indeed, she may have owed this preference to her Scotch blood, for the Butes could claim kinship with many old families, Argylls, Buccleuchs, and Douglases, and a large part of Lady

Louisa's "maddest, merriest days" were spent on the Border. When at their great house at Luton Hoo she was either living quietly with her parents, reading with her mother, studying by herself, and sending news to her favourite sister Lady Caroline, or doing her best to keep a large party of guests from being bored. Few of them were as active and energetic as the Stuarts, and *they* ran no risk of injuring themselves fatally at sixty-one by jumping a ditch, as Lady Caroline Dawson did. If it was fine all went well, but if not, time hung very heavy; "we have rubbed on this week as best we could," writes Lady Louisa in August 1778. "The weather was charming. We went out very often, and did what we might in the evening; sat below and behaved properly one night; went upstairs and played cross purposes and questions another, and my father fixed us all at commerce the two or three last. He brought out the Mississippi table" (a sort of bagatelle board) "one day when it rained, and that helped off some tedious moments." Nowadays the young people might have gone to the billiard-room, or sat down to bridge, but though the fashionable games might be different, amusement was considered as necessary and legitimate then as to-day. There was no holding aloof on the part of the parents, no formality or stiffness in the household, and though the hours may have been "tedious" to Lady Louisa they probably were not so to her guests.

Then as now, society was made up of cliques, each having its own code and its own diversions. The set to which the Butes belonged were little addicted to the gambling which was the reigning vice among so many fashionable people, and when they did sit down to cards behaved as if they were playing a round game and not engaged in a serious business. "It is not the fashion at Carton" (the Duke of Leinster's) "to play cards," says Lady Caroline to her sister in October 1778. "The ladies sit at work; the gentlemen lollop about and go to sleep.

They asked me if I liked cards, and I pretended I did much more than I really do, for the sake of getting a card table, for when there is a good many people sitting in that manner it's very tiresome, so I had a party at whist every night; but they seemed to think it very odd that a young woman should like cards." The stakes on these occasions appear to have been merely nominal, and intended to add zest to the game, for at Dalkeith twenty years later Lady Louisa speaks of "shillings being the regular play of the house," while "an hour's gaming is quite sufficient." Quite sufficient indeed for Lady Louisa, who does not love cards, and is greatly bored at having to sit "staunchly" at the card table during a whole evening when staying at the Hamilton Nesbits.

To judge by her own words, Lady Louisa was as indifferent to balls as she was to whist, but from the hours she remained at them it is quite clear that they afforded her more amusement than she was willing to admit. "I did nothing but reproach myself with being such an old fool as to dance till five o'clock in the morning" (the ball had begun at seven the previous evening) "without any inducement in the world, as I am past having pleasure in hopping about," she writes at eight-and-twenty. And again, two years later, "I have to go to two balls on Friday. They were not so plentiful in former days, when I liked them; and, what was worse, I seldom had it in my power to dance when at them. Now I almost always have." This quite disposes of the theory that our great-grandmothers were superannuated after twenty-five.

The Butes were a large family, and all the daughters but Lady Louisa married off when they grew up, and only appeared at home on rare occasions. The latest bride was Lady Caroline, Louisa's special companion, to whom most of these letters are written, and when she departed with her husband to Ireland the household at Luton Hoo became very quiet, as Lord and Lady Bute's health did not allow them

to see much society. This was a matter of little regret to their youngest daughter, who wanted nothing and nobody as long as she could get books and a pen.

The precocious children of the present day might be put to shame by the little girl of ten, who in 1767 "shows the beginning of a French novel" to her cousin Lady Mary Coke, and informs her that "she is going to write a play." The French novel would have been of special interest had it been preserved, as showing the models on which it was formed, but unluckily nothing is known about it, though the play *Jugurtha* still exists.

Besides these prose attempts verses on every kind of subject were scrawled over the child's pocket-books, though the desire to be known as an authoress was of short duration. There was nothing of *réclame* about Lady Louisa Stuart. Like Bob Acres she "made no pretensions to anything in the world," and studied purely for her own pleasure, and not to gain the reputation of a wit or blue-stocking.

Besides the literature of her native land she was well versed in Spanish and Portuguese classics, and had, fortunately for herself, grown up in a library. When we add to this the fact that all through life her position and her own gifts enabled her to meet with every person of any kind of eminence, we do not wonder that she was later considered by Sir Walter Scott "the best critic he knew." Her verses, some of which were published anonymously and apparently without her knowledge, show considerable facility, and what our ancestors used to call "a pretty talent," but are seldom of any special merit. Their existence was studiously concealed from everyone, and a report emanating from Caroline Princess of Wales, of a volume being published in Edinburgh excites Lady Louisa almost to frenzy. "It would provoke a saint," she writes indignantly to Sir Walter, "for neither my sister nor any other member of my family ever saw a verse of mine since I was seventeen, or had one in their possession; and many of them, and several of my most intimate

friends, to this hour do not suspect I ever wrote one." Of course all this excitement was quite unnecessary, as excitement on such points generally is, and the world would not have been shaken to its foundations even had the report proved true. Still the attitude of mind indicated by the panic is (now) characteristic and uncommon.

Considering what an omnivorous reader Lady Louisa was, books play a smaller part than might be expected in her letters, which are chiefly filled with family details. Here and there, however, she alludes to some novel that interests her, though she seldom mentions more serious works. In September 1778 she and her sister Lady Mary Lowther are both deep in *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, which "furnished them with a great deal of conversation." Lady Louisa is charmed with it, "more than she should be, perhaps," though she admits it might be "very dangerous" under certain circumstances. But, she adds, making the time-honoured confession of one-and-twenty, "I have nothing to do with love, so it is safe for me." Yet, notwithstanding the fervour which takes her off her feet, a fervour which to our notions springs less from the heart than from the head, Lady Louisa's nature which is eminently spontaneous and free from affectations, revolts against some of Rousseau's absurdities. She must have been shocked to the core at the elaborate festivities at the time of the vintage, with the cringing of the servants towards "les maîtres," and the detestable patronage which "les maîtres" bestow on their servants, but, on the whole, she considers it "the most interesting book she ever read in her life." How long, one would like to know, did the *Nouvelle Héloïse* hold this place in her estimation? That she had some knowledge of Richardson's works is plain from a letter she writes many years after at Bothwell Castle, where she says that, "by way of a new book," they are reading aloud *Sir Charles Grandison*, "which none of the party ever read but myself, and I have only dipped into here and there. Richardson is as much out of fashion amongst the

young people now as Mademoiselle de Scudéry, and everything in it seems to strike them as antediluvian," which is a mistake, for neither before nor after the Flood did any human creatures bear the slightest resemblance to Sir Charles or his friends. "However, though we sometimes get into fits of laughing at the coaches and six, and low bows, and handing ladies about the room, yet I perceive a difference between it and the common novels one now meets with, like that between roast beef and whipt syllabub, and a thousand traits worthy of great attention."

It must have taken a large number even of the long mornings between breakfast and the three o'clock dinner, and the long evenings between dinner and bedtime, to get through the interminable letters which make up *Sir Charles Grandison*. Did they really skip nothing of the moral lectures, which must have been so specially tedious to Lady Louisa, whose own letters are devoid of moralising to an extent very remarkable at that date? Did they indeed wade through all the dissertations on duelling, and try faithfully to grapple with the Italian episode, which seems endless enough when read to oneself, but must, when read aloud, have felt as lengthy a business as counting grains of sand? And what, we should like to hear, were the "whipt syllabub" novels with which *Sir Charles Grandison* compares so favourably? *Pride and Prejudice* had been written six years before the date of Lady Louisa's letter, but was not to be published for many a day; and, of course, the Wizard of the North had not yet waved his wand. Besides, neither Scott nor Jane Austen could well be considered as "whippers" of syllabub, still less Miss Edgeworth, whose *Castle Rackrent* did not appear till the following year, while *Tom Jones* and *Tristram Shandy* were as much out of date as the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. But, as has been said before, books rarely find a place in her letters.

All through her life Lady Louisa's heart came first and her head after. Her intellect was far too keen for

her to remain indifferent to the stirring events of the times she lived in, but we have ample and repeated proof that they interested her exactly in proportion as her friends were affected by them. We should have probably heard less of the American war had not her brother Charles Stuart been serving there as colonel of the 29th Regiment. Irish matters she always finds absorbing, because they were of paramount importance to her beloved sister Lady Carlow, afterwards Lady Portarlington; but the taking of the Bastille, and later, the deaths of the King and Queen of France, are passed over without a word. This would be surprising even to-day, with our multitude of newspapers and perpetual "last editions," but *then*, when sources of information were so much fewer, and veneration for crowned heads so much greater, it is exceedingly astonishing. The Duchess of Buccleuch remarks in a letter of October 1792, that "the Duke of Brunswick seems to be retreating," and that "the only thing quite certain is that the French are a set of wild beasts. I believe," she goes on, "it would have been much better to leave them to settle their own business, and I only hope we shall be wise enough to keep out of the scrape." But Lady Louisa's reply, two months later, does not show much anxiety about the matter, and she soon branches off into anecdotes of the family butt, Lady Mary Coke, and her behaviour. "These political topics naturally bring in a relation of ours who has been here" (Bath) "this month. Poor Aunt Mary is really almost what our forefathers styled *Cousin Betty*—wild and possessed. She has been doing all that was necessary to raise an uproar—haranguing in the booksellers' shops, lecturing the tradesmen, examining the walls for treason, threatening the *démocrates* with the mayor, calling them monsters, villains, atrocious wretches, &c., in short, everything that could provoke honest John Bull's surly disposition, and all in a riding-habit of the King's dressed uniform, shining with so much gold. I am amazed the boys do not follow her." Lady Mary was one of those

unhappy beings who cherish a grievance and are never satisfied unless the attention of everybody present is focussed on themselves. She was a sore trial to her better balanced relatives, for she was always making herself both ridiculous and conspicuous, though it must be allowed that at the same time she afforded them a vast deal of amusement. She kept a voluminous journal for many years of her life, but unlike most old diaries, it is rather flat and dull reading, and would probably never be opened at all were it not for the long and brilliant introduction contributed by Lady Louisa herself.

But if the struggle with Napoleon occupied so small a place in the thoughts of Lady Louisa; if the siege of Badajoz or the battle of Talavera was of little moment to her in comparison with the fact that her nephew Sir Charles Stuart (our envoy at Lisbon in 1808) had been able to procure for her a copy of *El Conde Lucanor* which she much wanted, at least she cannot be accused of lack of interest in the misfortunes of her own king. George III's recovery in 1789 from his severe mental attack was the signal for a mad outburst of loyalty and gaiety, and Lady Louisa was not behindhand in either. At the Birthday Drawing-Room in March the scene was "really frightful." The "squeezing and demolishing" were such that many ladies fainted, and more "went into screaming fits." "Everybody was very fine when they went into the Drawing-Room"—we seem to be reading the description of a similar function many years ago—"and like customers to Rag Fair when they came out." A week or two later a fête was given at Windsor "to married women only," at which a uniform of deep blue dresses trimmed with scarlet and gold had to be worn, and, more than that, had to be *made* by one Mrs. Beauvais, and her only. As these dresses were to cost £30 each, Mrs. Beauvais must have reaped a handsome profit, and so must the three milliners appointed by the Committee of Three Duchesses to provide dresses and caps (these last at six

guineas each) for the ball at White's. The caps sound exceedingly ugly and very unbecoming, being made of "plain *crêpe* with a *bandeau* of white satin, and 'God save the King' on it in gold spangles, and four very high feathers on the other side." You often see them depicted on Battersea enamel boxes. Mottoes were evidently the last new thing, for at Windsor almost everybody had one—"Long live the King!" "Vive le roi! Dieu nous l'a rendu"—while two or three ladies carried their loyalty so far as to adorn their heads with "a huge print, on sattin in a frame, Britannia kneeling to return thanks." "I am sure," comments Lady Louisa, "the old expression of putting one's shoes on one's head is grown quite flat; people put there so many things stranger than shoes."

What a curious fashion-book Lady Louisa could have compiled out of her own recollections! Flat heads, towering heads, ringlets, short hair, bands, hoops, sacques, skirts so scanty as to be quite indecent, dresses so full that walking was hardly possible, caps, big hats, turbans, "spoon" bonnets, all passed in review before her wondering eyes, but no costume seems to be so outrageous as that worn in 1798. "The figures one meets walking in the streets with footmen behind them are exactly what Crébillon would have painted lying on a sopha to receive a lover. And in a high wind! Men's clothes outright would be modesty in comparison."

It hardly needs the charming pictures with which Mrs. Godfrey Clark has decorated her book to assure us that we are moving in the society of women of distinction—the distinction which no position can give, though it can sometimes add graces. Lady Bute's face is attractive and refined, though it lacks the cleverness—as well as the coarseness—of her famous mother. Lady Louisa is *piquante* and fascinating, though her sister the accomplished Lady Carlow who has drawn her own portrait, was by common consent much the prettier of the two, and most likely the best looking of her family. But the Duchess of Buccleuch, painted in her

old age, is the gem of the collection, and for beauty, dignity, and force of character is the typical *grande dame*. People like these were likely to be particular as to manners, but Lady Louisa gives us some amusing glimpses of the free and easy conduct which old ladies as well as young were wont to indulge in to the amazement of her more strait-laced family. One of the most characteristic of these is to be found in a letter written in 1783 by Lady Harriet Don, describing an interview between Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Argyll, and the famous Duchess of Douglas. No two people could have been more different than the calm, business-like, un-Irish Irishwoman who had risen so well to the duties and dignities of her position, and the homely, impetuous Scotch lady who loved to expatiate in the broadest vernacular on her life and adventures, and the circumstances that led to the great Douglas trial, which convulsed all Scotland and was only decided in 1769. The two claimants were the Duke of Hamilton, son of the Duchess of Argyll, and young Stewart of Grantully, and the Duchess of Douglas was still undecided as to which of them she desired to see heir to her husband's great estates, when the question was settled in a truly feminine manner. One day it occurred to her to pay a call on the Duke of Hamilton's mother, "whom she found lolling in her usual *nonchalant* manner upon a settee, and beating the Devil's tattoo with one leg over the other. The visitor set herself down opposite, and for some time tried to enter into conversation, till at last, tired of the other's careless, contemptuous manner and impertinent answers, 'I looked at her,' said she, 'and thought to myself, Ay! play as a' will that bonny fit! Play awaw and show your leg, and what a bonny ankle ye ha! Gif my Duke were alive it micht cast dust in his een, but troth! I am a woman like yoursel', and I'll gar ye rue wagging your fute at me!'" And so she did.

These and similar tales delighted Lady Louisa, but her sense of humour was not quite so keen when the culprit

happened to be her own niece. The young Mary Stuart's independent ways were a constant source of annoyance to her aunt, whose tact and courtesy were never known to fail. Mary, at the age of seventeen, was given—like many young people—to confuse honesty with rudeness. "She is regardless not only of forms but of all common civility, and holds her mother and the rest of us too very cheap as old fogies." At the great ball at the Pantheon in 1789 it was the aunt who felt herself "the little young girl, and her the woman used to the world. She made herself so much at home, and pushed about so bravely, saying, 'Come along, follow me, and I'll warrant I'll make a way through them. Lord! one would think you were afraid?' and then a great laugh. And the first time she sees anybody she sets off talking to them as if she had known them all her life." By-the-bye, it is interesting to note that it is only in the matter of quotations from other people that Lady Louisa ever uses what is known as "eighteenth-century language." Her own style of writing is as free from slang and expletives as that of any well-trained writer of to-day.

Miss Mary seems to have been a very modern young lady, but almost equally modern are the relations between Lord and Lady Bute and their children. Except for the strange habit of calling the married ones by their titles, the letters might have been written by any parents now, and that theirs was by no means a singular instance is proved by some remarks of Lady Louisa's telling of the "perfect ease and confidence" in the Irish manner of bringing up children. "You would never," she adds, "find out which were fathers and mothers, and which were sons and daughters, every one amusing themselves in the manner they like best, and nobody expecting any particular request or attention."

It will readily be supposed that a woman of Lady Louisa's position and attractions did not live to the age of ninety-four without being both the subject and object of some romantic

episodes. In spite of her girlish declaration that she has "nothing to do with love," love had so much to do with *her* that it kept her single through her whole life. Her attachment to her cousin William Meadows was known to her family, but her father refused to hear of an engagement, and the gentleman ultimately married somebody else. The lady, however, did not, and though it evidently pleased her to think that she still had her old charm for men, and though she occasionally nibbled at matrimony, yet when it came to the point she could not face the prospect. Even at forty-two, a much greater age then than now, we find her still coquetting with the idea, though better than anyone else she must have known it could never become a reality. She is writing to her sister Caroline (Lady Portarlington) about a legacy of £5000 inherited from her uncle, the interest of which she is anxious to transfer to the Dawson family, and in the course of her letter she says, "If your income be increased I will settle it" (the legacy) "upon you and your younger children after my life, and that of any man I may marry. One need not consider one's progeny at past forty-two, especially when one has not seen *monsieur leur père*," adding, with true Scotch caution, "I am resolved never to declare loudly against matrimony, or to put it out of my power, if I live to be fourscore." Yet it was only seven years earlier that she felt the whole of Tunbridge Wells "solitary and dismal" when the camp "betook itself elsewhere," and Sir William Meadows with it!

In the society of the latter half of the eighteenth century the learned ladies of the day occupied a conspicuous place, and Lady Louisa frequently came across them. Mrs. Delany was an old and intimate friend of Lady Bute's, and it was in her house that Lady Louisa met Miss Burney in 1787. We do not know what Lady Bute and her daughter thought of Miss Burney, but she was very much struck with them, especially with the elder lady. With Lady Bute's gentle and refined portrait under one's eyes it is hard to believe

that her "exterior"—probably her *manners*—was "most forbidding to strangers," but as little should we have imagined that her conversation was marked by "high spirits and archness," and teeming with strokes of "general satire" and "shrewdest derision." Certainly there is nothing of this sort noticeable in her letters. Miss Burney goes on to comment on Lady Louisa's lack of beauty, but finds "her deportment and appearance infinitely more pleasing." With Mrs. Thrale Lady Louisa seems to have had a slight acquaintance, though she never went to her house, and Hannah More and Mrs. Carter were like herself, frequent visitors at Mrs. Montagu's. This last-named lady, who was "no more vain of understanding Greek than an ordinary woman of knowing how to spell," is one of the most attractive figures in those literary *coteries*, and not less agreeable, though possibly less learned, is Miss Catherine Fanshawe, author of the well-known riddle about the letter H. Miss Fanshawe was staying at Nuneham during a visit paid by Lady Louisa, and the two promptly made friends.

It was at the meetings of the famous Blue Stocking Club at Mrs. Montagu's house in Portman Square, that these ladies and a great many others were to be met with. Mrs. Montagu was really a very clever as well as a kind-hearted woman, whose "benevolence to the poor chimney-sweepers" is rather oddly recorded in her obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, September 1800. She was, however, wanting in the instinctive tact which Sir Walter Scott praises in Lady Louisa, and her parties must often have been portentously solemn affairs. Distinguished people of every sort, foreigners as well as natives, were present at her receptions, but "there was," writes Lady Louisa, "a deplorable lack of one requisite, the art of the kneading the mass well together. . . . Everything in that house, as if under a spell, was seen to form itself into a circle or semicircle. I once saw this produce a ludicrous scene. Mrs. Montagu having invited us to a very early party, we went

at the hour appointed, and took our stations in a vast half-moon, consisting of twenty or twenty-five women, where I was placed between two grave faces unknown to me, hiding yawns with my fan and wondering at the unwonted seclusion of the superior sex. At length a door opened behind us, and a body of eminent personages—the Chancellor, I think, and a bishop or two among them—filed in from the dining-room. They looked wistfully over our shoulders at a good fire, which the barrier we presented left them no means of approaching, then drawing chairs from the wall seated themselves around us in an outer crescent, silent and solemn as our own. Nobody could be more displeased at this than the mistress of the house, who wanted to confer with them face to face and not in whispers. But there was no remedy; we must all have died at our posts if one lady had not luckily been called away, whose exit made a gap for the wise men to enter and take possession of the fireplace."

One such evening as this would have been fatal to the popularity of most hostesses, and it says a great deal for Mrs. Montagu's attractions that her parties still continued to be sought after. Though conversation was impossible (as impossible as it must have been at the Hôtel Rambouillet or in the house of Mme. Geoffrin) a lecture or a sharp duel was heard to advantage—as was also a bore! Mrs. Montagu may have had, as her admirers asserted, "quick parts, great vivacity, no small share of wit," but she clearly was lamentably deficient in humour, or she would never have swallowed as seriously as she did either the broad compliments of Lord Macartney who loved to chaff her, or the slavish though honest applause of her attendant "flappers," who spent their time in showing her off.

Lady Bute's death took place in 1794, and soon after Lady Louisa, left alone in the world, removed to the house in Gloucester Place, Portman Square, which was to be her home for fifty-seven years. She had, of course, a large circle of friends and relations, and spent much of her time

visiting in Scotland, chiefly in the houses of the Buccleuchs and their connections. It was at Bothwell Castle (Lord Douglas's) that she met in 1802 the fascinating Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X) and his son, the ungainly Duc de Berri, of whom she has left such humorous descriptions, and it was at Dalkeith that some years earlier she found a lifelong friend in Sir Walter Scott. We have already had occasion to refer more than once to the high estimation in which Lady Louisa was held by Sir Walter. He frequently submits his poems to her judgment previous to their publication, and goes on to say in the same letter that he "does not know a person who has half her taste and talent," and accredits her further with "an uncommon portion of that rare quality called genius." It was Lady Louisa who had the pleasure of introducing Mr. Morritt of Rokeby to Sir Walter Scott, and it is therefore to her indirectly that we owe one of the most charming of Scott's poems.

Lady Louisa's vivid enjoyment of life received a deadly blow in 1813, when she lost three of the strongest affections of her life. In the course of a fortnight she was deprived of one of her oldest and dearest friends, Lady Ailesbury, and her beloved sister Lady Portarlington, the "pivot" round which all the family centred. Six months later the death of Sir William Meadows bowed her to earth, and though she was destined to live many years longer she had to begin existence on a new footing.

"Les chagrins dont on devrait mourir et dont on ne meurt pas font un déplacement dans le caractère comme dans les intérêts et dans toute l'existence," writes the Duchesse de Duras to Madame Swetchine, and doubtless those who knew Lady Louisa well were conscious of a great change in her. But she was not the woman to take the public into her confidence, and to the world in general she wore a brave face, and after a time seemed as alert and humorous as ever. Doubtless there are other letters extant on literary

subjects, as well as poems and sketches as graphic as the introduction appended to the *Journal of Lady Mary Coke*, but we who have followed her from her girlish days know that through everything she carried about a "heart oppressed," as she writes in her last letter published in the delightful book of her early correspondence.

ROUSSEAU'S IDEAL HOUSEHOLD

"But, Dr. Burney, of all the books upon this subject, none was ever equal to Rousseau's *Eloise*. What feeling! What language! What fire! Have you read it, ma'am?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, it's a book that is *alone!*"

"And *ought* to be *alone*," said my father, still more gravely.

Mr. Twiss perceived that he was now angry, and with great eagerness he cried:

"Why, I assure you I gave it to my sister, who is but just seventeen, and going to be married."

"Well," returned my father, "I hope she read the preface, and then flung it away."

"No, upon my honour. She read the preface first, and then the book."

It is curious to note the severity of Dr. Burney's judgment of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* in a generation which eagerly welcomed *Pamela* and *Clarissa* as the most improving reading for the young. Yet, harsh as his verdict is, it is no harsher than that of Rousseau himself on his own work: "Any girl who opens this book," he says in the preface referred to by Dr. Burney, "may as well read on to the end, as if her eye but glances over one page she is hopelessly lost." What did Rousseau think in after days, when the *Nouvelle Héloïse* became the rage in Paris, and fine ladies stayed away from a ball, and dismissed their carriages at dawn, unable to tear themselves from the fascinating love story? Possibly it might have occurred to him that the state of things described in the book was a vast advance on the actual condition of manners prevalent in Paris in

1757 when the *Nouvelle Héloïse* was published, or he may have held the widespread theory that a married woman can read with impunity literature that is fraught with peril for a mere spinster.

However that may be one thing is certain, that anyone who expects consistency in Rousseau is doomed to woeful disappointment. The well-meaning, ill-doing, ungrateful atom of humanity, with *l'esprit et la vanité comme quatre*, as Mlle. d'Ette truly says of him, had every opportunity of knowing men and seeing life in all its aspects. But he mingled with his fellows possessed by a pre-conceived idea and only found what he looked for, which was the bad side of the people that he met, and the unfortunate results of their mode of existence and of their education.

Still, in the intervals of heaping abuse on those who had shown him nothing but kindness, he gave his attention to improving the condition of the world generally, striking at once at the root of the matter, in the bringing up of the children. One of the most interesting and amusing sides of the whole question is the gigantic effort made by Rousseau to descend to practical details—Rousseau, who always cut the knot of a difficulty by calmly running away. It is likewise quite in keeping with this extraordinary being that in the midst of a whole host of transcendental notions utterly incompatible with life in a community, he will lay down some precepts which are not only useful, but absolutely sensible and wise.

Before discussing the principles of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* and of *Émile*, concerning the employment of our time with the utmost profit to ourselves and to others, a brief sketch of the plot of the first-named book is necessary. As most people know, the heroine, Julie d'Etanges, falls in love with the young tutor, dubbed St. Preux by the lively cousin who is the confidante of their affection. The lovers, in despair of gaining the consent of Julie's father, keep their meetings secret, till circumstances disclose the position of affairs to an Englishman, Lord Bomston, usually referred to as "Edward"

by his acquaintances, in what they consider a truly British manner. Lord Bomston, in the act of sending his seconds to arrange a duel with St. Preux who has challenged him, is appealed to by Julie and immediately pockets his pride (and his pistols), espouses her cause, intercedes with her father to make the two lovers happy, and implores him, if money is all that is wanted, to allow him (Bomston) to fill the void. "What," he exclaims with the fervour natural to an English peer, "what is it that he lacks? Fortune? He shall have it. The third of my property will suffice to make him the richest private gentleman in Vaud, and if that is not enough I will give him half of what I possess." There seems no adequate motive for these Ahasuerus-like offers, which fortunately for the heirs to the Bomston title, are refused; the Baron d'Etanges declines to permit his daughter to marry a man of low birth, and a few years later, when her mother is dead, and St. Preux gone on a voyage round the world, Julie accepts the hand of her father's old friend, M. de Wolmar.

It is with the habits of this Swiss household that the present article is concerned; and, to understand rightly Rousseau's views as to the conduct of a family, we must consider also the educational principles laid down in *Émile*, published more than four years later.

Both books are ostensibly a crusade against the luxury and artificiality of the age; yet in every page the self-consciousness and want of simplicity characteristic of their author are apparent. Apparent, too, is the inability to realise the bearings of things which no experience of society could ever teach Rousseau. The man who had lived with Genevese shopkeepers and Savoyard peasants, who had mixed familiarly with Diderot, Grimm, and the aristocracy of finance, who was the secretary and friend of some of the greatest ladies in France, the Comtesse d'Egmont and Mme. de Brionne, was incapable, to the end of his life, of learning the lesson of facts. His precepts are totally unfitted for the

give and take of society: they demand special beings amid special conditions in order to be carried out. "Have you ever been so foolish as to believe in Rousseau and his *Émile?*" writes the Abbé Galiani to Mme. d'Epinay in January 1771. "Do you really think that education, maxims, and lectures have any effect in moulding our minds? If so, take a wolf, and turn him into a dog."

This, of course, is an extreme way of putting the case; but Rousseau's people only blossom in a state of isolation, and are not fitted for contact with the world; and by his own showing in the instance of the ideal Émile's ideal wife Sophie, when they *do* come into collision with it, their principles are apt to give way. We could most of us be good if we were not tempted, and if we lived under a perpetual rule of thumb. In spite of all Rousseau's talk about Freedom and Happiness, this is what his characters really do. To prove the truth of this statement, we have only to look at the regulations laid down for the Wolmar household, the neighbouring village, and the education of the children, all of which may be gathered from the letters of St. Preux (now an honoured, though somewhat strange guest of the Wolmars) to his friend Lord Bomston.

First, as to the servants and dependents. The main thing that strikes the reader (after the happy thought of choosing an English peer as the recipient of those details—imagine "old Q." in similar circumstances!) is the artificiality of all those personages. No one has any opportunity of developing an individuality of his own, or is allowed a spontaneous movement. Every hour is regulated and employed; the servants only exist for the glorification of "*les maîtres.*" Sublime self-confidence is the foundation of the Wolmar system, and a proportionately rooted mistrust of the schemes of others. It is a fixed principle with them to take their servants young and fresh from large families in the villages round, and to train them themselves, *because* it is a foregone conclusion that servants taken from another place will have

learnt nothing but the vices of their employers, and so will ruin their masters (always meaning the Wolmars) and corrupt their children. Modern mistresses need not exclaim at the amount of time and trouble involved in educating a cook, for instance, in the manifold tricks of her trade: it was quite worth Mme. Wolmar's while to teach hers, as no servant was ever known to give warning in that fortunate house, and once there, she was certain to stay for ever. One great inducement to the servants remaining lay in the fact that their wages were raised one-twentieth for twenty years. It would be interesting to see the sum that they started from; but Rousseau never commits himself to that. Then, great care is taken to keep the sexes properly apart, so that they never come across each other, either in their work or in their pleasures, except at stated times. The women usually walk out after dinner with Mme. Wolmar and the children, like prisoners under the eye of their gaoler, and on Sunday evenings they are permitted in turn to ask a friend to a light collation of cakes and cream in the nursery. No "Sundays out" or "monthly holidays" for them! but then all that they desire is to bask in the presence of "*les maîtres.*" While the female portion of the establishment is having its "constitutional," the men are turned on to work out of doors, and on summer Sundays have athletic sports in the meadow with prizes, for which strangers of good reputation are invited to compete. In the winter evenings they all dance, part of the time in Julie's presence, and refresh themselves when tired with cake and wine.

A good many of those customs are sensible enough, and have their origin in the then perfectly-unknown principle, care for the comfort and well-being of servants and labourers. But all is spoilt by the perpetual surveillance of Julie. It has an irritating effect on the reader, and must have tended to hypocrisy in many of the persons so haunted and watched. Even with all possible friendliness and consideration between servants and mistresses, the best servants in the world would

feel awkward and constrained in the continual and uncalled-for presence of their masters, and their self-respect would resent the inevitable inference. But Julie's dependents are made of different stuff. *They* become radiant whenever she appears, and fall into her innocent little schemes with gratitude. Happy and blessed as their existence is at all times, the crowning moment of bliss is during the vintaging. The whole household moves into the hills, and all day long the men work, singing over their toil like operatic peasants. In the evenings they gather in a large room built by the thoughtful Julie, and card hemp. When Julie thinks that enough has been carded, she says, "Let us send up our fire-works." Each gathers up his bundle of hemp, and goes into the court, where a bonfire is made and set alight.

But "n'a pas cet honneur qui veut; Julie l'adjuge en présentant le flambeau à celui ou celle qui a fait ce soir-là le plus d'ouvrage. L'auguste cérémonie est accompagnée d'acclamations et de battements de mains; on saute, on rit. Ensuite on offre à boire à toute l'assemblée; chacun boit à la santé du vainqueur, et va se coucher, content d'une journée passée dans le travail, la gâité, l'innocence." (Vol. ii., p. 309.) Could anything be more puerile or more maddeningly self-conscious? Yes: there is worse to come.

The relations of the Wolmars with the neighbouring village are in every way as perfect and satisfactory as their relations with their household. They consider, with real good sense, that it is much wiser to try and make people content with "the state of life to which it has pleased God to call them" than to encourage them to push up the social ladder. They think, truly, that young men often mistake ambition (they might have added discontent) for genius, and that perhaps one in a hundred of those that leave their native place to seek their fortune ever finds it. So far we entirely agree with them; but they overstep their fair limits when they go on, characteristically, to observe that the one who succeeds probably does so by crooked means.

So Julie and her husband live on their own property, keeping their equals at a civil distance, and taking real pleasure only in the society of their inferiors. This state of things has always a debasing tendency, as it develops in the meekest breast self-complacency and a love of managing. Of course, Rousseau intends us to see in it only another proof of the superiority of his ideal couple; but a few healthy quarrels with their rich neighbours would have been infinitely more elevating to M. and Mme. Wolmar than the smiling condescension with which they played their self-allotted part in life. One instance of their dealings with their "poorer brethren" is related, in ecstasies of rapture, by St. Preux to Lord Bomston. We have not got the answer of that long-suffering peer; but it inspires the modern English reader with a violent desire to kick "*les maîtres.*" The whole thing is so despicably silly and unreal that it is hardly possible to narrate it with patience. This is, however, the outline of the story—one example among many of their daily customs!

Julie is in the habit of frequently inviting some aged villager to dinner. He is always given the seat of honour beside his hostess, who helps him herself, makes much of him (*le caresse*), and enters into conversation with him. The old man, enchanted by such behaviour, bubbles over with delight, and talks freely of his own affairs. At least, that appears to be the English equivalent of "*se livre à l'épanchement de son cœur.*" He brightens up while telling of the good old times, of his *amours* (!) and of his crops, and the dinner passes off gaily. When it is over the children are secretly instructed to give the old man a present with which their mother has furnished them, and, in order to produce reciprocity of feeling, the villager returns the compliment by another gift from the same source. Then he takes his leave, and hurries back to his cottage, where, amidst tears of joy, he displays his gifts and relates to his family how he has been fêted, how attentive have been the

servants, and how *empressés* the hosts. Blessings are showered on "*les maîtres*," and the whole village is raised to such a pinnacle of exaltation at the honour shown to one of their number that a fresh incentive is given to virtue in the knowledge that when they too enter the vale of years they too will be similarly awarded.

And this is what Rousseau calls simplicity!

Before discussing Rousseau's views of education, we must glance for a moment at his theories of political economy as embodied in the all-wise M. de Wolmar. Even to a person not versed in the science, they appear a little unsound and singularly lacking in common sense. They are mostly elicited by a conversation between Julie and St. Preux, who has been objecting that for people who are not rich the method of prizes, percentages, and bonuses must be very costly. Julie denies it, explains the system by which her husband continues to have receipts in excess of his expenditure, which system merely consists in living for one year upon his capital, so as to allow his revenues to accumulate. In this manner he is always a year in advance, and he chooses that his capital should be diminished rather than that he should be continually anticipating his income.[1] The proverb of "robbing Peter to pay Paul" was apparently unknown in the days of Rousseau.

M. de Wolmar desired above all things that his estate should be sufficient for the wants of those living on it; but his theories of agriculture seem little likely to produce this result. He holds that lands left fallow lose their fertility, and only bear, in proportion to the number of hands employed on them. (Vol. ii., p. 66.)

[1] As it is not to be expected that anyone will take my word for such an amazing statement, I quote the passage in the original.—"La seule précaution qu'il ait prise à ce sujet, a été de vivre un an sur son capital, pour se laisser autant d'avance sur son revenu; de sorte que le produit anticipe toujours d'une année sur la dépense. Il a mieux aimé diminuer un peu son fonds que d'avoir sans cesse courir après ses rentes." Vol. ii., p. 192.

Virgin soil has no charms for him, and he would have scouted the notion of rotation of crops as the dream of a madman. What a pity that he never made the acquaintance of Levine, the serious country gentleman in *Anna Karenine!* He could have considerably opened Wolmar's eyes on his favourite subject, "*Agronomie.*"

It is soothing to the feelings to learn that even the beneficent influence of the Wolmars was not enough to preserve the district from professional beggars. They swarmed in such numbers on the roads as to call forth from St. Preux a question about the wisdom of encouraging them by giving them relief, as is Julie's invariable custom. Julie defends herself by observing that the relief given to each one is very small—merely a meal, and an insignificant coin sufficient to carry him on to the next house along the route. It does not occur to her that if every one follows her plan beggars will be absolutely supported by the community, and will naturally never do anything to help themselves. St. Preux, however, is less satisfied than he is wont to be with Julie's reasoning, and to crush him completely into the attitude of admiration he always prefers to occupy, she is reduced to quoting her husband.

Begging, says M. de Wolmar, using the same argument as that employed by Burns rather later, is a profession like another. And there is no more discredit in being moved by the eloquence of a beggar than by the eloquence of an actor. It is not necessary that *we* believe it, but that *they* should do it well. Even in these days of indiscriminate philanthropy, the argument is somewhat startling; but Wolmar was right enough when he looked upon begging as a profession. In the days of my childhood a friend of my own was informed by a favourite housemaid that she wished to give warning as she was going to be married.

"Indeed," said the lady, "and what is your future husband?"

"Please 'm, he's an asker!"

"A what?"

"An asker."

"I don't understand. What does he *do*?"

"Well, 'm, he—he goes about the streets, and if he sees anyone coming along that looks kind, he—well, he just stops 'em and asks 'em to give him a trifle, and he makes quite a comfortable living that way!"

"Do you mean a BEGGAR?"

"Well, 'm, some people do call it that: *we* call it asker."

It is to be regretted that "Autres temps, autre mœurs," is not true in this instance.

In sketching lightly some of Rousseau's theories of education, it will be needful to take *Émile* (published in 1762) with the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, which appeared about four years earlier. Julie's method of training her children contains the germ of what was developed later in *Émile;* but in the four years that elapsed between the two books Rousseau's views had made a great stride. In *Émile* he entirely ignores the influence of a mother during the opening years of infancy, and entrusts the boy from the moment he is able to speak to the care of what was called in those days a governor. He does indeed give regulations for the proper treatment of the baby by his nurse from its earliest moments, and even bestows attention on the very limited number of toys proper to an infant six months old. Was his interest in other people's children, we wonder, a kind of expiation of his desertion of his own? or was it merely the iconoclasm so deeply rooted in Rousseau's nature that caused him to strike such vigorous blows at the thraldom in which helpless little creatures passed the first portion of their lives? Be that as it may, Rousseau, aided by the celebrated and fashionable Dr. Tronchin of Geneva, certainly did manage to effect a revolution in this important matter, and children have cause to bless him unto this day. Of course, he is often absurd and unpractical, and as artificial as the people he abuses, or he would not be Rousseau; but then he is often surprisingly

sensible and even wise. Again and again he insists that we are not to expect too much of children, for to demand that they should be capable of reasoning like grown-up people is only to cultivate superficiality and affectation. The aim of early education, says Julie, is to render a child capable of receiving instruction, and to this end his mind should never be pushed. No one should ever talk to him of what he cannot understand, or allow him to hear descriptions above his head. In his early years his body should be cultivated and his mind let alone, and, above all, he should be taught never to take things for granted. Let him put every assertion to the proof before he accepts it. Rousseau had clearly not been brought into contact with children whose senses are keenly alive to the conversation of their elders, or he would have found some practical difficulties in the way of this plan; but then his creations are docile infants, who never ask inconvenient questions. He perpetually informs us that children should be free and happy; but it does not occur to him that companionship and friction are the most important of all elements in training for happiness and the work of life, and as Émile happens to be an only child, he is kept in the absolute isolation which is always a necessary "factor" of Rousseau's projects. Unconscious development, instinct, the ideas that are blown about like the pollen of a flower, and germinate no one knows where, and no one knows why—these things have no place in Rousseau's theories. His education is emphatically self-conscious; and the consequence is that the results, though often excellent, might be attained with much less trouble in some other way.

The first essential condition of Rousseau's method is that the same person should have charge of the child from Birth to Bridal—sometimes even to Burial. "I would not have undertaken Émile at all if I had not been allowed to exercise my judgment in choosing his wife," he says more than once. It will readily be supposed that the competition for tutorships under the Rousseau system

would not be excessive, especially as another condition of equal weight is insisted on. "The Governor is to have no salary: he must be a family friend." (*Émile*, vol. i., p. 68.) A teacher who receives wages, like a person who accepts gifts with gratitude, puts himself at once out of the reckoning, and draws down upon his head Rousseau's everlasting contempt. Compare his views in *Émile* with the passage in the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, in which he treats of the same subject. "My father has returned," writes Julie to St. Preux, "and is well satisfied with my progress in music and drawing, and indeed with all my studies. But as soon as he discovered you were not of noble birth he inquired the amount of your monthly salary. My mother answered that it was impossible even to propose such an arrangement to you, and that you had even rejected any little presents she had tried to give you—presents such as anyone might take. He then made up his mind that a certain payment should be offered, and that in the event of your refusal, you should, in spite of all your merits, be thanked for your instruction and politely dismissed." (*Nouvelle Héloïse*, vol. i., p. 94.) Of course, St. Preux is outraged by such a natural and sensible proposition. "What would my real position be if I consented to receive a salary in return for my lessons?" he writes in reply. "In selling him part of my time—that is, of myself—I should become a paid servant—a sort of valet—and my faith would be tacitly engaged for the preservation of all that belonged to him, as if I was the meanest of his retainers. If, after that, I gave reins to my feelings (*i.e.*, made love to Julie), I should be grossly in fault." (Vol. i., p. 109.)

St. Preux is so far right that, if he voluntarily accepted a paid position of trust, the betrayal of confidence would be even greater than it was before. But how eminently characteristic the whole transaction is of Rousseau! The Simplicity about which he talks so incessantly is an element absolutely foreign to his nature, or he would have seen

nothing derogatory in receiving payment for services rendered. Then, as usual, he only looks at what concerns himself, and never once thinks of what the Baron d'Etanges' feelings would be on discovering that his daughter was absorbing gratuitously the whole time and attention of a young and poor stranger. Lastly, he here manifests the impatience of obligation that led him to resent the bestowal of gifts by his dearest and most constant friends and to insult the givers, though he by no means rejected what they gave. Rousseau least of all men understood that "a grateful heart, by owing, owes not."

However, it is time we returned to the child, who by this time has ceased to be a mere "vegetable baby," and can talk and walk. Many children at this age will sit happily with a book before them, and, by comparing the pictures with the letterpress, will soon teach themselves to read without other help. But Rousseau is never in any hurry for his pupils to make acquaintance with books, and indeed perpetually changes the age at which they are able to read to themselves. Julie's little boy is only six when his curiosity is stimulated by his mother artfully leaving off the stories she is reading to him at exciting places, and forbidding the servants to finish them. (By the way, Swiss servants must have been much better educated than English ones of the same date, if there was any necessity for this prohibition!) The child finds that no one will attend to him, and is gradually induced by curiosity to spell out the end for himself. But Émile, though solitary, is by no means so precocious in this branch of study, in spite of his being more dependent on reading for amusement. He has spent his infancy in running about the fields, in learning to test objects by their weight, to measure distances, to swim (an accomplishment very rare in those days), in tennis, archery, and handball (*ballon*), to which, when he is grown up, will be added "the chase." Who played tennis and handball with him is never told; it may have been the always-obliging

tutor. When not training his body by these athletic sports, he is prowling round the blacksmith's forge, or "helping" the carpenter, preparatory to choosing a trade for himself, in order to guarantee himself a livelihood in after life.

There is no denying that if a few companions had been added, and a few pedagogic sermons subtracted, Émile would have had an ideally-happy boyhood. With all those occupations, reading would naturally go to the wall. Rousseau triumphantly boasts in one place that, at twelve, Émile will hardly know what a book is, which seems exceedingly probable; but a few pages farther on he observes that, having had his curiosity excited, the boy will be able to read and write perfectly before he is ten (vol. i., p. 241), though it is difficult to see what use reading and writing will be to him, as he has no one to write to, and is only to be allowed to read *Robinson Crusoe* till he grows up.

No history is to be taught him till he is nearly a man, and able to reason on it; and all the geography he knows is to be gathered from his own experience. The classics and other languages are left out, as he will never have occasion to use them; but he may learn music (Rousseau's favourite pursuit), and a certain amount of practical geometry and mathematics. Rousseau would have the dancing master, instead of teaching dancing, lead the boy to the foot of rocks and instruct him how to climb them: as if the dancing master were the man for such a task, and as if any active creature on two legs needed to be taught to climb! It reminds us of Miss Bingley in *Pride and Prejudice*, who said it would be much more rational to have conversation instead of dancing at a ball, while her brother agreed that it might be more rational, but felt that it would not be "near so much like a ball."

Rousseau considers that children should be taught the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, ignoring the fact that there are many things about which a child asks questions when he is quite incapable of comprehending the answers, and likewise that all through men's lives much

must be taken for granted. It is impossible to prove for ourselves all the facts that we know to exist; faith must be placed in the tests brought by specialists, and this truth a child may as well learn early as late. But Rousseau assumes that a child's mind is an absolutely blank page till he chooses to write on it certain ideas, which he does with a cumbersome elaboration that would provoke suspicion and mirth in an idiot. One day, for instance, he desires to instil the notion of the rights of property into Émile's mind. Now, it is hardly possible to find a baby so young that it has not some crude views on this subject; but Émile is a big boy before the question of *meum* and *tuum* occurs to him. So he is led artfully to take possession of a special plot of ground, which his cunning tutor knows to have been already "pegged out" (to use an Australian mining expression) by a working gardener, and Émile, greatly excited with his new acquisition, begins to hoe and dig, and finally to plant and water. All goes on merrily for some days, and his "ill weeds grow apace," when suddenly the real proprietor appears on the scene, scatters the thriving young vegetables to the winds, and upbraids Émile as an interloper and the destroyer of some precious melon seeds which he had procured from Malta. Émile is aghast and bewildered; the tutor seizes the opportunity of pointing a moral; and the gardener plays up to him with vigour. He is promised more seeds and Émile another plot, and the notion of real property is fixed indelibly in the boy's mind. Could anything be more ponderously silly? yet the same machinery is put in motion to induce Émile to learn to run—though we are elsewhere given to understand he had done nothing else from babyhood—and to teach him to take observations of the sun, by the tutor losing himself and the boy (then about twelve) in a wood on the other side of their own garden-hedge. The most subtle plot of all is concerned with Émile's introduction to Sophie, the wife who has been complacently and secretly educated for him in the depths of the country.

After a long riding tour, Émile, always accompanied by his tutor, reaches the house of a peasant and asks for food. While they are eating it, the peasant, garrulous and gushing like all his kind in Rousseau's pages, begins to describe the neighbourhood, and especially the blessings scattered abroad by a wealthy couple and their daughter, who live on the farther side of the hills. Émile is naturally fired by the account of so much virtue, and burns to make the family's acquaintance, and the fact that the dwelling of these Universal Providers is some miles away, only adds fuel to the flame. He goes; beholds Sophie, the essence of that mediocrity which, says Rousseau, "is to be desired in everything"; and is instantly conquered!

Except for the fact that she is to be Emile's wife, it is quite clear that Sophie has no independent attraction for Rousseau. He does not take much trouble in designing her, and in her description there is none of the loving skill he has bestowed on Julie. Julie is the perfect woman, whose brightness is thrown into relief by the shadows around her; beautiful, amiable, and accomplished, though her accomplishments seem almost useless, for after marriage she lays aside her studies in order to devote herself to her household and her children. Sophie is merely intended to fill up the chinks in Émile's happiness. She is practical and sensible, a good housewife, has been taught by her parents to sing and dance in a very mild way, can dress herself neatly, and is "common-looking" but pleasant. After it is established in the family that the two young people are "keeping company" (for when they are regularly engaged Émile is sent to travel for two years), he pleases himself with instructing her (after the eternal manner of priggish lovers), and is enchanted when he is allowed to give his lessons in mathematics and history on his knees!

The two years of probation, which to our thinking should more reasonably precede than follow an engagement, pass away; Émile and Sophie are married, have two children,

and live in the country for ten years quite happily and successfully. At the end of that time Sophie loses her parents and one of her children, and to divert her thoughts from her own troubles, Émile takes her with him to live in the town. But, alas! the principles which were excellently adapted to common everyday country wear will not stand the strain of town life. Sophie is gradually drawn into a whirl of dissipation, and is finally driven to confess to her husband *qu'elle a manqué à ses devoirs*. Émile leaves her, and, after working for a short time at carpentering, resumes his travels; and we bid farewell to him a captive in Algiers.

The unregenerate reader will acknowledge that he feels some satisfaction in the downfall of the ideal wife. If principles are only a matter of locality, and if mediocrity so speedily succumbs to temptation, by all means let us aim at perfection!

In this brief sketch of the daily life which Rousseau conceived necessary in order to bring about the highest development of the duty owed by those in authority to any persons whom nature or circumstances have made dependent on them, all references to the love story which enchanted the ladies of Paris have been purposely avoided. The humorist who studies the *Nouvelle Héloïse* on its romantic side will find himself abundantly rewarded, provided always that his sense of humour is strong enough to overcome his disgust at the gross indecency of Wolmar's attitude to St. Preux on his return to Vaud, and his frequent allusions to that young man's love-passages with Julie. Of course, the views of the eighteenth century on these subjects differed widely from those now prevalent; but, whatever the freedom of life and language considered permissible in fashionable society, M. de Wolmar's playful insinuations would probably have shocked the most hardened cynic of that time. Yet, however disagreeably certain things in the book may strike us, on the whole it is wonderfully free from coarseness, and in this respect compares favourably with *Pamela* and

some contemporary English novels; and many of the descriptions are as graphic and beautiful as any in the French language. To anyone acquainted with the memoirs and literature of the time, nothing is more strange than the contrast between the formal manners and the speech characteristic even of the highest classes in Paris, and the amazing facility with which men as well as women kissed and cried and leaped upon each other's necks; while the letters of many of the wittiest men of the day—of Grimm, or Diderot, or Galiani—read like those of lovers in their assurances of undying affection. Rosalind would have been shaken in her belief that "men had died and worms had eaten them, but not for love," could she have seen the despair to which some of the most learned and cynical philosophers were reduced when the object of their adoration proved hard-hearted. Even Grimm himself, the least emotional of men, was thrown into a sort of trance of misery on his rejection by Mlle. Fel, the actress, and lay for many days in this condition without receiving any other nourishment than a little cherry jam placed on his tongue. Curious people were they all, yet with an undying fascination about them—a fascination which in his day Rousseau exercised on most of those with whom he came into contact, and which it required an endless course of insult and ingratitude on his part to shake. After all, though his nature may have been baser and his manners worse, was he not essentially of the same clay as those with whom he lived and quarrelled, and never more so than when he wrote the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, with Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity on his lips, and the sentiment of aristocracy deeply rooted in his heart?

MORALS AND MANNERS IN RICHARDSON

THE fashion of this world passeth away. About a hundred and sixty years ago a group of ladies, chiefly young girls just grown up, might have been found seated in the summer-house of a large garden at North End, Hammersmith, working or drawing, and listening eagerly to a stout old gentleman who was reading to them from a manuscript. The ladies were Miss Mulso (afterwards Mrs. Chapone), Miss Highmore, Miss Fielding, and several others; the old gentleman was Richardson, the book was *Clarissa*. No one will dispute the severe propriety of any of these ladies, yet the far laxer standard which regulates the conduct of their great-great-granddaughters forbids *Clarissa* even to be taken by them from the library book-shelf, much less to be positively read aloud, unexpurgated, in full family conclave.

And we need not go back as far as the last century to note the change of fashion in the matter of ladies' reading. A friend of my own once told me that when she was about fifteen and had exhausted all the books within her reach, she at last appealed to her stepmother to help her to find something to read. The lady gave her *Clarissa*, which the girl took eagerly and devoured for some time. At last she became vaguely uneasy, and finally went to her stepmother and said, "I don't think you can have meant to give me this." Mrs. W. took it, and turned it over. "Good heavens, no; you certainly mustn't read that! Yet I read it when I was a girl, and nobody thought any harm." And though people were as much shocked thirty years since to hear that a lady had read *Pamela* and *Clarissa* as Doctor

Johnson was by Hannah More's study of *Tom Jones*, yet the books that formed the interest and delight of our grandmothers cannot be wholly improper food for such of their descendants as have reached years of discretion. Therefore I, whose teens have long been a matter of history, may sit down to record the impressions made on me "thirty years since" by Richardson's novels.

Critics like Lord Chesterfield and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu have justly complained that Richardson displays throughout a deplorable ignorance of the manners of good society. The reproach is true, but the blame lies not in Richardson's want of knowledge of what he never had the opportunity of acquiring, but in the fact that he did not confine his stories to the condition of life of which his personal experience qualified him to speak.

All his life Richardson was conscious that Temple Bar signified something more than the place where traitors' heads were exposed to view. It was the dividing line between the drones and the bees, between the hard-working, plain-living citizens who made a livelihood amongst the dusty courts of the City, and the brilliant fops that fluttered through their day in Hyde Park or in the Mall. Till the age of fifty, when he produced his first book, Richardson was nothing more than a printer and publisher in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street. He came of a family of "middling note," and his father, a joiner by trade, migrated from Surrey into Derbyshire, where in 1689 his son Samuel was born. The boy's love of moralising and of correcting his elders—when only eleven, he wrote to an elderly widow lady to reprove her for spreading scandal—no doubt suggested his fitness for the Church. But in the Richardson family children were ever more plentiful than money, and after some years of life at home, when his leisure hours were spent in writing love-letters for illiterate serving-maids, he was bound apprentice to a London printer. Things prospered with him. He married his master's daughter,

and had several "pretty prattlers," as he calls them, most of whom died in infancy; he wedded for his second wife a virtuous lady and excellent housekeeper, by whom he had many more prattlers, of whom only four daughters survived. As time went on he took a country house at North End, Hammersmith (long afterwards occupied by Sir Edward Burne-Jones), where all his novels were written, and in 1754 he moved to another house in Parsons Green, where he lived, surrounded by his friends, till his death in 1761.

Richardson had more than all the virtues of his class, and many of its defects. He was liberal, kindly, hard-working, and hospitable. He was sufficiently practical and long-suffering in his charity as to allow two friends, both of whom were dangerously ill, to come to die in his house within a short time of each other. But he was also fussy, vain, jealous, and intensely absorbed in himself and his own performances. Richardson was entirely of the opinion of the valet in *Le Parisien:* "J'aime la province; je m'y sens supérieur."

He could not exist in a society where he was not the object of everyone's admiration. He belonged to a clique which detested Fielding, and he himself never forgave Fielding for writing *Joseph Andrews*. This was perhaps natural, but all his criticisms on that gentleman are marked rather by spite than truth. With the exception of an occasional letter to Aaron Hill (the enemy of Pope), Young, of the *Night Thoughts*, Colley Cibber, and a few others, Richardson's friends and correspondents were women, though Dr. Johnson, who notwithstanding his roughness had a strong sentimental side, was a warm admirer of his books. Still women, and especially young women, were Richardson's constant companions; they stayed in his house, sat with him in his garden, and were even consulted in moments of doubt as to the literary treatment of some point of vital importance. It often happened that his correspondents were personally unknown to him, as was the case with Lady

Bradshaigh, who lived far away in Lancashire, and had the temerity to invent another ending for *Clarissa*, and agreed with Madame Klopstock, who wrote from Germany to thank him for having given us the history of a "manly Clarissa." This is her way of describing Sir Charles Grandison.

It is only by the consideration of these facts that we comprehend how Richardson's novels have such a feminine air about them, and that his women are so infinitely more life-like than his men. It is no wonder that he is said by Miss Collier to be the only champion and defender of her sex. He knows women to the core of their hearts, but he only knows the outside of men, and—Sir Charles Grandison excepted—uses them as foils for the virtues of their sisters. Yet notwithstanding this grave blemish, the roll of his admirers contains names of whose support any man might be proud. Johnson considered him "as superior to Fielding in talents as he is in virtue," though adding that he must be read for sentiment only, as "if you studied him for the plot, your impatience would be so much fretted you would hang yourself." The Doctor was, however, by no means blind to his friend's deficiencies. He told Mrs. Piozzi that Richardson had seen little and read little, and that "he was not contented to sail quietly down the stream of reputation without longing to taste the froth from every stroke of the oar." Alfred de Musset calls *Clarissa* "le premier roman du monde." Rousseau gushed over it, Diderot praised it, the Abbé Prévost admired—and shortened it. Sir James Mackintosh declares it to be the finest work of fiction in any language, Macaulay was eager in his admiration, and even Chesterfield pronounced that Richardson "never mistakes nature, and shows great skill both in painting and interesting the human heart." Contemporary laurels of a humbler sort were not lacking. One Mr. Chetwynd writes that if all other books were burnt, *Pamela* ought to be preserved next to the Bible; a little boy of six or seven (Harry Campbell) devours it surrep-

titiously, and Mr. Lobb confides to Richardson that as soon as his son could read he should give him *Pamela* to teach him virtue. M. Daudet dedicated *Sapho* to his sons for the same purpose. One would be inclined to pity Master Lobb for the hours of tedium awaiting him, were it not for the striking testimony of Master Harry Campbell that in the matter of boys also, the fashion of the world is no longer what it was.

It has been necessary to dwell at some length on the circumstances of Richardson's life and position, in order properly to understand how his books came to be what they were; and it may now be interesting to point out some of the mistakes into which he fell, when he attributed the manners of his own class to those of the class above him. Chesterfield complains that "whenever he goes *ultra crepidam* into high life, he grossly mistakes the modes"; and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is indignant at the bare idea that it was the custom among ladies of *ton* to allow themselves to be saluted by their male cousins, and even by strangers.

What must strike every reader of Richardson is the strange independence of his well-born young ladies. No American heiress of our own day could be more entirely mistress of her money than are Clarissa, Emily Jervois, and Miss Byron. For example, Emily Jervois, Sir Charles Grandison's ward, has at the age of fourteen a carriage of her own, in which she drives about shopping attended only by her maid. Her fortune of £50,000 is in Sir Charles's keeping, but she appears to have any amount of money at her disposal. In one passage a casual mention is made of her going out shopping with 130 guineas in her pocket, and in another she talks quite calmly of presenting a carriage and pair to her abandoned mother. More than this, she even borrows fifty guineas from Miss Grandison for the same purpose, without suggesting anyone's surprise. Indeed, singular to relate, all the young ladies seem in their own way to be as wealthy and as free as their brothers and

lovers. Clarissa at eighteen is left complete mistress of the property bequeathed to her by her grandfather, and acts as her own steward, making periodical visits to her estate in order to look over accounts and regulate her affairs. Before this time, I suppose on her being considered grown up, a large parlour at her other home was separated into two, for herself and her sister Arabella "to receive each her visitors at her pleasure." This is an amount of liberty that even the best disciplined of mothers have been slow to concede on our side of the Atlantic. Clarissa also is in possession of her money, and the dividends are paid to her. When her maid is dismissed by her indignant parents for being too obedient to her mistress's commands, Clarissa says that instead of the £4 which she owes her for six months' service (wages were low in those days) she gave the girl ten guineas; and when she is reluctantly driven to seek Lovelace's protection, she finds she has only seven guineas and a half in her pocket, having left fifty guineas behind in her escritoire.

It is amusing to notice how this sum of fifty guineas tickles Richardson's fancy. It is always turning up in somebody's pocket. Miss Howe more than once offers it to Clarissa, Miss Grandison lends it to Emily—it is like the conventional purse of gold in the *Arabian Nights*. That is one of the pleasant things about Richardson. Everybody is so wealthy, and guineas are as common as green leaves. Lovelace seems to us (as no doubt he did to himself) an absolute pauper with only £2000 a year. On the very few occasions on which the people are not spoken of as rich, they have everything that money can buy; and as for the young ladies' clothes—it is idle, after reading Richardson, to talk of modern extravagance. But as here our author was probably not drawing on his own imagination but on known facts, we will speak of this later.

Another peculiarity is the personal freedom with which Richardson endows his fashionable maidens. Not content

with receiving their visitors at home, they pay visits abroad, as Miss Byron discovers the morning after her arrival in London when Miss Allestree and the two Misses Bramber make their compliments to Mrs. Reeves, attended only by two gentlemen. Even the highly decorous Sir Charles Grandison suggests that his sister, aged twenty-five, should spend some time in his house in Essex with no companion save her libertine cousin Everard. That Richardson had strong convictions in advance of his age (and his practice) as to the liberty to be allowed to women, is very plain, from a scene which he once wrote recording the magnificent offers of a gentleman to his daughter, on condition that she would abandon the man on whom her heart was set. The father expressly stipulates that she is to have absolute independence, her allowance is to be doubled, a carriage and footman are to be at her own disposal, and she is to pay and receive her own visits without control from anyone. Few young ladies could resist so splendid a bribe, but as far as I remember this damsel rejected it with scorn.

The use of Christian names is likewise very interesting to the student of Richardson. The most casual acquaintance appears to be sufficient to warrant both gentlemen and ladies in addressing each other (when unmarried) by their "*petits noms*," usually prefixed by the endearing epithet "my," but marriage, or even betrothal, necessitates a return to the more formal style. They also feel unbounded delight in adopting each other formally as brother and sister, uncle and niece.

"Shall I not, Madam," says Sir Charles Grandison to Miss Byron the day after he has rescued her from Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, "shall I not, Madam, present my Charlotte to you as a sister? And will you not permit me to claim as a brother under that relation? Our Miss Byron's Christian name, Mr. Reeves?"

"Harriet, Sir."

"My sister Harriet, receive and acknowledge your Charlotte. My Charlotte—"

It reads like the Church Catechism or Mr. Pecksniff, but this same extraordinary being who is in such a hurry to break through the ordinary rules of conventionality, addresses the same young lady after he is engaged to her as "Infinitely obliging Miss Byron."

Many other instances might be given in which Richardson has credited his "people of condition" with manners which, if he did not invent them for the occasion, belonged to his own class; but one will suffice.

Nothing is more misplaced throughout his novels than the view Richardson takes of duelling, which was then as much a matter of course as fights among schoolboys are or should be. Is it conceivable that Mr. B. would have been covered with confusion when Lady Davers reproached him with the two duels he had fought? Why, he would have gloried in the fact, and swaggered about it. And it is an outrage on human nature to allow Lovelace to be accepted in society after his conduct to Clarissa had become a matter of notoriety; an outrage that he should dance with honest young ladies, and turn off smilingly the indignation of Miss Howe, who finally gives him a slap on the face with her fan. Every woman will thank her for it, as no man was found at hand with heart enough to resent Lovelace's wickedness by running him through the body. Such a state of things was impossible, and Richardson ought to have known it.

Having discussed and set aside these anomalies, there still remains much that is interesting in Richardson's description of manners, when we catch sight of those that were not confined to one class only but were the common property of all. Views of education in those days differed radically in many ways from ours, and in nothing more than in the warnings given to girls of the perils that might beset their sex. That "worthy ancient," Miss Byron's grandmother, was accustomed to fortify the girl's mind by tales of dangers to virtue not always escaped. Nowadays it is considered better to be silent on such subjects, possibly because, as we

have no Sedan chairmen to suborn, the dangers of abduction are considerably less, and young ladies grow up to a great extent ignorant of these matters. It was the habit of speaking about such things that made it possible for young women to read and discuss *Pamela* and *Clarissa*. It was not that they were less modest than we, but that the arms put into their hands were different from ours, that is all. Perhaps the pendulum may shortly swing in the opposite direction.

It is a common belief that religion in the eighteenth century was at a very low ebb, and that the Church services were shuffled over as hastily and as seldom as possible. It is pleasant to find, from the evidence of Richardson and many others, that this was by no means the case; that all chaplains were not Sampsons (Harry Warrington's friend, not the Dominie), nor Trullibers, and that not only were prayers said in the churches, but that some people, at any rate, made use of their opportunities and went to hear them. During the few last weeks of Clarissa's sad life, when she was lodging at the glover's in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, the poor girl went out every morning to one or other of three churches which had daily prayers. At Lincoln's Inn Chapel service was held both at 11 and 5; at St. Dunstan's (where she attended as long as her strength would hold out) it took place at 7; and in another church in Covent Garden at 6 A.M.

According to Richardson, everyone rose very early in those days, and was content with uncommonly little sleep. They all ate and drank a good deal, as we knew before. Breakfast was usually about half-past eight, and between dinner and supper their pangs were assuaged by "afternoon tea," as Mrs. Harlowe expressly calls it. As I have said, the young ladies spent immense sums on their clothes, and, of course, wore much richer materials than (until lately) were considered in our day good taste for unmarried girls. The hints about Clarissa's trousseau were doubtless furnished

to Richardson by his female coterie, his *petticoaterie*, and very curious the description is. Her mother tells her that if she will marry Mr. Solmes, her father intends to give her six suits (three of them dressed suits) at his own expense. "You have," she goes on to say, "an entire new suit, and one besides, which I think you never wore but twice. As the new suit is rich, if you choose to make that one of the six, your father will present you a hundred guineas in lieu of it." "Here's richness!" as Mr. Squeers exclaimed when he tasted the boys' milk and water. But though these offers were rejected by Clarissa together with Mr. Solmes, her own supply of ordinary clothes must have been very handsome, for she not only lives on the sale of them (they were sent to her insultingly by her family) when she escaped from Lovelace's clutches, but in her will left part of the remainder to her cousin, Miss Hervey. The bequest consisted of her "best Mechlin and Brussels lace head-dresses, and a petticoat of flowered silver," Clarissa's own work. Young ladies of that date were always expected to be in full dress, and the habit was not without its advantages. Even a Lovelace could be impressed by it, and he observes to his friend Belford when speaking of Clarissa, unapproachable even in her deepest misery, that "full dress creates dignity, augments consciousness, and compels distance." These words are not without their significance during the reign of tea-gowns.

Stays play an immense part in female attire, and Richardson is never weary of calling our attention to them. Hoops were likewise so vast that Harriet Byron's country cousins were forced "to toss theirs over their shoulders," to make room for Sir Charles Grandison to sit between them; and that avatar of propriety does not appear shocked at the revelation thus made. People exchanged friendly bows in church —all Richardson's characters are most strict in going to church—and during the marriage service it was the custom for the bride and bridegroom to bow their vows, instead of

speaking them. The bride was not escorted by her "next friend" up the church, but was led by the bridegroom, unless, like Sir Charles, he was sufficiently polite to prefer an elderly relative; and after the ceremony the happy pair were expected to entertain their acquaintances for the remainder of the day and most of the night. Weddings are fatiguing enough to the people most concerned, even when restricted to the church service and an afternoon reception afterwards; but when it was necessary for the bride to be shown to her friends before she went to church, and then to amuse them for at least twelve hours afterwards, one only marvels that people got married at all. But society, from the earliest ages, has always made marriage an appalling ordeal.

Readers both of Richardson and Fielding must be struck with the immense difference between the two novelists in their way of considering the poor. Harry Fielding, the magistrate, the man whom Richardson pronounced to be without heart, "with all his parade of pretence to virtuous and humane affections," is greatly troubled by the poverty and degradation around him. He cannot forget it and put it on one side. It haunts him incessantly, and he even composed a scheme for the remedy of the most crying evils, which, if it never became law, at least shows that he was practical in his sympathy. Richardson, on the contrary, leads his kindly but self-absorbed life wholly untouched by any painful problems. The few poor people who are introduced into his pages serve merely as frames, the better to set off the charity of a Pamela or a Clarissa; they were necessary objects in the landscape of the perfect woman, that was all.

Richardson's views about the inferior classes are altogether so singular that one would think that he, like Marie Antoinette, had never crossed the path of any but the well to do. In an age when even country gentlemen were often shy of exhibiting their exceedingly rude penmanship, Richardson's servants, whether grooms, waiting-maids, butlers,

or whatever else they might be, are often as capable as their mistresses of writing lengthy letters to express their feelings; yet, most inconsistently, he makes Lord Davers' nephew write a letter to Pamela which is not only abominably ill-spelt, but abounding in bad grammar, "that there Polly" being a phrase that occurs twice in the same document. And he is not content with making his servants write on every opportunity, they are likewise great readers; but it is too much to expect one to believe that a cook in such a house as Mrs. Sinclair's in Dover Street should sit up in bed devouring the *History of Dorastus and Faunia* till she sets the house on fire. Incidents such as this detract from the feeling of reality which Richardson has been at such pains to inspire in his readers.

Finally, it is amusing, when one reflects on the plethora of new titles under which we have been lately suffering, to find Mr. B., a hundred and forty years ago, discussing his claims to a baronetcy or even a peerage. "Knighthood," he says, "was disdained even by City men, as it had been bestowed so freely, and they all insisted on being created baronets." So, partly on this account, and partly owing to the persuasions of Pamela, Mr. B. lays aside the tempting thought, and resolves to make himself happy with the honours that his ancestors have handed down to him.

So much for the personality of Richardson, as displayed in his novels. We now come to the novels themselves. It is not necessary to give a sketch of any of the plots, because everyone is sufficiently acquainted with the outlines of all three to be able to understand the essential allusions. I suppose everyone is likewise aware that they are written in letters, a method of story-telling difficult to sustain with interest. Of course it is absurd to quarrel with Richardson on account of the artificiality which the letter-writing form engenders. It is no worse in this respect than a play or an opera, or even a fictitious autobiography; but a novel related in this manner requires to be managed with great art, and

Richardson has not managed it well. He is unnecessarily prolix in causing his characters constantly to repeat the same incident. It is the method of *The Ring and the Book*, and spins out a tale to great length. The object of this repetition is to make the narrative appear more natural, but when the occurrence has already been minutely told, the reader revolts against hearing it over again. Besides this, it is usual apparently for someone to take copies of the letters, and it often happens that the writers demand their letters back to display to their admiring friends. Then, too, the letters are frequently read aloud to the assembled family (in *Sir Charles Grandison* this is invariably the case), and their comments are repeated to the writer, so that altogether there is ample opportunity for gossip and vanity. Worse than all, the necessities of the story demand that these refined and delicate girls should perpetually record things which no woman could ever put on paper, and this creates a prejudice against them which no amount of eulogies on their beautiful dignity can ever destroy.

The self-consciousness that was Richardson's bane in private life mars also the interest of his novels. His characters are perpetually occupied with their own affairs, or are eternally admiring each other. They are never tired of protesting the excellence of their own motives, never wearied of hearing Aristides called the Just. With regard to Clarissa, the admiration is well founded and its expression is somewhat chastened, so we can bear it; but when it is a question of Mr. B. or Sir Charles Grandison, the admirers are so servile and the admired so odious, that I, for my part, am lashed into an absolute frenzy of annoyance.

The earliest of Richardson's novels in point of time was *Pamela*, which was written in three months, in the winter of 1739–40. He says it is taken literally from a true story related to him by a gentleman, and that the events happened exactly as described in the novel. The real hero's initial was Mr. B. (was it also "Mr. Beck"?). If the modern bearer

of that name was not so bad a man as his prototype (which would be difficult) I sincerely pity his feelings at being handed down to posterity in such a guise.

The attitude accepted by Richardson as being the natural in all men of fashion towards defenceless women, is indicated by Harriet Byron in a letter to Lucy Selby. "Men, many men," she writes, "are to be looked upon as savages, as wild beasts of the desert; and a single and independent woman they hunt after as their proper prey." In Mr. B.'s persecution of Pamela we have all the particulars of this hunt, related with the utmost minuteness. Richardson, of course, intended it to be both an encouragement and a warning to girls that were exposed to temptation, and considered it a very solemn and weighty production. Personally, I fear I should seldom agree with the worthy bookseller in my estimate of anything, and I can only say that I have read *Pamela* twice through, and that it caused me more genuine amusement and solitary fits of laughter than any other book I know. There is a point at which want of humour becomes humorous, and surely nothing funnier ever was written than Pamela's paraphrase of the paraphrase of the 137th Psalm. She herself somewhere calls her own attempts at poetry "sad poor stuff," and few people will disagree with her.

"My joys and hopes all overthrown,
My heart-strings almost broke;
Unfit my mind for melody,
Much more to bear a joke.

Remember, Lord, this Mrs. Jewkes,
When, with a mighty sound,
She cries, Down with her chastity,
Down to the very ground."

Everyone in the book is in a false position from beginning to end, and behaves in a truly astonishing manner. Pamela, who, like all Richardson's heroines, is the incarnation of all the virtues and all the graces, was the child of

"poor but honest parents," who had come down in the world. After her father, Goodman Andrews, had failed in his efforts to keep a school, Pamela was adopted at the age of eleven by a lady, who had her carefully instructed in every kind of accomplishment with the view of bringing her up as a waiting-woman and companion. This was a position frequently held in those days by girls whose birth was much superior to Pamela's. Mr. B., her benefactress's son, who, like Lovelace and Sir Charles Grandison, was twenty-six when the story opens, began to form schemes against Pamela when she was only thirteen, and on his mother's death, two years later, at once proceeded to carry them out. Pamela speedily became alarmed and informed her parents, and her father writes to her in a terrible state of anxiety entreating her to be prudent but never once suggesting—at least, it is a long while before he does so—that she should come home and place herself in safety. Indeed, nothing is more singular throughout Richardson's novels than the view he takes of the duties of servants to their employers. As to the fact that they are free to go or stay, it does not enter into his head. Occasionally their master turns them away, but, if not, they submit passively to any sort of treatment. Even Pamela, who shows at first a shade more spirit than the rest, only begs humbly to be allowed to go to her parents, and both they and she acquiesce quietly in Mr. B.'s refusal of the offer made by his sister Lady Davers to take Pamela for her own waiting-maid, just as if the girl were a slave.

However, granting, as one must do for the purposes of the story, that Pamela is forced to stay under Mr. B.'s roof, she shows all the caution and dignity that are possible under the circumstances: much more, indeed, than she displays a few weeks later when she begins to hope that Mr. B. will make her his wife. A remark of Mr. B.'s, that "if she were a lady of birth he would marry her to-morrow," chancing to come to her ears, she observes with perfect

truth and good feeling, "that if she were, and he had offered to be rude first, as he had to her, she didn't know if she would have him, for," she goes on to say, "she that can bear an insult of that kind, I should not think worthy to be a gentleman's wife, any more than *he* would be a gentleman who would offer it." This is very different language from that which she holds when the brilliant prospect of becoming Mrs. B. and the mistress of two estates really opens out before her. Richardson would have us believe that she had felt all along for Mr. B. the "preferable inclination" which was all that virtuous people in those days allowed themselves. But why should she? For his own ends he had maligned her to his mother (though without much effect) two years before, and since she had been thrown on her own resources she had never been blind to his real character. He had shown himself mean, deceitful, unscrupulous, cowardly, base in every kind of way, and what is more, Pamela knew it. He would never have married her if he could have helped it, and Pamela knew that too; therefore, there is something degrading and revolting in the abject servility with which both she and her parents regard him after she is once his wife. "The dear gentleman" and "the dear obliger" are for ever in their mouths, and the whole family sing a perpetual pæan over his goodness. The want of moral dignity which, except in the case of Clarissa, is so marked a characteristic of Richardson, first shows itself in the conduct of Pamela and her father at this juncture; and still worse is to come, in her civil treatment of Mrs. Jewkes, Mr. B.'s Lincolnshire housekeeper, who had done everything in her power to compass Pamela's ruin, besides bodily ill-using the poor prisoner. Blows and deprivation might have been forgiven, but abominable words and yet more abominable deeds should have been burned into the memory of any honest woman.

Some of Richardson's own friends pointed out to him

that he was lowering his heroine by making her continue to keep Mrs. Jewkes in her service, but he defended it on the ground that the housekeeper had only acted as a faithful servant in obeying Mr. B.'s directions. Of course the humiliation was nothing more than the woman who married Mr. B. would have to expect, and no one who had been born a lady could possibly have submitted to this and much besides. Pamela, attractive though Richardson makes us feel her to be in many respects, never conveys the impression of refinement, and was therefore much better suited to Mr. B. than any well-born woman. How Clarissa would have writhed at being turned into a show for the country to come and stare at, more on account of her misfortunes than of her beauty! And as for remaining with her guests while Mr. B. read aloud her journal, written in her season of dire distress, or expatiated at great length on the numerous occasions when Pamela had foiled his artful schemes, no woman that ever lived could have survived the shame of such a narration. But Pamela's rhinoceros hide was proof against any such attacks; and as Mr. B. was one of those detestable people who would rather relate stories to their own discredit than not talk about themselves at all, there must have been no limits to the revelations. It is all very well for Richardson to urge, as he probably would have done, that a reformed rake makes the best husband (worthy man, *he* knew little enough about it!); but a rake who only marries because he has absolutely failed to satisfy his desires in any other way hardly promises much reformation, either in the present or in the future. That his old friend Sir Simon Darnford did not think so is very plain, for when he gives a reluctant consent to his daughter Polly paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. B., in London, he makes what Richardson calls "a humorous condition" that Mr. B. shall sign some acknowledgment "that the young lady was entrusted to his honour, and that she was to return home with a reputation as unsullied" as when she left it. And this

decision was communicated by Miss Darnford herself to Pamela. Could any situation more utterly comic be conceived? Richardson had given me already a great many surprises and much amusement, but when I read *this* I felt human absurdity could go no further. Miss Darnford is spared by the all-conquering Mr. B., but Pamela's domestic happiness almost suffers shipwreck from the wiles of a lady in a nun's habit at a masquerade to which they take their visitor. Pamela soon becomes uneasy and jealous, and watches her two companions closely. She notes how "an egregious beauish appearance came up to Miss," and how she was addressed by a footman in livery, but she is nearly driven frantic by a nun who speaks "in Italian something very free, as it seemed by her manner," to Mr. B. Italian was a language not understood by Pamela. Things got worse and worse, but the threatened catastrophe is finally averted in a highly unnatural manner, and we are led to believe that this was the first and last difference between the married pair, and that the B.'s henceforth found their happiness in their inordinately large family. Students of Mr. B.'s character know much better; but Pamela married him with her eyes open, and only had herself to thank for whatever might befall her.

I have already quoted many of the opinions of competent literary critics as to the merit of *Clarissa Harlowe*, Richardson's second and incomparably his greatest novel, which was published in the year 1748. Clarissa's character is something so much apart from any of the rest, that one marvels how a man who could have conceived her in her single-minded simplicity could have likewise painted the embodiment of self-conscious swagger that goes by the name of Mr. B., or the galvanised puppet that struts to and fro upon the earth under the title of Sir Charles Grandison. It is strange how the only one of his heroines to whom he allows any human weaknesses—they cannot be called faults—is beyond a doubt far the finest and most attractive

character of the three. Clarissa, in spite of her independent position and liberty of action, is lacking in the judgment that only combined years and experience can give. She is anxious to act rightly but gets bewildered, as other women have done, between her duty to her parents and her duty to herself; and when, after a long course of persecution, she finds herself on the eve of being forced into marriage with a man whom she detests, and seizes the only chance of escape open to her, who can say she was wrong? Yet on the whole, perhaps, it is better to lay the shipwreck of one's life at one's parents' door than have it on one's own shoulders. Clarissa, at any rate, thought so when she had learned by bitter experience in whom she had placed her trust.

But be this as it may, it seems to me that Richardson has committed a grave error at the very opening of the story, about this very question of Clarissa's marriage. He draws a picture of the girl happy at home, adored by her family, with liberty to come and go, to employ herself as she would, to reject what suitors she liked; for up to this time, we are expressly told that she had turned a deaf ear to six or seven.

Suddenly, without any adequate reason, without any reason at all that I can detect, except the natural jealousy of her sister Arabella when Lovelace transferred his attentions to Clarissa, every relation she has in the world turns round and ill-treats her. Why? No human being can explain. She is not in the least enamonred of Lovelace, indeed she never gets further than saying that she could have loved him if he had been a good man—she only asks to be left single and not made to marry anybody. But no. Mr. Solmes is produced; ugly, rich, uncouth, and with a bad character, in no respect the husband that the beautiful heiress might command, and she is told she is to marry him on a certain day. Clarissa has only one friend of whom she can even ask counsel: her neighbour Miss Anna Howe, who is herself, ostensibly at least, under the control of her

mother. Miss Howe's answer to one of these despairing letters is significant. Were *she* in Clarissa's place, she says, she "would have been with Lovelace before now, but that, while it would be pardonable" in *her* who was hasty, it would be inexcusable in Clarissa.

Yet to this step, pronounced impossible by her friend, poor Clarissa is at last driven. She does not make up her mind all at once. She hesitates, declines Lovelace's offered help, accepts again, goaded by some fresh declaration about her marriage, but even then leaves herself a loophole for withdrawing her consent should her prayers and tears win her a respite from her family. Clarissa's extremity is Lovelace's opportunity; he is not the man to let it slip, and taking advantage of a sudden fright caused by one of his confederates he hurries her into the coach and carries her off to St. Albans.

It says a great deal for Richardson's art that he can allow his heroine to commit such an unwomanly action without causing us to abate one jot of our sympathy for her. From first to last we feel that she tried to do her best, but that circumstances were too strong for her. She often makes mistakes, is prudent when she ought to have been daring, is daring when she should have been wise, but she is always single-hearted. One of her earliest errors is her refusal of Lovelace when he offers to marry her at St. Albans, and also on two subsequent occasions. She hesitates, partly from a feeling that he did not seem sufficiently in earnest about it, and partly because she thought that her marriage would be a bar to her reconciliation with her family. More knowledge of the world would have taught her that marriage was the *only* way to win the forgiveness of her family, and soon, poor girl, the day for that was past.

From first to last Clarissa appears to us in a state of absolute isolation. She has first to divine her own perils, and then defend herself against them. Her danger is

present to her every moment, but even at the last she forms no false idea of her own guilt. After the madness of horror, which Richardson has painted so finely, has passed away, she confronts them all, and shows us the woman they have ruined. Reparation there is none for that wrong, the offered marriage is felt to be only a further insult; and Clarissa disappears from before our eyes to await in death the only refuge left her. Yet even now, the sacrifice accomplished, she is not left in peace. At the instance of the woman who had compassed her betrayal she is thrown into a miserable sponging-house, where she is found by Belford, a companion of Lovelace, but less brutal and hardened than his friend. No more touching description was ever written than that which paints Clarissa's attitude and condition in this horrible place, and her thankfulness when she is taken out of it back to the rest and calm of her lodgings. From this time her health rapidly gives way, and always alone except for the few strangers her sorrows have gathered about her, she prepares to die. The way that her family refuse to believe in her illness is very natural. They are warned again and again; but until she is actually dead, and preparations are being made by Belford and her long-looked-for cousin, Colonel Morden, to lay her in the family vault, they wilfully decline to realise that she will never recover. Then her father and mother and uncles are overcome with grief, but her brother and sister are scarcely softened even for a moment, and begin to haggle over her will, drawn, it must be confessed, in surprisingly legal terms for a girl of nineteen.

Richardson is always at his worst when he is describing men, and especially fashionable gentlemen, and he succeeds no better with Lovelace than with the rest. Such, at least, is my opinion, though here, I am aware, I differ from most critics. Lovelace is cut on the same pattern as Mr. B., but goes a little further, and neither of the two is in the least a real man. Miss Howe, indeed, says that Lovelace has "so

much gaiety and so little of the monkey about him," but he never gives the impression of possessing even the outward characteristics of a fine gentleman. He is heartless, brutal, sensual, wholly wanting even in external taste and decency, or the semblance of remorse. Up to the end he professes to feel love for Clarissa and anxiety to make her his wife, yet when Belford writes to tell him she is dying he quite ignores the fact, and merely answers that he is going to a ball to meet her friend Miss Howe. Richardson would have us believe him full of wit and gaiety; but his letters only show his utter want of heart and shame, and total lack of any kind of generosity. The young ladies who formed the bookseller's family circle must have been strange beings indeed if they could find any charm in his picture of such a man, and have singularly missed the whole point of the book when they desired Clarissa to marry him. Pamela would have accepted him and worshipped him afterwards, Miss Byron would have thought she was doing the most sensible thing under the circumstances; Clarissa alone knew that she would be consenting to her own degradation.

The greater number of the minor characters in the book are merely types, and as such demand no special attention. James is the selfish, violent brother; Arabella the jealous, spiteful sister; Mrs. Harlowe the affectionate yet timid mother, who dares not have a will apart from her husband; Mr. Harlowe is the unreasonable parent who is sometimes to be met with in our own day, but was a more common object in society a hundred years ago. What he desired must be done; he must always know better than anyone else, so Clarissa should accept the suitor whom he favoured or he would disown her. There is nothing the least unnatural about Mr. Harlowe's character; but, as I have pointed out before, his behaviour to Clarissa is absolutely inconsistent with the previous freedom which he allowed her.

The person who, after Lovelace, plays the greatest part in Clarissa's life is her friend Miss Howe, a warm-hearted

impulsive girl, whose instincts are stronger than her reason, and who sticks to those she loves through thick and thin. It is the fashion to compare her with Miss Grandison; but Miss Howe is far more of a lady and less of a hoyden, and her teasing of the meek Hickman is restrained within due limits. Without her sympathy and love Clarissa would have been even more desolate than she was, and Miss Howe is the one person in the whole book who had no cause to reproach herself for casting a stone at that victim.

A gulf as wide as that which separates *Philip* from *Vanity Fair* lies between *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison*, the latest of Richardson's works, published in 1753. The excellent author seems to have encased himself in the stays that cut so great a figure in his novels. The style is artificial, pompous, and stiff, the characters are all prosy and self-conscious; it is indeed the "deplorably tedious lamentation" it was called by Walpole. Mrs. Barbauld says, in her memoir of Richardson, that it shows how much more fashionable he had grown since he first took to novel-writing; but, except for the titles which are scattered freely about, we might be introduced to a set of small shopkeepers, so far removed are all the characters from the ease of mind and manners that betoken good breeding.

Sir Charles Grandison was originally called "A Good Man," and was intended to be the opposite of Lovelace and Mr. B., and the male counterpart of Pamela and Clarissa. He is twenty-six—Richardson's favourite age—when we first make his acquaintance, and find him talking in the style of an old-fashioned beau of seventy. In fact, the person Sir Charles really resembles is an elderly philandering divine of a type that is rapidly becoming extinct. He cannot address a lady without trying to seize her hand (thereby raising false hopes within her breast), or refrain from employing towards her terms of endearment as his adopted relation. When he is not engaged in preaching of himself, the rest keep up a running comment on his perfections. He turns up in

every conversation as surely as the head of Charles I. in Mr. Dick's memorial, and nobody, not even one of the gentlemen, has the courage to say what certainly someone must have felt—that they detest the very sound of his name. His servants all worship him—Richardson's servants always do worship their masters in a slavish manner—no less than seven ladies of beauty, position, and wealth are "sick with love" for him. Five of them he gently refuses; the other two keep us in suspense for some time, till, after a variety of tedious negotiations and treaties, drawn up as if the future of the nation were at stake, the whole thing falls to the ground and Miss Byron comes off victorious.

One of Richardson's correspondents, Mrs. Donnellan, objects to this episode (which indeed is very long, highly unnecessary, and exceedingly tiresome) on the ground that a hero should not be in love with two people at once. Miss Mulso, afterwards the sensible Mrs. Chapone, goes further, and declares she doubts if Sir Charles was capable of being in love with anyone, and on this point I most heartily agree with her.

Not a grace that Richardson can imagine is left unbestowed. He plays, sings, dances, dresses, looks, talks better than the best. He is also such a wonderful fencer that, though his principles forbid him to fight duels, he does not object to go out with any opponent, as he knows he is certain to disarm him at the first pass. The immediate consequence of this manœuvre is first an oration on the part of Sir Charles, and then an invitation to breakfast on that of the vanquished, probably with the laudable idea of checking Sir Charles's flow of words at all hazards.

The one vulnerable point in Sir Charles's armour is his knowledge of history. One would have thought that a residence of eight years in France and Italy, to which he partially owed the "admirable ease" of manner (save the mark!) which distinguished him, would likewise have taught

him something of the historical gossip of the French Court during the last hundred years. But this was not the case. He positively asserts (vol. ii. p. 12) that Madame de Maintenon owed her introduction to Louis XIV. to her being employed to write her letters by the King's mistress. The fashion of this world passeth away indeed. Who would have imagined that the "wit of the Mortemarts" should have become in Richardson's day so completely a thing of the past that Madame de Montespan is not allowed the credit of writing her own letters? Sir Charles's poor dupes believe him, of course, as they would believe any monstrous statement which he chose to utter.

Miss Harriet Byron is truly the female of Sir Charles's species, and rapidly deteriorates from the moment in which he so romantically makes her acquaintance. No one in Richardson comes near her for the length of her letters, and when one considers that, unlike Pamela and Clarissa, she was living in the world, the quantity becomes little less than miraculous. In these days she would certainly have suffered from writer's cramp, but she never seems to know fatigue nor to want rest. Not less remarkable is the extraordinary want of modesty and reticence that she exhibits in her communications. When we think of Clarissa, hardly able to tell, even to her dearest friend, what was absolutely necessary should be told and then saying as little as possible, there is something shocking in the way in which Harriet discusses with her family the probabilities of Sir Charles falling in love with her. She even permits his sisters to talk over the same subject with her, and his ward to ask if she may come and live with them, though she is ready to sink into the earth with shame when a few days after her engagement, her uncle Mr. Selby says to Sir Charles that he hoped to pay him and his niece a visit at their Essex house. A harmless observation one would have thought, especially when we reflect on the conversations at Pamela's table, to which Richardson thought a modest

woman might sit and listen. No smaller gnat was ever strained at, and no bigger camel ever swallowed.

After Sir Charles, incomparably the most tedious person in the whole book is his ward, Emily Jervois, of whom I have before spoken. This young lady, aged fourteen, is of course hopelessly in love with Sir Charles, and nearly tumbles down with emotion every time he addresses her. Sometimes she sheds besides what Mr. B. calls "pearly fugitives," but at the utmost never gets beyond stammering out a few servile, disconnected sentences, expressive of the goodness of her guardian, and implying what a poor worm is she.

The only relief among the whole assemblage is Miss Grandison, afterwards Lady G. (why will not Richardson give people real names?), a rude, teasing, provoking girl, but whom we like better than the others, because she sometimes causes her sainted brother to frown. After Sir Charles's rounded periods it is a comfort to hear Miss Grandison break out into slang, and her "free expressions" become music to our ears after the "worthy madams" and "excellent ancients" of Sir Charles.

The rest of the personages are mere names. The bad ones use violent language and fight duels, the good ones spend their lives in bowing down and saying what an incomparable man Sir Charles is. No one takes more kindly to this engaging pursuit than the Porretta family—father, mother, and three brothers of the beautiful Clementina, with whom Sir Charles has become acquainted in Italy. It is not easy to understand why Richardson should have introduced this episode which, in spite of Sir Walter Scott's opinion, is excessively long and dull. If he wanted to keep Miss Byron in suspense as to the state of Sir Charles's affections, he could quite as easily have done it in some other way, and nearly the whole of the Italian letters can be omitted without any injury to the story.

Even in that age of few novels it seems wonderful that *Sir Charles Grandison* should have been so popular. It is

bad in style, in form, in conception; it is of an endless length, yet so far from complete in itself that some Göttingen friends wrote over to ask if there was not another volume; a compliment occasionally paid to modern analytic novelists.

Nowadays it is as little read as the *Faerie Queene*, and people would cease to talk so glibly of "Grandisonian manners" if they had any idea of the gaudy wooden things they really were, but they refer to Richardson's intention of creating a perfect man rather than to his execution. Really good manners are not always thrusting themselves on the attention, and those who possess them are apt to talk less of themselves than Richardson's model gentleman, and to dislike to live in the atmosphere of flattery which was natural to him. Richardson could not understand a man living on equal terms with his fellows. He must in some way or other be a Sultan, as Richardson himself was to his little female court. Had he been more a man of the world, and mixed with other men, had there been more of give and take in his life, his novels as well as himself would have gained immeasurably.

ART IN COUNTRY INNS AND LODGING-HOUSES[1]

Does it ever occur, I wonder, to any of the numerous summer visitors to country inns as they lounge wearily in their sitting-rooms on wet days, with only the splendour of wax flowers and crochet mats to beguile their imaginations, that they have exactly succeeded in transporting themselves into the *milieu* in which most of their grandmothers, if not their mothers, lived and died? It is not given to all of us to have been born and brought up in old ancestral homes, amidst Vandykes, Reynoldses, and Gainsboroughs, with oak presses of the date of the Armada, and inlaid bureaus straight from the workshop of Sheraton. Younger sons go away to seek a fortune and found a family in a new place. They have never greatly heeded or cared for, perhaps, the old treasures with which they have been too familiar. They marry wives without the traditions of beauty, which are as well partly the tradition of sentiment; they adopt the fashion of the hour, which is somehow not the development of the old but the deliberate contrast of the new; and the result is the Art which even yet lingers in our country towns and inns, and which finds an even more congenial home in many of our colonies.

How strange it feels to summon these ghostly chambers from the past, and wake up the dim memories of one's childhood. The white and gold papers in the drawing-room; the vistas of round tables unfolded to the view; the heavy mahogany chairs, with their seats and backs grounded in scarlet Berlin wool by the industrious mistress of the house,

From the *Art Journal*, 1890, pp. 295–98.

the scarlet background being used as a foil to huge bunches of white Annunciation lilies with large, bright-green leaves. It was the era when glass shades reigned supreme, and in many mansions monumental structures of wax fruit and flowers reposed on little mats of beads or shaded wool; but these, it must be truthfully said, were as a rule only present when the family did not care for books or cover the tables with them. In those days the making of wax flowers was was considered one of the elegant accomplishments of a "finished" young lady, and held the place that carving or brass repoussé work did in later years. The prompt answer of an energetic person desiring in 1889 to snub the curiosity of an aggressive female philanthropist, who had asked, "And what do *you* do with your time?" by the reply, "I make wax flowers," would have been neither funny nor mendacious fifty years ago; wax flowers would have been the natural employment of her leisure hours. These poor wax flowers! I have often wondered what became of them when they succumbed to whatever form of decay besets their plastic material, or were banished by the angry disgust of a new generation. I have scanned the tops of dust-carts in vain, expectimg to see them going to their doom in the congenial society of a wedding-cake ornament, but I watched in vain. Now I know! They are given to a cook or housemaid "on the occasion of her marriage." Affairs prosper with the happy couple. They take a country inn, and install the wax flowers (always with the shade) in the centre of the best sitting-room.

But it was not on the drawing-room tables alone that the artistic taste of our ancestors ran riot. The husbands surpassed themselves in the ornamentation of the dining-room. Besides the heavy silver trays and covers (only brought out at dinner parties) of which they felt justly proud, they hankered after something less utilitarian and more ideal, which found its expression in an epergne. With what skill and ingenuity were these centre-pieces adapted to

the tastes and position in life of their owner! If he happened to be a Scotch laird, he had before him a carefully compiled scene of mountains covered with stags, and sportsmen hiding behind rocks to take a shot at them. If he was a successful general who had won his laurels on the banks of the Nile, his enthusiastic friends presented him with a memento of his battles and their affection in the shape of a heterogeneous mass of sphinxes, pyramids, Arabs, and palm-trees; if he was an earnest philanthropist the offering took the form of an allegory, with Mercy stretching out her hand to a group of little street boys, and Faith pointing upwards. But whatever might be the subjects of these pictures in silver, the articles had one thing in common, a vase for flowers at the top, generally covered with a wire netting and intended to hold sand. And this brings me to the saddest part of my history. These vases were not filled with branching roses or trailing orchids, which might have gone far to redeem the elaborate ugliness of the landscape underneath. They were carefully decorated with artificial flowers kept for the purpose; flowers of every kind and hue, arranged to the best advantage by the daughters of the house, and flanked at either end of the long dinner-table by a silver urn containing a stiff artificial heath, and intersected by lines of pink paper roses.

In the matter of pictures our grandfathers were scarcely more happy than they were in their table decorations. The old engravings of last-century beauties had gone out of fashion (except in rare instances), and a new school had arisen which knew not the lovely Anne Luttrell or the fascinating Miss Ramus. In exchange, the walls were hung with chromo-lithographs of Mont Blanc or Lucerne, with bad prints of Landseer's early pictures, with portraits of Wilberforce, with lithographs from Ary Scheffer; and a little later, with gigantic copies of that strange work of Art, the "Wellington Banquet," where half the guests sit up as stiff and stark as if they were contemplating Medusa's head, and

the other half lounge about in the most unsophisticated manner. Everything in those days was symmetrical. The chairs were as much fixtures in certain spots as the piano; books were piled tidily on the centre table; work was folded up and put away in a basket. If the family happened to have a garden, and flowers were accessible, a tight nosegay of different colours, with "a little yellow to brighten it up," was usually to be found in the room in summer; but sprays of clematis, trails of briony, or clusters of autumn leaves, would have been considered messy and out of place. It is curious, by the way, to note how entirely the love of flowers is of modern growth, at any rate with the English nation. In modern tales written about the last century a great deal is always said about the heroine walking in her beautiful old-fashioned garden, gathering blossoms as dainty as herself; but in contemporary literature, as a matter of fact, it is hardly too much to say that they were never mentioned at all. Clarissa talks of her poultry, Mr. Knightley of his strawberries, Mrs. Elton of the laurels at Maple Grove, but, except for the gathering of rose-leaves to make pot-pourri, the flowery kingdom in which we take such delight is absolutely ignored in last-century books.

Now that we have arrived at a clear knowledge of house decoration fifty years ago, we can the better understand the adornments of the smaller country inns of to-day.

These inns differ from many of the larger hotels in which we break our journey, in paying no attention whatever to the spiritual needs of their visitors. In place of the huge Bible with large clear type, and strings of texts suspended on a roll, which were frequently to be met with in the early 'eighties, we have a modest card with a request not to smoke, and a tariff of baths, meals, and beds. There is something peculiarly irritating in the sight of this card to the guest who intends to make a sojourn of some weeks, and if he is a person of spirit he at once tears it down. Unless one's instincts are very mercantile indeed, one prefers to keep

up, as far as possible, the fiction of the manna and the quails, and not to know the price of every cup of tea one orders in a moment of exhaustion. It is, by the way, a noticeable fact that, in spite of the fierce capitals in which the statement forbidding smoking is blazoned about the establishment, a smell of smoke, which is certainly not that of peat, formerly pervaded the whole house from basement to garret.

If, as is probable, the scene of this summer outing is in a romantic or picturesque neighbourhood, one is bored to death by every conceivable device to rivet the attention on what, after all, every man can see and judge for himself. Quotations from local poets are printed on the menu cards; the writing-paper has hideous little views of the green hills opposite, or the cascade round the corner. Photographs are offered you at every turn, and the most select specimens are hung up over your mantelpiece. These, however, are generally harmless, and one should be thankful for them as long as they do not include facetious groups, with a foreground of a young man in flannels with one hand resting on a bicycle, and bearing in the other a foaming beaker, and a mingled and not very distinct background of fir trees and tents.

But the oleograph is the great *pièce de résistance* of the country innkeeper, and it has wholly displaced the chromolithograph of an earlier day, and in a great measure the common, bad engraving. Pictures that might have been clever and interesting enough in the original, become grotesque when contemplated through this medium. I can call to mind such a picture now. From the bare look of the landscape, and the presence of a number of men in kilts, all more or less wounded, one conjectures that the scene represents Culloden. A person imperfectly acquainted with history might take the robust, red-faced elderly gentleman seated on a white horse, with the Blue Ribbon of the Garter over his scarlet coat, for George II, or at any rate for the

would produce a crooked and uneven effect. But this obstacle is finally overcome by the interposition of the helm between them, and by the skilful device of bending the knees of the elder till the two heads are reduced to the same level.

Religious pictures and family portraits fill up the vacant spaces on the walls. The ancient daguerreotypes are often amusing, with the men in enormously wide duck trousers, and the women in many-flounced muslin dresses, black mantles, banded hair, and silk bonnets. Everyone looks the same age in these daguerreotypes and in the early photographs that followed them, or, to speak more correctly, nobody looks less than fifty-five. Yet they have, from their very absurdity, a kind of interest that is entirely lacking to their modern equivalents, the landlord's relations in plush frames, on the table, or depicted on huge canvasses, with their broad, wrinkleless, expressionless faces surrounded by heavy gold frames.

Mingled with these, or taking their place, according to the taste of the owner, are the religious pictures; Eleazer and Rebekah at the well is one of the famous subjects in English country lodgings, perhaps because it appeals at once to the religious sense and the domestic virtues. The infant Samuel is another, for the same reason; but occasionally something more soul-stirring is needed, and the human affections are set aside in favour of the Last Judgment. What a strange mind the man must have had who could take comfort in painting such a picture! The angels in hoops and perukes carry one's thoughts involuntarily back to Hippolyte and Phèdre in the same inappropriate garments, and the only person not wearing a flowing wig is the Pope, whose tonsured head is exposed to view from the falling off of his mitre in the downward flight. One curious feature of this composition is that while the angels and the redeemed have the same foolish conventional faces, those of the devils and the lost are drawn with the utmost care, and are

evidently portraits. Indeed Satan himself is an especially handsome man. How the artist must have gloated over the feeling that he was conferring unenviable immortality on the patrons who had disdained him and on the friends whom he detested!

The mantelpiece of the ideal lodging-house room is a museum in miniature. Above it hang memorial verses, and funeral cards deeply edged with black, and surmounted by a female leaning on an urn, and sheltered from the elements by a weeping willow, all in perforated cardboard. The verses do more honour to the composers' hearts than their heads. This is one of them, which is to be found in a remote cottage in the border country—

> "Farewell, dear friends, remember me
> When spring's young voice awakes the flowers;
> For I have wandered far and free,
> In these bright hours, the violet-hours."

In spite of the faulty versification, there is a rough pathos about them which causes us to turn our eyes away without criticism to the glowing ornaments underneath; an odd medley of objects, hideous enough to our eyes, of course, but no doubt representing something beautiful to the person who bought them! The large black-and-white china cat which guards one end of the mantelpiece, and is matched at the other by a red-and-white spaniel, are the lineal descendants of the valuable ducks that used to gaze superciliously at our grandmothers, and the ancestors of the carefully-executed elephants who condescend to ornament our own staircases. Black cats and red dogs were not wholly unknown a few years ago in more luxurious homes than country cottages, and many a reluctant bath they have shared with their small mistresses. Now they are out of date in modern nurseries, like other playthings of one's youth, and only the few children who care to know "what you did when you were a little girl," are likely to give a tender thought to them.

Next the cat and the dog, if the cottage is anywhere near the sea, or the son is a sailor, are probably some large shells, which, in their beauty and mysterious colouring, must always lend a grace to the commonest surroundings. But, alas! shells are only considered naturally ornamental when they are of a sufficiently majestic size. At other times they are mounted on velvet and tortured into frightful little watch-stands, pincushions, paper cases, and similar horrors, for which the small shells always used are absolutely unfitted. Occasionally large pan-like shells of a particular kind can be employed separately with advantage in making certain articles, and on the window-ledges of a lovely cottage at the head of Moffatdale are flower-boxes whose wooden surfaces are completely and prettily hidden by some of these big shells, collected doubtless by a sailor-boy in distant lands.

In the South of England the shell mania is apt to give way to one for Tunbridge ware, and this is infinitely more serious, as the material is not only ugly in itself, but is capable of being fashioned into an infinite variety of forms. The result is a standing peculiarity in lodgings (and even dwelling-houses). The bedrooms are so crammed with little useless "ornaments," that it is absolutely impossible for the visitor to make room for anything; and it once happened to a gentleman who was spending the night at a farmhouse during an electioneering tour, that he positively could not find a spare inch on his dressing-table to lay down his watch.

No, the invention of Tunbridge ware was certainly a great step downward in the history of English art. It was cheap, it was durable, it was easily worked, and the country was flooded with stamp-boxes, rulers, inkstands, blotting-books, and every sort of working apparatus made of this most frightful of materials. What child of twenty-five years ago does not remember gazing ruefully at the brown and yellow patterns of some ugly little box brought her as a present by an aunt, with more good will than judgment,

and striving hard to think that her own instincts were wrong, and that the object in question was really the thing of beauty represented by her elders? Perhaps she even went the length of praising it out loud, with a view to convincing herself of its intrinsic charms; but a few days at most saw the unlucky box consigned to the limbo of forgotten treasures, unless, indeed, as sometimes happened, it had the good fortune to be lined with cedar, when it was given an honourable place.

Still, the reign of Tunbridge ware is, after all, a limited one in area, and north of the Trent, at any rate, one may hope to escape. Here the watch-stands are replaced by roughly-made china shepherdesses, or by pink and white flower-glasses, wreathed round with white convolvulus, or even by vases of purple spar—perhaps the very ones which ornamented Rochester's dining-room, and were so much admired by Jane Eyre. This spar, which is occasionally to be met with in cottages now, held the same place in the estimation of our parents that *cloisonné* does in our own. There was only one substance they thought could surpass it, and that was malachite, which might probably be found on their writing-tables in the shape of a ruler or candlestick, "handsomely set" in ormulu. Mercifully malachite was easily chipped, and so it has disappeared more wholly and certainly than the less offensive spar.

Unluckily, however, mistaken efforts at decoration are not confined to the walls and chimney-pieces of country inns and lodging-house parlours. In that case their state would be all the more gracious, for, after all, pictures can be turned with their faces to the wall, and the smaller and more meretricious of the mantelpiece ornaments can be shut up in the rickety rosewood chiffonier with the looking-glass back. But who can dispose of the gaudy carpet with its white ground scattered over with wreaths of brilliant flowers? of the blue rep chairs, or of the stiff curtains to match? It is the sight of these fixtures that cools the spirit of the most enterprising, and

leads him to feel that half measures would be no good, that as long as carpet and curtains remain, everything else may be endured with equanimity.[1] The trophy of wax flowers may be suffered to abide unmolested on the shelf, the little wool mats may retain their places on the table, the white china lamps, with decorations of pink and gold, may be left undisturbed. As long as the lamps neither smoke nor smell, and the carpets and curtains keep out the cold, the wise lodger will possess his soul in silence and in patience. In time he may even learn to feel mechanically at his coat-tail buttons when he is going for a walk, in case a crochet "tidy" may happen to be clinging to them, and to skirt the table where the plaster church with the coloured glass windows reposes in dignity, if he comes to search for a book in the dark.

But it would be doing the innkeeper an injustice if we allowed it to be imagined that his desire to minister to the intellectual cultivation of his guests ceased outside the door of the sitting-room. In large hotels furnished by a company, there is a distressing monotony and lack of individuality about all the arrangements. But the country innkeeper is a free man, with no one to consult but himself, and nowhere throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain have we found such hospitable greetings scattered broadcast as in the toilette apparatus of country inns. Indeed, the welcome is so profuse on all sides, that the only thing at all to be compared to it is the reception of a prince in a fairy tale, where a thousand detached hands are stretched out eagerly to do him honour and to offer him service. Turn

[1] Since writing the above, I have just received a letter from a friend, telling me of some seaside lodgings that she has lately occupied, where the curtains were looped up with strings of pearl. They were kept by a courier and his wife, and it was the rule of the family that the baby should always be called after the place where the father happened to be when he heard of its birth. Hence there was a St. Petersburg and Naples; the twins were Kattegat and Skagerrak, while the only daughter was named Vienna.

where you will, some pleasant remark is addressed to you, some poetry is infused into the most prosaic objects of daily life. When, overcome with weariness, you prepare to seek your couch, you find standing on a table in the passage a china candlestick painted with wreaths of roses, bearing the legend "Good Night" in letters of gold in the middle. When, refreshed by sleep, you leave your bed, you have the inestimable advantage of washing under the eyes of a black-haired mermaid cunningly depicted on a straw splash-cloth, the less pleasing part of her body concealed under a profusion of lilies and roses, with a scroll containing the words "Good Morning" waving above her head. The spiritual part of your nature too is not forgotten, and texts nearly smothered in masses of ill-executed flowers beam at you from the walls.

Yet many of these things, as has been already said, held honoured places in the houses of a large proportion of well-educated English people less than fifty years ago. Must we then draw the conclusion that our forefathers were hopelessly vulgar? A good many of our æsthetic reformers would probably declare that they were, but in that they are mistaken. Human nature is the same in most essentials from one generation to another, though it takes different ways of expressing itself in its house decorations. More than half the world are too lazy, too ignorant, or too indifferent to think for themselves. They adopt the fashion of the moment, and are happy in it, whether that fashion inculcates the possession of horse-hair chairs, Morris curtains, or blue bows on every picture-cord and bell-rope. They take what is there, what their neighbours have, and what can be got with the least trouble. Their eyes become accustomed to the ugly shapes and forms, as we become accustomed to the faces of our brothers and sisters, till we are incapable of telling how they strike other people. Sometimes the argument is put forward that in dress, at any rate, there is no such thing as absolute beauty—that every-

thing is relative, and a question of fashion. If this be so, how is it we all recognise instinctively the extreme grace and charm of eighteenth-century costume, and rebel against the early Victorian coiffure, or the strange sugar-plum cases ladies wore on their heads in the days of the Plantagenets? For the last thirty years, since papers have multiplied, and it has become possible for people to reconcile their laziness with their vanity by picking up a smattering of many things, interest in pictures and decorations has largely increased, and the word "Art" is dinned into one's ears till one hates the very sound of it. "Art" colours are advertised in the shops, when the owners merely mean to convey that they have an assortment of peacock-blue or sage-green dresses. "Art" coal-boxes hold high revel in the next window, and the public is offered some ghastly abomination in wood and brass, out of which it would be impossible for the chilliest person to extract a lump. When it is too wet for golf or hockey, girls fritter away their time and money in all sorts of messy occupations, under the impression that they are being "artistic," while they are in nothing superior to the damsel who made the ill-fated filigree basket in the days of Miss Edgeworth. If many crimes have been committed in the name of liberty, they are nothing to those that are daily perpetrated in the name of Art.

THE HOME-LIFE OF THE VERNEYS[1]

FEW books have been published in England during the last twenty-five years,[2] that are at once so valuable to the historian and so interesting to common readers as the *Verney Memoirs*. It may also be added, that few books have been edited with such remarkable care and judgment. Anyone who has tried to read the letters of a bygone day, with their strange paper, queer cramped writing, and queerer spelling, will have some idea of the magnitude of the task undertaken by Margaret, Lady Verney, and her mother-in-law. And when we come to reflect upon the enormous number of correspondents who were perpetually asking the help of Sir Edmund Verney and his son Ralph, it must be conceded that a vast amount of patience, as well as discretion, was necessary on the part of both ladies in order to put together such a delightful book. There was a Frenchman, during the eighteenth century, who wrote 16,000 letters to the object of his affections; but the letters contained in Claydon House, out of which these memoirs have been laboriously constructed, must be much more numerous than those cherished by the French marquise.

Of course, it is needless to state that a large proportion of the letters quoted deal with public events, and with the political aspects of the Great Civil War. With this part of the memoirs the present article has nothing to do, but a short survey of domestic life during the seventeenth century

[1] *Memoirs of the Verney Family*. Vols. i. and ii. During the Civil War. By Frances Parthenope Verney. (London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1892.) Vol. iii. During the Commonwealth. By Margaret Verney. (London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1894.)

[2] June 1895.

may be of interest to the descendants of those who fought and struggled, or who watched and waited, under Cromwell and King Charles.

The Verneys, who had been settled in Bucks, at any rate since the reign of Henry III., were related to nearly every family of any position in the county. Indeed, it could not well be otherwise, considering the passion everyone had in those days for the married state. There is hardly a creature among all the friends of Sir Edmund and Sir Ralph who is content to remain widowed (or widowered); there was one pair with whom both were very intimate, who reckoned eight husbands and wives between them. When their various children are taken into account, and to these are added all the fancy relationships which for two centuries were in fashion both in England and France, it will be allowed that even the most determined genealogist has a very intricate knot to untie. Probably he will not find one like it, unless he goes to the New England settlers of the Restoration, where the single state was a thing unknown. In point of fact, it is curious to note how the English exiles carried across the seas the customs and traditions that had governed their social lives at home. The marriage arrangements and financial bargainings that public opinion permitted and encouraged in England were a recognised part of every union in America.

A great deal has been said and written about the extraordinary severity of home discipline, even as late as the early nineteenth century, yet the three generations of Verneys with whom the volumes before us are principally concerned, do not give a very alarming idea of the relations between parents and children. Sir Edmund, the gallant and courteous Knight-Marshal, whose hand was severed while clasping the standard at Edge Hill, is on the easiest of terms with his cautious, conscientious, prematurely-old son Ralph, and no more severe than is necessary over the neglected Oxford chapels and lectures of his favourite

Edmund. To be sure, Ralph himself did not get on very well with his own "little Mun," but that was because their temperaments were completely opposite. Sir Ralph was punctiliously scrupulous—what the Scotch call "pernicketty"—Mun was careless and "casual," easy-going and happy-go-lucky, wholly unable to learn the value of money or understand anything of business. Yet he certainly had not been spoiled, for his great-grandmother, old Lady Denton, writes to beg of Ralph and his wife Mary, that "nobody whip him but Mr. Parrye." Mun was at this time not much over two years old; and another letter goes on to relate how the writer had "carried his nurse the rhubarb, and she promised he shall constantly drink it." The wretched child had hardly got beyond the whippings and rhubarb, which doubtless he shared with all children of his own age, when his shoulder began to grow out, and he was thrust into a kind of steel corslet, which he was still wearing when it became his turn to go a-wooing. But no steel shirts, nor even the discomfort of only being able to change his linen once a week, damp Mun's spirit; he is as idle and "feckless" as ever, a complete contrast to his "sossy" brother Jack, whose one desire is to learn arithmetic, and in due time to become a successful merchant—all of which, thanks to his own perseverance, came to pass.

As far as can be gathered from the notices scattered through the letters, the Verneys were not an intellectual family, though many of them, and particularly the wives, had a great capacity for business. They were all fond of music, and clung to their guitars and viols—Mun and Jack especially; but they seem indifferent to history and hopeless about languages. Sir Ralph lived at Blois for the best part of ten years after he was forced into exile for refusing to sign the Covenant; and both he and his fellow-exiles complain of its being "a dull little town," which no memories of the Guises served to enliven. He never succeeds in learning enough French to be of use to him; and, what is stranger still,

Mun, after ten or eleven years abroad, writes it as badly as an English schoolgirl. Yet it is interesting to observe that, till the Civil Wars turned everything upside down, the education of boys was much the same, outwardly at any rate, as it is in the present day. Edmund (Ralph's third brother) was sent to school in Gloucestershire as a small boy; at sixteen he went to Winchester, and two years later to Oxford, where his career, as has been stated, was far from brilliant. He found his right niche in life when he was removed from Oxford and joined the Royal army, and after seeing much service under the Marquis of Ormonde, was treacherously murdered at the siege of Drogheda. Neither the scapegrace Tom—a Barry Lyndon, who outlived all his brothers and sisters and died at ninety-two—nor the selfish Harry, nor even the serious Ralph, ever seems to read a book for pleasure; though a book of devotion is referred to now and then by one or other of them. There is a letter extant from the elder "Mun," asking to have some such works sent to him, and when "sossy Jack," aged one-and-twenty, goes out as a merchant to Aleppo, Sir Ralph carefully puts into his trunk the *Holy Living and Dying* and the *Imitation of Christ*.

As to the girls, if we only went by their letters we should think them as ill-educated as any maid-of-all-work in the days before compulsory schools. Not only is the writing abominable and the spelling phonetic, but the phonetics are changed three or four times in the course of the same letter. They also misplace their h's, and divide their words in a singular manner, talking of "a negg," or "a napple." It is impossible not to wonder if serious mistakes never arose from the difference of view as to phonetic spelling between the writer and the recipient. It requires some nimbleness of wit to detect St. Albans under "Senttaborns," and the word is quite likely to admit of some other interpretation. "Pephains," might easily be misconstrued into something besides "pippins," and "ihely" does not immediately suggest

"jelly"; but granted these idiosyncrasies, why spell loved "lovefed," and did they really say "dafter" for "daughter"?

A great deal of illiteracy on the part of Ralph's sisters may be excused by the circumstances in which they grew up. The eldest of the six was no more than seventeen when they were left more or less to themselves at Claydon, while their father, Sir Edmund, was in attendance on the King in London, and his wife, *née* Margaret Denton, was in attendance upon *him*. These visits to London were spent by the Verneys in their new house in the fashionable quarter of Covent Garden (the site is now occupied by the Floral Hall); but in spite of the fine square just built by the Earl of Bedford, and called the Piazza, the neighbourhood was rendered dirty and noisy by the great market held close by. As far as in him lay, we are quite sure that Sir Edmund must have been a kind and even indulgent father, but except in the case of little Cary, his "shee darling," who was married at fifteen to Captain Gardiner, we do not hear much of his relations to his other daughters. He was probably easier to get on with than his son Ralph, who was a Puritan by nature as well as in politics, and he had a strong sense of humour, which Ralph, with all his good qualities, was entirely without. Indeed, the mildest joke—a joke in intention rather than in execution—had a tendency to irritate him. It would be instructive to know how he received and replied to the following letter of Sir Edmund, which must have seemed to Ralph excessively flippant. "A merchant of London wrote to a factor of his beyoand sea, desired him by the next shipp to send him 2 or 3 Apes; he forgot the 'r,' and then it was 203 Apes. His factor has sent him fower scoare, and sayes hee shall have the rest by the next shipp, conceiving the merchant had sent for tow hundred and three Apes; if yo'self or frends will buy any to breede on, you could never have had such a chance as now. In earnest this is very trew."

But Sir Edmund and the apes are a long way from the

girls' education. After his death, and the (temporary) sequestration of Sir Ralph's property, his sisters were left at Claydon in great straits for money, under the care of their old housekeeper, with only occasional visits from their brother Harry and their other relations to admonish or cheer them up. They were very ill-regulated, and, as far as we can judge, no great favourites with anybody—certainly not with their sister-in-law, Mary, Ralph's wife, who was much harassed during the year she spent at home by their various importunings. It must indeed have been hard times for poor Mary, who had left her husband and two young children managing as best they could at Blois, while she, though expecting a baby, moved heaven and earth in London to get the sequestration taken off her husband's property in Bucks. In the end she succeeded, and by her great personal charm and clear grasp of the complicated financial situation, made a lasting impression on all whom she came across. But the strain was too much for her in the weak state of her health, and she fell into consumption, of which she died only two years after her return to Blois.

Worried and worn out, it is no wonder that she lost patience over Pegg's quarrels with her husband, Sir Thomas Elmes, Mary's bad manners, and the difficulty of disposing of the thirteen-year-old Betty, who had been allowed to run completely wild at Claydon, and declined to adapt herself to the ways of either of her sisters' households. In the end, however, a school was found for Betty, at which some of her cousins (in law) had been educated, and £25 a year, equal to more than £100 of our money, was somehow produced by Ralph to pay her expenses. After a few months of insubordination on Betty's part, it proved to be money well laid out, for a sudden reformation took place in the girl's character (not in her spelling), and "the most bedlam bare that ever I hampered" (harboured?), as her uncle, Dr. Denton, calls her, became a different being "in countenance, fashion, humor, and disposition."

Except in his brother Edmund and his sister Cary, Ralph cannot be said to have been fortunate in his family, and it was well for him that he had a wife whom he adored and who was so capable of sharing his burdens. He felt her loss most bitterly and to the end of his life, and, unlike all his friends and contemporaries, never married again. It is pathetic to see him, on his return to Claydon after nearly ten years' absence, trying to grapple with the disorder into which the house and estate had fallen; but perhaps his happiest moments were those in which he was planning the replanting of his garden and the restocking of his woods. He even projected laying out a deer-park, but not, it appears, with any great success. Sir Ralph exchanges trees and shrubs with his neighbours: "A dozen young walnutt trees, as many chesnuts and almons, foure young firs and a pyne," and receives in return sweet briar and "fine Figgsetts." He orders 300 asparagus plants from a nursery, together with double violets, marjoram, and "100 of goodlie July flowres," and mulberry trees and red roses were sent from a distance. The broken stone seats are restored, and new ones set up, while swans are introduced to the "reeds in the river." All this was some consolation to Sir Ralph among his domestic troubles.

But he had others. No man in the world ever had a larger number of correspondents than Sir Ralph, or was more beloved by his friends — a circumstance which did not in the least prevent their plaguing him on every possible opportunity. Only Dr. Denton the Court physician and the Verneys' young uncle, was ever any help to the much-tried man, and throughout their lives there was never a cloud between them. Nancy Denton, "doctor's girle" or "Munkay," as her father calls her, was one of Sir Ralph's many young lady friends and admirers—he always got on with young ladies, though boys were but strange animals to him —and he highly disapproves of the scheme of education laid out for her by her father, in which Greek, Latin, and Hebrew

play a large part. Most of his female correspondents, however, are ladies of mature age, and often of many successive husbands. They are perfectly frank and naïve in their remarks, and do not scruple to apply to Sir Ralph for the most incongruous purposes. Aunt Isham writes to know what shaped skirts are worn, and the much-married Lady Sussex ("old men's wife" is the family nickname for her) requests a consignment of shoe-ribbons, lace, and wine-glasses, besides satin at 30s. a yard (now worth about £6), and some carpets. Sometimes we get strange little glimpses into contemporary manners, or unchangeable human nature, through the medium of these letters. In April 1650 Lady Herbert writes to beg that Sir Ralph will find someone in Blois competent to copy "in Amell" her picture by Vandyke, as she has heard of a man there who works much cheaper than "Pettito" (Petitot). Sir Ralph, who knew something about pictures and "Amells," did not like the commission, but seems to have done his best to obtain a reasonable price, though he tells Lady Herbert quite plainly that the gold used by the Blois artist will cost at least 15 livres, and his charge was "7 pistoles for his paynes"—the value of a pistole was 16s. Lady Herbert accepts the price, and is "very confident he will outdoe Pettito," but cannot resist offering suggestions as to how a scarf is to fall, and where the head of her dog is to appear. All these emendations were passed through the unfortunate Sir Ralph, and it must have been a slight satisfaction to him, after all his trouble, when the picture undertaken against his advice, turned out a bad one.

Lady Sussex is very naïve, too, about her own picture by Vandyke, which was painted at Sir Edmund's request, and in the course of her letter lets in a flood of light on the much-debated question as to the fate of the necklaces of large pearls that invariably grace the necks of Vandyke's sitters. "I am glade," she writes to Sir Ralph, "you have prefalede with Sir Vandyke to make my pictuer lener, for truly

it was to fat; if he made it farer, it will bee for my credit." Sir Vandyke, however, seems to have had his own views in the matter, for she writes again a little later: "I am glade you have got hom my pictuer, but i doubt he hath nether made it lener nor farer, but to rich in ihuels, i am suer, but tis no great mater for another age to think me richer than i was." It would have been deeply interesting to see the picture and to find how far Lady Sussex's dissatisfaction was justified; but, unfortunately, it has disappeared with other heirlooms, nobody quite knows when or how.

Every little glimpse as to the home-life of our ancestors is of importance to us, and becomes doubly so when we occupy the same spot, and can trace all around the evidences of their care and thought. To the dwellers in Claydon, at the present day, no detail is too slight to be carelessly passed, and, thanks to the old records, we get a tolerably exact idea of the trifles that made up the sum of their existence and their pleasures. The question of "dividing" the household work—a burning one to every modern mistress—was a worry even to such a capable and decided woman as Mary Verney. She does not know what to do with Luce Sheppard (a poor relation and lady help), or how to regulate her position with regard to the cook, Besse Coleman, with contentment to each. She is in perplexity how to manage during her visit to England, as she cannot do without a maid to dress her; and while at Blois many difficulties arise from the clamour of Luce and Besse for English joints, and their disdain of French stews. We are never told what the maids drank in France, or how they appreciated light claret; but about 1650, Sir Ralph writes from Florence of "the new Turkish drink that is coming into fashion, now known as coffee, and of the rage for collecting seals and stones." The first appearance of the "little brushes for making cleane of the teeth, most covered with sylver, and some few with gold and sylver twiste," will go straight to the heart of every reader; and many will be

moved to indignation at learning that, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons was merely a space about eight feet deep between the old roof and the new ceiling, and that the sole opening was one for ventilation, through which the ladies looked straight down upon the house below. Political enthusiasm must have been very intense before anyone voluntarily placed herself in such a position!

It is hardly necessary to say that in those days travelling was performed, at any rate by all but the very highest class, on horseback. A stand of hackney coaches was indeed set up in 1625, at the Maypole in the Strand, but for some reason the King disapproved of the innovation, and the hire of them was at length limited to those persons who were going not less than three miles out of town. "Coches," Mary Verney finds, when she is debating how best to reach Claydon after the birth of her baby, "are most infenett dear," and had no "springes," so she wisely decided that a horse would be quicker and less fatiguing. But horses are "infenett dear," too, though they seem as untiring as the wonderful beasts in Australian romances. We hear of Sir Edmund and the King covering 260 miles in four days, after they left Berwick, so the Knight-Marshal could hardly have been mounted on his "Bay Gelding, bought at Knight's Bridg" (how old is Tattersall's?), in which bargain he "was extremely cussened."

With our preconceived notions of the "long flowing hair" of the Cavalier party, it is curious to find all the undergraduates of Oxford, with the loyal Mun in their midst, flying to have their heads cropped before the advent of the King. In England men wisely stuck to their own hair, long after the gallants about the French Court had shaved their heads and put on periwigs. Of course, the prevalence of this fashion accounts for the enormous number of night-caps of all sorts which Sir Ralph considered a necessary part of his wardrobe, though the variety certainly

seems excessive. But one cannot understand why hair-powder should also have been used, as white wigs did not come into fashion for many a long year after.

The notes as to clothes are always interesting, and garments were the same fearful joy to the ladies of the seventeenth century that they are to their descendants. At present (as under Mary Stuart) vestments, both Christian and Buddhist, are being turned into tea-gowns and tablecloths; but 200 years ago the process was reversed, and the stiff brocades and satins that had made low courtesies to Henrietta Maria, re-appeared as vestments for the parish church. This, at any rate, was the fate of Dame Margaret Verney's best gowns, which were left by will, by Sir Edmund, to be applied to this purpose. Considering that he had likewise left six daughters and not a great deal of money, it might have been wiser had he divided his wife's dresses as he did her house linen, but of course nobody dared dispute his decree.

Considering the customs that prevailed in those days as to mourning, it is amazing that people ever wore anything else, and that England did not look as black as Corsica. No sooner had a death taken place than mourning was sent as a present by the family, not only to relations but to intimate friends, and everything immediately surrounding the chief mourner was put into the deepest sable. Black hangings on the walls, black coverings to the bed, black garters to the leg, black coaches for everybody, if the bereaved one was of sufficiently high status to possess such things. No wonder that a "black bed" was lent from house to house, and that funerals cost vast sums. Lady Sussex expended £400 on that of her lord, equal to more than £1600 of our money; and the escutcheon put up by Sir Ralph to the memory of Mary cost from 40s. to 50s., or from £8 to £10.

The question of prices in those days as compared to these is full of interest to everyone; and it is satisfactory to find that food was not as fabulously cheap in the days of

our forefathers as we are often led to believe. Mary writes to Ralph at Blois complaining bitterly of the dearness of provisions in London. Beef is 4d. a pound, veal and mutton 8d., while Pen Verney reckons 8s. a week too much for her diet, which is afterwards fixed at £6 a year. £12 a year seems a great deal for wilful little Betty, aged 13, to spend on her dress, but country-bred as she was, she declines, Mary writes, to wear anything but silk. The sum of £30 claimed by Nancy Denton, who was a spoilt child and rich doctor's daughter, is far more appropriate to her position. In fact, the fees earned by physicians in those days were far in excess of what we should give now, in spite of the exceeding simplicity—not to say remarkable unpleasantness—of their pharmacopœia and treatment. Dr. Theodore Mayence, the fashionable doctor, left £140,000 (equivalent to over half a million) behind him, and Sir Ralph is miserable because he cannot afford to pay Dr. Denton the £50, which is the ordinary fee for a confinement. A Venetian mirror costs £40, a portrait by Vandyke £50. A maid's wages come to £3, but the pair of "trimed gloves," with which it is the fashion to reward any extra services on her part, cost £1, 5s.—an absurdly disproportionate present. The price of Sir Edmund's Covent Garden house is £100, and many horses fetch as much, while £200 a year is the usual price for a boy's board and teaching in a good French family. This is a far higher rate than was charged in Paris 130 years later, to a Scotch gentleman in the same rank of life as Sir Ralph Verney. He sends his two boys and their tutor to Paris for education, and, in answer to some deprecating remarks on the part of the tutor as to the amount of money they were spending, Mr. Mure, of Caldwell (1770), observes that he has set aside £1000 a year for the purpose. But *one* boy cost £800 (of our money) in the reign of Louis XIV.

As to marriages, the only consideration was tit for tat in the matter of a portion. If a girl has so much, she has no right to dispose of herself under a certain sum; and this

was so well established that no one had any false delicacy in speaking of the matter. Under these circumstances, it may be conceived how difficult it was to settle the five Verney girls, whose portions, never very large, were locked up in the Aulnage—that is, charged in some way upon the Customs, and not realisable under the Commonwealth. Sir Harry Lee, of Ditchley, leaves his daughter £5000 on her coming of age, and to his younger son a farm valued at £120 and £300 a year. Jack Verney is given £50 for his outfit to Aleppo, and his Aunt Pen is allowed £30 for her trousseau. The portions of Margaret and Mary Eure, coheiresses and cousins of Sir Ralph Verney, eventually inherited from their grandfather, Lord Eure, £1500 a year each. After some years of philandering with young Edmund Verney at Blois, Mary made a poor marriage with a Yorkshire squire. But perhaps she may have been more sentimental than usual, for we find that their mother, now Mrs. Sherard, permits Pegg a freer choice in the matter of husbands than might have been expected, but only on the ground that she "sores highe" and may be trusted to do well for herself. "I know," she says in another letter, "that Pegg will looke for a good estate, else I should not leave it soe holy to hir."

Miss Pegg was quite as much disposed to flirt and shilly-shally as any of her great-granddaughters, and, when staying in London with "Uncle Doctor," had ample opportunity of doing both. None of the connexion appear to have been very strictly kept as regards intercourse with men; and even in Sir Ralph's young days there was an amount of romping and kissing that would not be tolerated now in any respectable house. But if we had ever been inclined to regard our ancestresses as helpless automatons, Dorothy Osborne would have taught us better!

It is impossible to close even this brief survey of manners as represented in the Verney letters, without referring to a feat which made the hearts of all Cavaliers throb the faster

—the gallant rescue of the little satin banner bearing the name of the Majesty 'Scutcheon, by Uvedale, the Westminster boy. It is known to all how the Westminster boys, awed out of the life and frolicsomeness of boyhood by the solemn tragedy which had been played close by, assembled themselves together in prayer at the hour of the execution of Charles I, and did all for him that any man could do then. Nine years later, Cromwell also lay on his bier, and at the head was placed the little white satin banner. The emblem of royalty moved the boys to wrath as it waved above the dead in Westminster Abbey, in full sight of the lads who had been drawn up to witness the burial. The coffin was surrounded by guards; but what of that? Did not Robert Uvedale's fathers die fighting for their King, and would he be awed by the presence of a usurper? So he crept forward under the very legs of the guard, and wrenching the banner from its rest, he plunged in among the crowd, which mechanically opened to receive him. And if anyone is curious to see the identical flag, they will find it any day in Lincoln College, Oxford.

TWO CENTURIES OF AMERICAN WOMEN

If anyone is ignorant in these days of the smallest detail concerning the American War of Independence and the men who fought in it, that is certainly his own fault. But the domestic side of colonial life, with its endless make-shifts resulting in inventions, has been left comparatively untouched till Mrs. Alice Morse Earle told its story.

In the four or five volumes already produced by this lady, she has shown herself as hard-working as any of the ancient colonial dames, whose "daily round" she describes. If she does not herself spend her time in making soap, like Abigail Foote, during the autumn, and in dipping candles in the spring, or in spinning, weeding, washing, and carding like that young woman—"I carded two pounds of whole woole, and felt Nationly," says Abigail in her diary—we are convinced from the way these things are related by her, that she could do any one of them if she chose. In *Home Life in Colonial Days*,[1] Mrs. Earle gives minute accounts of the occupations of her ancestresses; and when every article worn and eaten is raised on the premises, it is evident that the labour must be both long and severe. Why, any one of these home industries "from birth to burial," sounds enough to fill the day of a single person, and yet there are, or seem to be, dozens of them. "If *they* had not been so vigorous, perhaps, *we* should not have been so nervous," remarked an American lady, who was discussing this very book, adding, "and I owe them a grudge for it." It is certainly amazing what these women did, when there was no one else to do it,

[1] Macmillan, 1899.

and later, when the first difficulties were overcome, and the rude implements had given place to something better, what useless though ingenious arts were developed! The chief idea of the colonists was that they would be behind nobody. If hideous little bead or hair landscapes were fashionable in England, America would show that she could produce some that were finer and more fantastic still. If Mrs. Delany exhibited the Flora of Great Britain and Ireland, cut out in coloured paper, Madam Demming, a Boston lady, delighted her friends with a whole view of Boston, whose treatment reminds us, of all things in the world, of the perspective of one of the Assyrian friezes.

In the beginning each man helped his neighbour; cleared ground for him, felled trees for him, split logs for him. Any stranger was welcome to the best, and in the end, owing to this boundless hospitality, ruin came upon more than one splendid southern home. When society consisted of half a dozen small hamlets of two or three houses each, known in common talk as "the Mason Neighbourhood," the "Johnson Neighbourhood," life was on a much more friendly footing than when the population became more numerous and classes were divided. Then, Masonville and Johnstown drew sharp lines as to their acquaintance, and only behaved civilly to their kinsfolk. Reverting to the early manners of many parts of the world, they did not encourage marriages out of their tribe, and when a match took place, and "love found out a way," the interloper never ceased to be a stranger, and was never allowed to stay a night with his "in-laws," just as an Australian black must never speak to his wife's mother.

Whatever the colonists required they went at with the doggedness of the English race when things are going wrong. If the stage coaches provided for travellers were apt to be faulty in balance—the first ran in 1766 between New York and Philadelphia, and took two days over the journey—matters were set right by the driver signalling at a given moment, and the occupants flinging themselves from side to

side to prevent the coach being overturned. This must have been a warming process on a cold winter's day.

When war with England was imminent, and there were no great contractors to provide the soldiers with clothes, each provincial congress requisitioned 13,000 thick coats to be got ready before the winter came; and not one of the 13,000 was missing; and in each coat was sewn the name of the woman who had woven it at home and that of the town she lived in.

As to dyeing, the colonists were always fond of gardens, and were mostly good botanists, and there was no lack of plants from which to extract beautiful hues. Red was procured from moss, madder, or sassafras; yellow from laurel, or from a certain kind of clay. Large tracts of wild indigo afforded a splendid blue, and purple came from the tops of the cedars.

With these resources at their command, the love of fine clothes developed rapidly. In the year 1676, thirty-eight women, living in the Connecticut valley, were arraigned before the magistrates as being of too small an estate to wear silk, and "excess in clothes" was an abomination to the male Virginian. Indeed, they went so far as to assess unmarried men according to their dress, and married men according to that of their family, which must have caused strife in many a household. Of course the Puritans never ceased to wrestle with this hydra-headed dragon, but unluckily they could not always agree in the matter to be reprobated: Roger Williams, for instance, enjoining one Sunday the women of Salem to wear veils, while the following week the minds of the parish were upset by John Cotton, who held that a covered face betokened slavishness, and was not to be endured.

When clothes were made at home, the material was stout and strong, but very soon the love of colour and finery crept in among the women, and the "lust of the eye" was apt to take the place of mere usefulness. Even in these days, silk

dresses play an immense part in the lives of the very poor and humble folks in Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman's stories. Not to have two silk dresses when you are married is a humiliation that no village girl, however obscure, can bring herself to face. And we all remember the old workhouse woman who, being irritated at the recital of her companions' splendours, invented surpassing ones of her own, in which the number and beauty of her silk dresses awed her friends into silence. This attitude of mind is entirely without a parallel in England. No cottage girl dreams of possessing a silk dress, any more than the vicar's wife expects to have a tiara. Life was, and is, looked on from a different standpoint. A beautiful gown has, from the earliest times, given an amount of pleasure to an American woman that no English woman can grasp. *Her* equivalent would be a horse to carry her across country, or more spacious nurseries, or a boat, or something of that sort; her dress would in most cases come after all these, and she would take it for granted that her clothes mattered to others as little as to herself.

In the States, as riches increased, the passion for finery increased also, and an English traveller notes in the year 1740 that "Boston men and women dressed every day as gay as courtiers in England at a coronation." And they did not "save" upon the children either; for in every point the children were the replicas of their parents. Miss Curtis, Washington's stepdaughter, aged four, had an array of packthread stays, fans, and silk coats sent with her to England, where she was to be educated, while the twelve-year-old Miss Huntington carried twelve silk gowns with her to Boston, yet her teacher thought these not enough, and demanded more. As to "those horrid bushes of vanity," wigs, the sums *they* cost were quite incredible. Whether they were "grave-full-bottom," "giddy feather top," "long-tail," "fox-tail," or anything else, a wig would cost as much as £25, with another £10 for the care of it. Many gentle-

men had eight or ten, of different colours and fashions, and bound and braided with coloured ribbons. In 1754 William Freeman was given, on his seventh birthday, a wig for which his father paid £9, and as he had two elder brothers, naturally bewigged also, the headgear of the family must have cost a considerable sum.

Not less interesting than the dresses of the colonists are their food and the utensils connected with it. The dining table was originally a mere board laid on trestles, and on it stood chafing-dishes to keep the food hot, cups, large "chargers" or dishes, spoons and knives, but no forks. There were also trenchers or bowls, pieces of wood hollowed out into squares twelve inches wide and three or four deep, which were generally shared between two people. One Connecticut deacon insisted on every child having its own trencher, and was held by his neighbours to give himself airs.

Mrs. Earle refers to a table-top she has seen made of heavy oak six inches thick. At intervals of about eighteen inches round the edge bowls were scooped out in which every man's dinner was placed. Now, curiously enough, a friend of the present writer's, and a soldier who had seen long service, told her that he had once induced the police to take him with them on their nightly raids in some of the worst parts of London. He saw many things to astonish him, but the strangest of all was the table of a Greek eating-house, scooped out exactly in the manner described by Mrs. Earle, except that down the middle and across the sides were trenches leading to each bowl. The thick soup was poured by a man into the middle trench, from which it made its way to the bowls! The visitors did not trouble themselves for the most part about spoons, but stooped down and lapped like dogs. The colonial tables, however, needed to be specially strong, for the fare spread upon them was ample, especially in the luxurious Philadelphia. John Adams, the President, who lived well in his Boston home,

had his eyes considerably opened by his travels in the South. He stopped at Philadelphia, and visited the house of one Miers Fisher, a young Quaker lawyer. Plenty he had expected, but not such profusion. "This plain Friend," he says in his diary, "with his plain but pretty wife [*sic*], with her thees and thous, had provided us a costly entertainment; ducks, hams, chickens, beef, pig, tarts, creams, custards, jellies, fools, trifles, beer, porter, punch, wine, and a long"—whatever that may mean. "Chief" Justice Chew was no whit behind the Fishers—indeed there was probably a sort of rivalry in all this hospitality. "About four o'clock we were called to dinner. A most sinful feast again! Everything that could delight the eye or allure the taste." But it seems to have been a lighter and more elegant repast than the Fishers', for besides "turtle and every other thing," great quantities of sweets were mentioned, as well as twenty kinds of tarts. Carving was considered one of the fine arts, and must have formed the study of a lifetime. Woe be to him who had not mastered the intricacies of the matter, or its appropriate language. "How all must regret," exclaims one old author, "to hear some Persons, even of quality, say, 'pray cut up that chicken or hen,' or 'halve that plover,' not considering how indiscreetly they talk, when the proper terms are—'break that goose,' 'thrust that chicken,' 'spoil that hen,' 'pierce that plover.' If they are so much out in common things, how much more would they be with herons, cranes, and peacock?"

Cold must have been among the severest trials of the early colonists, who mostly sat in the kitchen, as being the warmest room in the house. Even there, tales are told of the sap being frozen at one end of the burning log, and what then could the bedrooms have been like? To be sure, they soon learned from the Dutch to place their beds in alcoves, and lie on one feather-bed with another over them, but feather-beds are slippery things, especially in alcoves, and must have been poor substitutes for roaring fires. What

these earnest Christians must have endured in church is something fearful to think of. There was not the smallest effort at heating the building, and the members of the congregation were thankful to be allowed to have their dogs in their seats to use as muffs or foot-warmers. And here they sat the best part of the day, for the prayers were always from one to two hours long, and the sermons from two to three. The doors were watched over by a verger, and none could leave, except in cases of undoubted illness. And by that time the poor victims must have been frozen too hard to move. Yet the young men contrived to make so much noise that they were frequently brought before the magistrates, and, worse still, the instances of Sunday tobogganing were by no means uncommon.

Such, roughly, was the setting in which colonial women grew up. To begin with, there were few, very few, of them, and they were not, perhaps, at first "a felt want," for the Puritans of New England clamoured for ministers rather than for wives. But in Virginia things were otherwise. In the softer climate men sighed after homes and families, and declared they would never settle until they had them, and in the end the English Emigration Society and Shakespeare's friend, Lord Southampton, declared they would give them what they wanted. So one fine morning in the year 1620, about four hundred young men, dressed in their best, with feathered hats and shining swords, assembled eagerly on the beach of Jamestown, Virginia, to welcome the ninety "young, handsome, honestly educated maids, of honest life and carriage," after their tedious voyage, and to gain acceptance, if possible, as husbands, before the girls were out of the roll of the breakers. Surely the marriage fee of 120 lbs. "B.D.V.," then worth about 80 dollars, was never paid with so light a heart!

It must have been a glorious time for the young women, but no bullying was permitted, and no flirtation was allowed. Perhaps things may not have been on quite such a straight-

forward and businesslike footing when other maidens arrived to try their fortunes, but at any rate the colony flourished, and in three years 3500 English emigrants set sail for Virginia.

This was in comparatively early days, but nearly a century later, Louis XIV, who was quick to note what was happening in the world, sent a company of virtuous girls to the governor of Louisiana with orders to get them well married, and to place them where they might train the Indian squaws. The King was a wise man in many ways, but he did not know his own countrywomen, or rather, perhaps, he knew them at that period chiefly through the eyes of Mme. de Maintenon. His female emigrants were not chosen from the strong peasant women of Normandy or Brittany, or any of the provinces where they were accustomed to hardships, but from *Paris*. The girls seem, as far as is known, always to have led "godly, righteous, and sober lives," yet they abhorred the Indian corn which formed their staple of diet nearly as much as they did the teaching of the squaws. It was the old story—"*Frou-Frou sans Paris*."

Fifteen years later another attempt was made in Louisiana —this time in the year which saw the death of the Regent, and knowing what we do of that highly-gifted person, we shall hardly be surprised to learn that these young women, taken from Penitentiaries, had not even a *succès d'estime* in the Colony of Louisiana. *Filles à la Correction* they were called, in contradistinction to the *Filles à la Cassette*, who landed seven years later in Louisiana, the aristocracy of which State prided themselves on their descent from these girls of spotless lives. Poor Manon Lescaut was not of the proper division.

On looking through the history of the various colonies, it is curious to note how each State has its peculiarities, peculiarities not always to be explained by those who belong even to the inner circle. Why did Maryland hail convicts —not necessarily criminals—with delight? Why were the transported Jacobites taken to Maryland instead of else-

where? And why did an English husband, whose wife was condemned to death for stealing 3s. 6d., beg that her sentence might be commuted to exile to Virginia?

The most marked feature of the whole civilisation is the pre-eminence held by widows in all the society. Indeed the number of "chances" possessed by every lady member of the society was so numerous that we can only imagine that the boys and girls married at as early an age as they now do at Clapham. And if so, what became of the men? "*Je n'y comprends rien*," as the man said when he rushed, tearing his hair, to the front of the stage-box during the play!

However, there the widows were, and the husbands kept on dying. That is all we know.

The widows, at least most of them, arranged their own settlements, and bargained quite as hard and shrewdly as any lawyer could have done for them. But though no one's sensibilities were hurt by this process, the marrying of widows and widowers was not devoid of complications. Mr. Sergeant, a Boston builder, was reputed "as remarkable in his marriages as his wealth; for he had three wives, the second having been a widow twice, before her third venture; and his third also a widow, and even becoming his widow, and lastly the widow of her third husband, who had had three wives himself." One's head reels at the intricacy of this statement, which sounds like a very involved riddle! However, it was not only in America that these hasty marriages were made, though perhaps it may have been there that widows were most appreciated. John Rows, for instance, tells of a gentleman who died in London in the year 1638, at eight at night, leaving his wife £500 a year in land; and the lady and the whole of her property was transferred to the custody of the journeyman draper who had come about her mourning, before twelve next day. The memoirs of the Verney family teem with "wooings" which were "not long adoing," and "old men's wife" had certainly no difficulty in providing herself with suitors.

The circumstances of the times, when everything was disjointed and people had to use any material that came ready to their hands, was favourable to the growth of strong natures, both of men and women. There were no special grooves made for the women to walk in, and there were many who seized the chance to fashion others more agreeable to their feet. One of the most conspicuous of these ladies was Margaret Brent, who stepped so far from the conventional path of her own day that she almost found herself in ours. She reached Maryland in 1638, in company with her sister Mary and two brothers, took up land, built several good manor houses, sent for other colonists, and before others would have dug the foundations, Margaret was signing herself, "Attorney for my brother" (what a confiding brother!), and Mary holding "court baron" and "court leet" at her own house. Men were known to ask for her help in military uprisings, and when the indomitable "Mrs. Margaret Brent" requested to have a vote in the House for herself, and "voyce allsoe," she probably had many partisans. However, as "the Governor denied Mrs. Brent that she should have any vote in the House," the advanced lady was forced to retire, protesting all the while against the injustice of her exclusion.

Several "acute and ingenious gentlewomen" in Virginia cultivated tobacco plantations and drained slopes, and indeed such women were far more common in the Southern States than in the Northern ones. "Maid-cotes" were discouraged, and the "maids" admonished frequently, and "harassed" and "considered dangerous" by their acquaintance, and it required all the obstinacy of the Lady Deborah Moodys of the world to "persist" as they had begun.

Not that agriculture absorbed all the business talent of the colonial ladies. Besides the many employments considered suitable for women in all countries, there were a large number of capable and industrious females who carried on their husband's trade, first as his assistant, and last as his

successor. Women publishers and women printers were numerous during the whole of the eighteenth century, and of these the Goddards, mother and daughter, were the most business-like and most prominent. The *Maryland Gazette* was continued after the death of the publisher by his widow, under the title of Anna Katharine Green & Son, who printed also for the whole colony. At the time Mrs. Green undertook this arduous task she was about thirty-six, and the mother of six sons and eight daughters. It was from this Green family that thirty-four anti-revolutionary printers sprang.

It is new and pleasant to note among these stern religionists a "Vow Church" raised in Philadelphia by a Scotch Presbyterian immigrant, who had been shipwrecked on her way out, and was reduced with the rest of the survivors to such straits that they never ate without first drawing lots who should fast that day. She was rescued, and eventually prospered in her business, and her first savings went to the fulfilment of her vow.

The colonial ladies were great gardeners, and the hours they passed with their fruits and flowers must have been moments of much pleasure in their busy lives. The most famous of these ladies was the daughter of George Lucas, a planter of Carolina, and at the same time Governor of Antigua, at which place he appears to have resided, leaving Miss Eliza at home. From Antigua he sent her all sorts of tropical seeds of fruits and flowers, to try if any would take kindly to the soil of Carolina. Eliza observed certain hopeful signs with regard to the indigo, and, undismayed by repeated accidents to the young plants, at length obtained a good crop. Governor Lucas was so delighted at this unlooked-for success that he sent over an Englishman to teach Eliza the whole process of indigo working. The Englishman, bearing gifts, seems to have been rather a sly and tricky sort of person, but when did England ever get the better of America? The youthful Miss Lucas saw through the

Englishman's dodges (his name was Cromwell), and "finally obtained a successful knowledge and application of the complex and annoying methods of extracting indigo." A bounty of 6*d.* a lb. encouraged the planting, and through its profits more children were sent over from Carolina to be educated at home, than from all the other colonies put together. Indigo was looked upon at last as a sort of current coin, and it is on record that when a little boy was sent to school at Philadelphia he took with him a waggon of indigo to pay his expenses.

After studying the labours of these monumental women, it is with a sense of relief that we turn to the enactments against "blabbing, and discovering the faults and frailties of others," to which colonial ladies were especially prone. One would have thought that in the early times they were so hard worked that they would have been "mum budgets of silence" and "maggazines of taciturnitie" by nature, but the court records tell a very different story. One minister's wife —to be sure she was a Dutch woman—was accused of lifting her petticoats in crossing the street and exposing her ankles in an unseemly manner. After a minute inquiry into the state of the roads and the height of the petticoat, it was decided that Vrouw Anneke had been justified in her action, and her slanderers were fined and punished. Other evil speakers were gagged, or had cleft sticks placed on their tongues, and worse offenders were ducked in special ponds near the court-houses.

Churchgoing was not considered as binding on women as on men in the State of Virginia. Their seats were suffered to remain vacant on the slightest excuse, while a man was condemned for the first offence to "lie neck and heels that night, and be a slave to the colony for the following week; for the second offence to be a slave for a month; for the third, for a year and a day." Probably if we were to visit these churches now we should find the balance readjusted.

The first great female traveller on the other side of the water, predecessor of the Miss Kingsleys and Mrs. Bishops of our own day, was a Boston lady, Mrs. Sarah Knight, who rode from Boston to New York, in 1704, and back again. She sprang of a bold stock, as her father, Captain Kemble, had to spend two hours in stocks nearly fifty years before to expiate his "lewd and unseemly behaviour in kissing his wife publicly on the Sabbath Day on the door step of his house, after he had returned from a voyage of three years." Madam Sarah had need of all her father's courage during her long and lonely ride. A price was set on the heads of wolves, and bears must have been nearly as common as sparrows, to judge by the fact that long after Mrs. Sarah's adventure twenty of them were killed in a week just outside Boston. Besides all these were swarms of Red Indians, and Indians were fearfully on the warpath just then.

It seems odd that she should have chosen the winter, with all its added horrors, for her journey, but probably it was unavoidable, for she left on October 2, and took more than two months reaching New York, visiting many friends on the way. The customs of Connecticut struck her as particularly strange, with the frequent divorces and laws against kissing, which was almost as much a matter of course then as shaking hands is now.

But however distant the relations between the sexes may have been in Connecticut, they were less icy in other States, notably in Virginia and in Pennsylvania. In 1772 an ancestor of the present writer, and one of the family of the celebrated "downright Shippen" of Pope, the "only member without a price" of Walpole, and the cousin of Benedict Arnold's wife, gave umbrage to the belles of Philadelphia by his free exercise of endearments. "What a pity it is," writes Miss Sarah Eve, "that the doctor is so fond of kissing. He really would be much more agreeable if he were less fond. One hates to be always kissed, especially as it is attended with so many inconveniences. It decomposes the economy of one's

handkerchief, it disorders one's high roll, and it ruffles the serenity of one's countenance."

The account of certain frolics in Virginia reads not unlike the horse-play fashionable in some country-houses of our own time, wherein the humour appears to consist in gentlemen bouncing into ladies' bedrooms and chasing them over the garden. To escape from these assiduities the young ladies seem to have gone to their own room, taking with them "a large dish of bacon and beef, after that a bowl of sago cream, and after that an apple-pye. While we were eating the apple-pye in bed—God bless you making a great noise—in came Mr. Washington" (not George), "dressed in Hannah's short gown and petticoat, and seazed me and kissed me twenty times, in spite of all the resistance I could make; and then Cousin Molly. Hannah soon followed dressed in his coat. They joined us in eating the apple-pye, and then went out. After this we took it in our heads to want to eat oysters."

As might naturally be expected, the New England States were far more strict in the matter of amusement than the laxer South, and to judge from the stories, the moment you get beyond the wealthier classes in the Puritan settlements, matters are very much as they always were. Thursday lectures, singing-schools, bees, were all the opportunities the young people had of bringing about marriages, or, at least, so we might think, did we not know that marriage is indifferent to opportunity! In the South they were better off. Sleighing parties, turtle frolics, but balls above everything, these formed the diversions of the youth of Virginia, and if, as a matter of course, each gentleman asked permission to fetch and carry a lady, "no monopoly" was allowed in the ball-room by the master of the ceremonies.

Perhaps the fact that the United States have no Established Church has favoured the growth of the immense number of sects which strikes every reader of American stories. It is not only the excitable negroes who congregate

in the forests to hold "camp meetings," it is the steady-going, narrow-minded Puritans who are "forever seeking something new." They do not strike you as being easy to impress, these hard-headed gentlemen, yet they have more than once been as wax in the hands of some religious fanatic, and went down by hundreds before the handsome, vain, and lazy Jemima Wilkinson, who posed for over forty years in the middle of the eighteenth century as the "Universal Friend." It was really the world in general who was the Universal Friend to Jemima, for it kept her in comparative luxury, and even gave her money in return for perpetual sermons on sin, death, and repentance. Perhaps an ideal is necessary to the hardest lives, and may account for much that is perplexing and contradictory in the existence of these practical men and women. To many natures the "Unknown God" is of necessity more attractive than the Known One, and the feeling may be a remnant still lurking in us of the children we once were.

At any rate, not only Priestesses like the Universal Friend, but Princesses such as "the daughter-in-law of Peter the Great and the sister of the Queen of England," found ready acceptance and much kindness among the people of the States.

The first of these ladies (her name was Charlotte, not Christine, as stated by Mrs. Earle), was the daughter of the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, and so unfortunate as to become the wife of the Grand Duke Alexis. She put up with him for several years, and then is reported to have given out her own death, and to have fled to America, where she found peace and a new husband in an old adorer, le Chevalier d'Aubant. The whole story has been produced in an interesting novel by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, called *Too Strange Not to be True*. The English "Princess" had a very different fate, and her story was all the stranger as she had neither beauty nor charm to recommend her. Sarah Wilson had been maid to one of Queen Charlotte's Maids of

Honour, and had managed to steal some jewels belonging to the Queen. She was caught and condemned to death, but was afterwards pardoned and sent as a convict to the States. It was not long before she managed to escape from servitude, and on the strength of the jewels, which she had somehow kept concealed about her, she declared herself the Lady Susannah Caroline Matilda, sister to the Queen. The end of this enterprising young person is wrapped in obscurity. We know only that some fat years were rudely broken in upon, and she was arrested, prosecuted, and whipped in Charleston. But a lady of her resources is not easily discouraged, and it is probable she may, under some other disguise, have played a prominent part on another stage.

These few remarks may serve to show the immense amount of labour expended by Mrs. Earle in collecting matter for her work. The number of houses she has visited both in England and the States in order to see or to verify some special object, is a testimony to the thoroughness of her methods and the accuracy of the statements. And besides all these, she is familiar with endless old books bearing on her subject, and has studied the letters and records of countless private families. Tusser, Piers Plowman, Holinshed, are at her fingers' ends, as well as the records of Mrs. Martha Smith, and the journal of "the young lady of Virginia." It is in this way, and this way only, that history, whether domestic or political, should be written, and Mrs. Earle has steeped her mind so completely in her materials, that she leaves the impression on her readers' minds of having lived through the state of things she describes so graphically.

OTHER PEOPLE'S FRIENDS

"You will be so lonely by yourself. Is there no one you could get to live with you? Your cousin, Mrs. Tompkins, for instance! She always struck me as being such a nice woman!"

"Oh yes, so she is! And, as far as *she* is concerned, I should like it very much. But then there are her friends! They seem to me such dull people, and, as we should have to share the drawing-room, there would be no getting out of their way."

Dialogues such as this must take place by dozens every day, when, by reason of a husband's death or an only daughter's marriage, a woman has to begin life again just at the age when beginning is most difficult. She is too young, especially in these days of prolonged youth (when "fifty is the fashionable age," as in Goldsmith's comedy), to be willing to occupy a place on the shelf with a companion to read aloud to her; and she is too old to enjoy the process of striking fresh roots and making interests for herself, instead of taking, as hitherto, those that were to her hand. And, indeed, the task of "making interests," so often recommended to the lonely or the childless, is but a poor thing at best, and in general it is only well-meaning and rather colourless people who try it with success; they can take up even conchology with a will. When a woman is in her normal state of mind and body, interests, to be of any permanent use, must spring up unconsciously and from within. They must be the glow of the blood coursing through the veins, not paint laid on to simulate it. Material cosmetics *may* deceive members of the opposite sex; at least, this is the faith of the women who employ them. But in-

tellectual cosmetics, feigned interests, whether they take in the world or not, leave an aching void in the heart of the woman who, with "nobody to love," tries to concern herself about the stellar bodies, or germs, or cells, or dicotyledons, or gardening, or politics, or the fine arts, or philanthropy.

"Have you any children?" one member of a charitable committee asked another in a voice trembling with what the lady questioned took to be deep sympathy.

"No, none," was the answer.

"Oh, *then*," exclaimed the first lady, "I may ask you to do some work for us"; and her tone conveyed unmistakably that it would be a charity to find the poor, unoccupied creature something to do.

Of course, it is undeniable that in spite of the drawback of friends' friends, the experiment of two ladies living together has been tried again and again with perfect success. The most notable example is perhaps that of the Ladies of Llangollen; but then it must be remembered that they were wise enough to plant themselves in a remote place, where the former friends of either could not be perpetually dropping in, and their visitors were almost without exception fashionable busy people who turned out of their road to inspect these famous female curiosities. Also—and this goes for much in such a *ménage*—Lady Eleanor Butler was twenty years older than Miss Ponsonby, and must have considered her a child! The moment the relationship ceases to be the affection and intimacy of two *equals*, and is that of teacher and disciple, the situation becomes possible. There will never be any fear of the friends of one of the partners growing wearisome to the other member of the firm. The stronger-minded lady will gradually insinuate some of her own views into the head of her companion, who will shortly discover for herself, as she thinks, that her former acquaintances, whom she deemed so amusing, have sadly gone off, or, in the light of less frequent intercourse, have proved themselves silly and vulgar.

Now, in the slipshod parlance of the day, the word "friend" is made to cover as large a ground in the matter of degrees of acquaintanceship as the word "clever" does in dealing with intellectual things, or "pretty" in those of external comeliness. Shakespeare was "a clayver man," in the opinion of Lord Frederick Verisopht, while Prince Charlie also "esteemed the King of Prussia for a similar reason." The authoress of the last daring novel that ought to "take the benefit of the Act"—Lord Campbell's Act—is also pronounced "clever"; there are no degrees perceptible in this hierarchy of talented persons. The vocabulary of the peasant is estimated at about three hundred words; is that of the ordinary member of society so very much more copious? From pure laziness he, and still worse, she, forces one word to do the duty of many, and consequently fails to convey any definite meaning, though, to be sure, her thoughts are probably as hazy as her expressions. A "friend," in these days, merely denotes a person who crosses our path more frequently than somebody else. If chance removes her—let us use the feminine pronoun, as we are dealing chiefly with women—if chance removes her from our immediate neighbourhood, her absence leaves no blank, as her presence conveys no special joy, and the relationship is one that involves no duty. Why should it? The "friend" is simply an accident in our existence, and rarely attains even to the dignity of an "episode." "There are a thousand such as she," why waste a thought on the hours we passed in each other's society, drifted together like two leaves floating down the same stream? Even everyday associations, such as ancient "paidlings in the burn," community of interests or perils, do not necessarily change comrades into friends, for friendship is the recognition in another soul of a fundamental likeness to our own, though the forms of expression taken by each may be totally dissimilar. But there is another way in which the word "friendship" may be misused, besides confounding it with mere acquaintance-

ship. It is when an element of *engouement*, or infatuation, comes in, and the nicely-adjusted balance is upset. The thing is no longer "The Same," as people are fond of saying about their past flirtations, and complications are apt to ensue.

The writer does not feel certain as to how far, if at all, this element of infatuation is wont to disturb the settled friendships of men, grown-up men. If Jones and Brown have been good, steady friends, perhaps since school or college days, is either of them likely to begin to be crazed about a new acquaintance, Smith? Does Jones like Smith in season, and (far more frequently) out of season? Does he brag about Smith's beauty, taste in dress, adroitness at billiards, social accomplishments, and other charms of his person, manner and intellect? Is Brown obliged either to cultivate Smith with passionate attention, or to smile and smile as he listens to Jones's praises of Smith, or frankly to make up his mind that Jones is a bore about Smith, and say so, taking the consequences? Probably these things do not mar the friendships of men. They desolate the friendships of women.

Let us take an instance. Miss A. and Miss B. have been friends from youth, like Helena and Hermia of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and their friendship has been on equal terms. They have spoken freely to each other about many things (especially about other women); they have *not* taken each other's advice, yet have never quarrelled; they have differed amicably in matters of taste and even of conduct; and if they have both made some confidences, there has far more often lain between them the confidence implied by silence. For years at a time they have not seen each other, for months they have not written to each other, yet the first five minutes of their meeting finds them talking as if they had parted yesterday. There are no outworks in the shape of conversations about voyages and hotels to be carried before the citadel of intimacy is reached. In an instant the separa-

tion is bridged over; indeed, they are not conscious that a bridge was there at all.

To many, perfect friendship cannot exist without the free use of Christian names. The little word "Miss" freezes their souls and keeps them all their lives hovering on the edge of formality. To them there is everything "in a name"—a Christian name—and till Miss Jenkins and Miss Thompson become "Polly" and "Molly," their acquaintances feel that they are only dwellers in the outer courts, and have no foothold in the inner shrine.

Caroline, has, however, had none of these moments of emotion in regard to Julia. Circumstances made it natural from the first that they should dispense with formalities, therefore they had no sense of the hours of palpitations which often environ this cementing of a friendship. Thus they floated placidly on, till suddenly, in a Swiss hotel, on a voyage, or at a country-house, Dorothy appears on the scene. Sometimes the attraction is instant and mutual—

> "Where both deliberate the love is slight.
> Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?"

said Marlowe, and the feeling in the breasts of both ladies is in many points more akin to poetic love than to mere prosy friendship. Sometimes, again, it is the "desire of the moth for the star," and the moth is at once so humble and so persistent and so very, very flattering, that the star lets itself down within touching distance. With a large proportion of mankind we know that love begets love; but in a "friendship" of this sort there is no equality, but always "l'une qui aime, et l'autre qui se laisse aimer." Henceforth Dorothy not only adopts all the opinions and rules of conduct which govern Julia, but has been known to develop a genuine taste for arts or diversions that have been hitherto repugnant to her. To the amazement of her acquaintances, Dorothy's house becomes the resort of travelling dramatic companies, because Julia loves the stage,

and her drawing-room is littered with chips of wood, because Julia is a skilful carver.

In return for all this, Julia, who has at first been passive in the matter, gradually becomes active, even to a state of eruption. Nothing less than universal homage is demanded for Dorothy, and is especially demanded from Caroline. "No critics pass this way," is writ large over her person. In the interests of Dorothy, Julia's most cherished convictions are stretched on the Bed of Procrustes and lopped down to the required size: sooner than admit that Dorothy's explanation of *Sordello* is not the true one, or that her perspective is not correct, her singing not always in tune, Julia will "have words" with Caroline. And more, Julia will never rest till Dorothy's views of that great poem—and many others—are imparted freely to all Julia's acquaintances, who are also bidden to hear how "in delicacy of rendering and in expression" Dorothy infinitely surpasses the most famous soprano of the day. And it is not only on her "special subjects," but on endless others, that Dorothy's perfections are dangled before the eyes of Julia's neighbours, as Julia's are before Dorothy's. In each case every road leads to Rome, whatever the efforts employed by the listener to journey towards some other city. Safety is only to be attained through flight, and fly accordingly the visitor does, thinking with sympathy of the humble voter with a certain oyster-shell long centuries ago.

And what is Caroline's attitude all this time towards Julia and Dorothy? What is the correct behaviour for a woman when her friend becomes absorbed in somebody else? Well, she can take it in two ways. She can assume the *manière noble*, which is rare and exhausting, or the *manière à la bonne femme*, which is easier to keep up and is as old as the newly-discovered Neolithic man. The *manière noble* requires a great effort to begin with, and a greater effort to go on with; and it would not be advisable for any woman to take up the attitude publicly, who is not

possessed of a considerable amount of generosity of soul. To avoid criticising even to herself the conduct of Julia in the matter, Caroline's only resource is to believe, or to try to believe, that Julia has been amply justified by the precious nature of the object which has taken the first place in her life. "Oh, a most charming woman!" cries Caroline, whenever Dorothy is casually mentioned, or "How beautiful Dorothy looked last night in that divine dress of pink and scarlet, picked out with mauve! How clearly she summed up the Irish Question, and how marvellously she put in a nutshell the Church's case against divorce!" Enthusiasm such as this is always wearing, and cannot be kept at such a pitch for long; but, though a little absurd to onlookers, it is the genuine effort of an honest soul, and even from a worldly point of view answers its purpose. It tides over an awkward moment, and by the time people have finished speculating "How Caroline will take it," a fresh interest absorbs them, and Caroline's enthusiasm cools down into comparative calm.

The *manière à la bonne femme* is, alas! the more common way of meeting such situations. It consists in the aggrieved party, Caroline, becoming jealous and displaying her feelings, so that he who races in a motor-car may read them. Her flouts and sneers only expose her to contempt, and her remarks in regard to Dorothy soon reach the ears of Julia. Julia will probably, if she is fond of Caroline, first try explanation and expostulation; but this is a mistake. "Never explain, and never apologise," once said a pillar of the Church; and, indeed, what is there left for Julia to say?

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not Dolly more,"

would hardly be soothing; and, after all, our affections are not things to apologise for, and no one has the smallest right to interfere with them. All that Caroline can justly demand is that old claims should be carefully kept apart

from new ones, and that the two should never be suffered to clash.

In reality the key to the whole position rests with Dorothy, and depends on her tact and sense. It is hardly likely that this is her first excursion into the *Pays du Tendre*, and if she is capable of learning from experience—so few people are—she may contrive to put everything on a commonplace footing until all three shake down comfortably.

If, however, Caroline has introduced Dorothy to Julia, the problem instantly grows more difficult of solution. Besides the feeling, of which Caroline will soon become acutely conscious, that she has ministered to her own undoing, understanding, as she never did before, the meaning of the saying, "Two's company, but three's trumpery," she will constantly be irritated by little pin-pricks delivered by Dorothy, unless she is a miracle of tact. Caroline will have to receive with unmoved countenance information from Dorothy as to how Julia brings up her children, the colour of her curtains, or her favourite poet. She will be told, with all the importance of one who has lately acquired a piece of interesting news, about some adventure in which she (Julia) herself had shared in the dim, dark ages, or a fact in Julia's life will be imparted confidentially by Dorothy with which Caroline had long been silently familiar. Even when no *amitié de cœur* is at stake it is always a little trying for someone else to assume an air of proprietorship in our old friends and to resent our familiar criticism of them.

Nothing, of course, can be more ill-bred, as well as more unkind, than to make disparaging and uncalled-for remarks on the friends of other people; but there are many who will not scruple to do this, while holding their own friends as invulnerable as Achilles or Siegfried, not even allowing a spot on the heel or upon the shoulder for mortal darts to pierce. For men and women who are so sensitive there is only one golden rule to guide them, unless they wish

their other friends and acquaintances to live in a state of perpetual *gêne* in their company. The few, the happy few, whom it is rank blasphemy to criticise, should never be mentioned at all except where matters of fact are concerned. Their merits and exploits should be passed by in silence, if nothing but the most favourable comment can be accepted. Otherwise the listener is either driven to tell a lie—and it shows a lack of breeding to put people in such a corner—or else to feel as if she, and not her questioner, is to blame. He, or more generally she, never suspects that she has no right to say, "Didn't you think that was a very clever retort of Jane's?" unless she can hear with equanimity the reply, "Well, no, it struck me as rather pert and not very much to the point." These amiable partisans never see what barricades to freedom of intercourse they are erecting when their companion is always saying to herself, "Oh, I do hope she won't allude to the Venezuelan Prime Minister, or to Li Hung Chang, or to the war in the Philippines, for I shall have to say things that I know she won't agree with."

It is curious how frequently those who are most critical themselves are the least willing to admit criticism on the part of others. They do not recognise the fact that the existence of criticism is only justified by the freedom of its exercise by all alike. "No, I can never like Kate," Nan will exclaim heartily; but she is conscious of a thrill of mortification when Mary rejoins (which she has no business to do), "Well, Kate doesn't like you any better than you like her." But why should Kate care? Why should any of us expect to be cherished by the whole world? Nan, if the question was put to her, would probably deny any such expectation, though deep down in her heart she is probably well aware that it is true. Yet there are several people among our acquaintance whose appreciation some of us would consider as anything but a feather in our caps. In friendship, as in business, unless there is give and take in equal measure on both sides, the basis is unsound.

Another instance of want of tact shown even by those who are most truly helpful and sympathetic to us is the inclination to force one person into the groove of another. Mary complains that she finds it very difficult to make a picnic go off as it should. The person who was to have brought the beef-steak pies has burst into raspberry tarts; waggonettes instead of brakes have been sent by the livery stable; the wrong people have got mixed up and look bored to death before they have passed the first milestone; and as they ascribe what has really been the stroke of fate to malice on the part of their Elective Affinities, they remain unapproachable and unappeasable for the rest of the day. Mary confides these woes to Caroline, and receives sympathy without stint. "But, my dear, you should take a lesson from Clara" (with whom Mary has only a bowing acquaintance). "She has a perfect genius for managing picnics; no matter how incongruous her elements are, they invariably shake down and are on familiar terms before the day is out." Poor Mary sighs, willing to acknowledge her own defects, yet feeling she would rather never have another picnic as long as she lives than ask advice from the gifted Clara.

These are the people who quite unconsciously depress their companions. Their friends seem such splendid superior creatures. Everyone is an Abdiel or a Shakespeare, and your own poor little Cincinnatus or Wotton is thrown quite into the shade. Yet you feel that if your Johnsons had such Boswells, their deeds and their words might have been found worthy of the illustrious company who are thought to tower so far above them. But Boswells are few, and village Hampdens are many.

Apart from real friends, it is curious to note our attitude towards other people's acquaintances. If some kind hostess takes us to an "At Home" at a house of which we know nothing, and where the guests are likely to be absolute strangers to us, when we first enter the room they seem to have no more individuality than a flock of sheep, and convey

as little to our minds as the jumble of sounds in an unknown language. They appear frumpish, vacant, dismal, and a thousand other undesirable things. Their talk sounds tiresome and commonplace, though it may be quite as intellectual as what we listen to habitually; their dress is "odd" or dowdy, their manners pompous or brusque. But let us once attach a meaning and association to any of their names, let even the name of the hostess be a guarantee of some sort of distinction on the part of the guests, and, quite unconsciously to ourselves, the crowd which fills the rooms and obstructs the staircase will assume a very different aspect. And if we are introduced to any of its members, and not buffeted about so that conversation is impossible, the difference will be greater still. We turn our eyes eagerly round, for every man may be the distinguished statesman of whom we have heard so often, every woman the celebrated authoress or painter whose fame has been dinned into our ears till they were well-nigh deafened. The remarks which sounded so gushing or so fatuous when addressed to others, are only pleasantly sympathetic when we are the object of them; the stout lady in yellow satin whom we have contemplated from afar with the superiority which fat people invariably inspire in thin ones, becomes invested with interest when we learn that she is the godmother of our favourite niece; the "dowdy" woman becomes "distinguished," the "pompous" man, full of old-world courtesy. Even the one familiar face among the undergraduates at a University sermon, or in a train of schoolgirls, seems to us less plain than the rest, only because to us it has individuality!

It is humiliating to reflect how fast we are tied and bound in the chains of our associations and of our prejudices; for what is all this but prejudice, and inability to judge things on their own ground, leaving ourselves out of the question? How many people are there who resent a wrong done and decline the acquaintance of the doer, when it does not affect either them or their friends or society at large,

simply because the man or the woman who is capable of such conduct is not a person they wish to know? Of all the graces we desire to attain to, impartiality or leaving ourselves out of the question is the most difficult; but nowhere is its attainment so difficult or its exercise so hard as in the case of our friends' friends. "Save me from my friends," said a person not infrequently quoted. In spite of the unimpeachable moral reflections with which we close—reflections in the manner of the gifted Maria Edgeworth—our heart, unconvinced, still murmurs, "Save us from our friends' friends."

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BARON DE FRÉNILLY

FRÉNILLY'S recollections begin when his years were seven, with the first entrance of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette into Paris as king and queen, and he was, he tells us, "struck with the note of peaceful splendour surrounding the whole spectacle, which had nothing military about it. Not even the Swiss or the Life Guards in their uniforms of red and blue and gold suggested a military display. In this as in many other things times have changed. Our ceremonies are now the occasion of assembling real armies, and instead of merely going to listen to a *Te Deum*, they appear to be intending to lay siege to Nôtre Dame."

The passage is very characteristic of Frénilly's method of recording his memories. No child of seven would ever "be struck with the civil aspect of the procession," or make the reflections which Frénilly puts into his mouth, and in the same way we cannot place entire faith in the Baron's account of public events set down many years after they occurred. For he had no diaries and few letters to help him when in his exile he began to describe the "old forgotten far-off things and battles long ago." Impressions have a way of getting blurred if not recorded at the moment, and of reshaping themselves. The Napoleon of Mme. de Rémusat's rewritten memoirs is most certainly a very different person from the Napoleon seen through the halo of Arcola or Marengo of the original manuscript.

The Baron de Frénilly belonged by birth to the aristocracy of France, and like all his family and friends was Royalist to the tips of his fingers. The man as he unfolds

himself does not in the least resemble his comic and sentimental portrait, with dishevelled hair and rumpled collar, placed in the beginning of the book. He was a light-hearted person, with a sense of humour (when his prejudices allowed it to have free play), fond of literature and society, and in a small way a poet, a journalist, a playwright, and a great reader. The miniaturist Le Guay has painted him with all the proper accessories: a roll of papers in his right hand; the portfolio—possibly that of the future deputy and councillor of State—under his left arm; a writing-box with a pen on the table beside him; but the pensive, far-away gaze is not that of the "Coqueluche of Poitou" he has taught us to know.

His childhood was passed in surroundings less unhappy than those of many other infant aristocrats of the time, who, like the little Duc de Lauzun, were left chiefly to the care of servants and suffered greatly from neglect. The Frénillys were rich, and his father was a cultivated man of the world, distinguished as a maker of verses and a charming companion, but chiefly remarkable in that day for setting a higher value on his wife and children than on any social success. As to his mother, Auguste adored her with more than the usual adoration of a French son, and to the end her memory remained with him as that of "a model which could not be reproduced." But she never allowed her little boy to be spoilt either by herself or by other people. "When I was six or seven, I used to scratch my sister a good deal," he says, and on one occasion when the scratching had been more than commonly severe, Mme. de Frénilly took a pin from her hair and calmly drew it across his hand. The circumstance made the desired impression upon Auguste, and did not need repetition. Perhaps his mother had been reading the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, and had laid to heart the lesson of *force majeure*.

When in the country the little Frénillys did not lack playmates, for many of the neighbouring châteaux were

occupied by their relations. At one time the Neckers had a house near by, and the future Mme. de Staël "almost lived" at the Frénillys, and acted plays and proverbs with the rest. Every Sunday M. de Frénilly adjudged a prize for the best historical essay written by the children during the week, but the Baron omits to tell us if the wreath of roses crowned the brow of Mlle. Necker more frequently than those of the other competitors. After this, their lives drifted apart, and they did not meet again for years. "She loved us as much as she could love anybody," he remarks, "and if she has since forgotten us it is no fault of hers. It is only because we never became famous."

In spite of his lifelong devotion to her, Mme. de Frénilly caused some pain to her son by the exhibition of sympathies contrary to his own. When he was grown up she shocked him by calling her dog Brutus, and placing a bust of his *bête noire* La Fayette in her room. But during his childhood she had done worse things still, and at sixty-eight the Baron's memory goes back to the time when he was ten years old and "all Paris" went mad over the visit of Voltaire. The excitement of Mme. de Frénilly was no whit behind that of any of the free-thinking poets who dragged his carriage through the streets to the Français, and wept with emotion at beholding his bust crowned on the stage by Clairon at the close of the performance of "the worst of his tragedies." Fain would she have been present at that moving scene, but as these joys were not for a lady of her position and principles, she determined that her son at any rate should be able to boast to his grandchildren that "he had seen Voltaire," though it would be impossible to conceive any boast which the worthy Baron would ever be less likely to make! Yet how to bring this about? for Voltaire, then eighty-three years old, had quite as much as his health would bear in attending the public functions arranged in his honour, and orders were given that no one should be admitted to his rooms. However,

an obstacle of that kind had no effect on the resolution of Mme. de Frénilly, and after much reflection she invented a plan which she felt sure could not fail of success.

The first step was to tell Auguste; and Auguste, who all his life was a mass of prejudices, had already formed at nine years old a very strong prejudice against Voltaire. The "frightful grimace" he made on hearing what was required of him revealed his feelings, and it was only after repeated appeals to his sentiments of honour and glory, and the bribe of a cup of coffee so strong "it would have made a goat jump," that he consented in an evil moment to pose as an infant prodigy.

Poor victim, he little knew what he was undertaking! For a week his mother crammed him with every scrap of Voltaire's poetry that seemed appropriate to the occasion, besides racking her brains to think of every question Voltaire might put, and teaching Auguste graceful and lyrical answers. Thus armed at all points, the unwilling messenger awaited the fateful morning.

When he awoke he found his best clothes laid out on a chair, and with the help of a valet he arrayed himself in a coat of apple-green satin lined with pink, breeches to match, white silk stockings, buckled shoes, sword at his side, hat tucked under his arm, while his hair had been subjected to an extra amount of crimping. His mother surveyed him with pride and satisfaction, a ıd held out a letter—"I never read it," he says when telling his tale, "but no doubt it contained all the gush with which an obscure lady would be likely to address a man whose fame is universal. It was intended to act as my passport with the servants, and should any questions be put to me at the door I was to answer that it came from a certain M. d'Arget, a common friend of my father and Voltaire."

Everything was now ready, and, with her train thus well laid, Mme. de Frénilly got into her carriage, followed by the smart and reluctant Auguste.

Near the corner of the Rue de Beaune the carriage stopped, and the boy got out.

"My knees trembled a little," he continues, "but I managed to reach the house without getting muddy. I passed through the gateway without finding, as I fully expected, any porter to stop me, and turned to the right, as I had been told, up a little staircase leading to the entresol. Here a sort of valet came out to speak to me. 'Where are you going, Monsieur?' he asked, and I answered, 'To see M. de Voltaire.' A door was instantly thrown open, and I found myself face to face with a skeleton lying on a large sofa, half hidden by a fur cap which came down to his eyes. I knew at once that it was Voltaire, but I had counted on having to walk through numerous drawing-rooms and ante-chambers before I entered his presence, and this sudden vision left me speechless.

"'Oh, what a charming child!' cried a hollow voice; 'come closer, my little friend.'

"'I have the honour, Monsieur,' I stammered, holding out the letter.

"'Who is it from?' he asked.

"'From M. d'Arget, Monsieur.' (Oh, my poor mother!)

"'And what is your name?'

"'Frénilly, Monsieur.' (Oh, my unhappy mother, alas! for the ten lines of poetry in which I should have answered this!)

"'And who is your father?'

"'He is Receiver-General, Monsieur.' (That question had six lines.) My other replies were probably just as wide of my mother's teaching, but I remember that he continued to ejaculate periodically 'What a charming child!' Then the valet brought in an enormous Savoy cake, which I see as clearly to-day as I do the face of Voltaire, for I always was (and still am) terribly greedy. But I felt it was a point of honour to refuse it, as I had already learned the lesson that there were circumstances in which even appetite must give

place to glory. So I neither ate, nor drank, nor spoke: instead, I bowed, I walked backwards, I went out. I hurried down the staircase and through the door, and flung myself into the carriage by my mother's side.

"'Well, did you see Voltaire?' she cried.

"'Yes, I did,' I answered proudly.

"'And did he speak to you?'

"'Yes.'

"'And you gave him the letter?'

"'Yes.'

"'And whom did you tell him it was from?'

"'From M. d'Arget!'

"I cast the veil of Timanthus over the feelings of my mother, but somehow a story got into the papers that some precocious child had run away from home in order to pay homage to M. de Voltaire."

The Baron's recollections of his childhood are especially vivid. His parents were resolved that their children should have the best of educations and all the advantages to be obtained from the society of cultivated people. To this end Auguste was taken to the Français, where Corneille, Racine, and of course all Molière's plays were being acted in full-bottomed wigs and vast hoops by the *troupe* of the "Maison du Roi"—for Clairon, then in her glory, had not yet carried through her reform of costume. At the Opera, Mme. St. Huberty was singing the music of Gluck—a delight which Paris owed to Marie Antoinette—and occasionally, as a treat, the children were taken to the *foires* held in covered galleries, where they revelled in the antics of performing dogs or marionettes. This mode of life was rendered possible by the early hours kept, plays beginning at five or six and ending at eight or nine, when supper followed. On certain evenings of the week Mme. de Frénilly despatched Auguste and his tutor to D'Alembert's room in the Louvre, in order that his taste might be improved by the brilliant talk he heard there. "M. d'Alembert only spoke by fits and starts,"

says the Baron when recalling his sufferings; "he embroidered on the material of others, but rarely furnished the text of the conversation," and Auguste much preferred his *real* lessons to these especially tedious hours. He had a passion for Greek, and wrote a long tragedy on Hector, for "Homer was his daily bread." He was also carefully taught to write a good French style, while his grandmother undertook his elocution. "You read like a pig, my boy," she said one day; "I must teach you to read like a gentleman."

Auguste's future career was early determined on. He was to follow in the footsteps of his great-uncle M. de Saint-Waast, and to succeed him as Administrator-General of Domains, and in the interval to exercise on attaining his majority the duties of Receiver-General of Poitou. The boy did not look forward with any enthusiasm to his life's work. In fact he detested finance, having probably heard too much of it in his childhood, but he did not dream of upsetting the family arrangements, and at sixteen departed with a very uncongenial tutor to study the necessary amount of law at Rheims. On their way they stopped at Erménonville, the last resting-place of Rousseau, "where every bench in the garden of the château, and every tree also, was covered with inscriptions in English, Italian, and Latin, inviting the traveller to repose, to virtue, to meditation, to sensibility." It was noticeable that none of the inscriptions were in French! As to the monument of the Son of Nature on an island in the middle of the lake, he found it exceedingly unimpressive, though he greatly admired the splendid poplars surrounding it. His feelings were shared by a gentleman who was likewise visiting the tomb. "I would gladly buy those poplars for Stockholm," he remarked to Frénilly, "if I was not afraid of the monument being thrown in gratis." The speaker was Gustave III, King of Sweden, whom Frénilly had previously seen at a *fête* given at the Petit Trianon by Marie Antoinette. Three days after their meeting at Erménonville, Auguste encountered him at

Rheims on foot like any other tourist and accompanied by two of his suite. But in spite of his incognito, the King had been recognised by the crowd, which dogged his steps, saying as they went, "There is another of them who will have to undergo a whipping." Though Rousseau's doctrines, backed in many cases by the celebrated Doctor Tronchin, had taken great hold on Parisian society, in which for long he boasted many worshippers, his ingratitude and constant grumblings and the incredible meanness of his whole nature wore out at last the patience of his friends. No one had showed him more constant kindness than the ugly, witty, good-natured Mme. d'Houdetot, sister-in-law of Mme. d'Epinay. Her "benefits forgot," he heaped on her coarse abuse of every sort, yet in after-years, when Frénilly tried to make her talk about him, she was silent, and turned the conversation. Mme. Dupin, too, whom Frénilly as a young man visited at Chenonceaux, where Rousseau had been tutor to her two step-sons, resolutely shut out from her memory all recollections of the man whom fifty years before she had thought so far superior to the rest of humanity.

"He was a vile wretch," she said in answer to Frénilly's queries. Mme. Dupin never forgave Rousseau for having disappointed her, and her rancour was as lively as ever at ninety-four. Her memory, too, was as good as in her youth, when she had talked with Mme. de Maintenon at St. Cyr, and had danced in masques in the days of the Regency. Her son, Rousseau's pupil, was the M. de Francueil who preceded Grimm in the affections of Mme. d'Epinay, and was the ancestor of George Sand. To an intelligent man—and a gossip—like Frénilly, her conversation was a mine of enjoyment, and it was with reluctance that "he tore himself from the delights of Chenonceaux." He returned to Paris in 1787, a shy, self-conscious youth entering a world which externally as well as internally was totally different from the world he had left. He grows eloquent over the hideous dress in which his friends now appeared. The heads "à la

Titus," the frock-coats, the round hats, the trousers of yellow cashmere, "so tight that you needed both cleverness and prudence to walk, to dance, to sit or stoop in them, as any hasty movement might cause a catastrophe." All those were bad enough, but when *boots* crossed the threshold of a drawing-room the victory of the New Ugliness was consummated. As a corollary, he conceives, of these strange garments, men lost their good manners and became familiar. They frequented their clubs, which grew more and more numerous, and—most fatal sign of all!—preferred to amuse themselves in the society of their own sex! For "the worst companion for a man is a man, and for a woman another woman." The Baron's strictures on the state of manners recall the account given by Mme. de Genlis of the change she noticed in this respect on her return to Paris after the Revolution. In speaking of suppers, which were of course the important functions that our dinner parties are now, she says that in the time of the Monarchy it would have been a mark of excessive ill-breeding for any lady not of royal blood to have presumed upon her title and to walk out of the room before the rest. The rule was that whoever happened to be next the door should go down first and sit where she pleased, leaving a place on each side for a gentleman: an ambassador or royal prince sat of course next the hostess. The evening being at an end, nobody would have dreamed of calling attention to himself—or herself—by going up to the lady of the house and taking a solemn leave of her. The guests went quietly away without making any fuss.

In view of his profession, Frénilly was sent for two years into the south of France and Poitou to gain experience both of land questions and finance. The pages which describe his manners of life there are filled to overflowing with portraits, for there is scarcely a creature whom he meets either at dinner or on a country-house visit whom he does not sketch at full length. These sketches, when prejudice does not come into play, are usually good-natured and

patronising. But it is rare for him to discern both *esprit* and beauty in the same person, and after descanting on the obtuse intellect or ungainly figure of the subject under dissection, he commonly winds up by remarking that, after all, he was not a bad fellow at bottom. He is not quite so cavalier in his treatment of women, as he expects less of them, and after dismissing Mme. Talleyrand with his favourite qualification, adds charitably, "she really was a mixture of beauty and silliness [*la belle et la bête ensemble*], and had the kind of cleverness which the stupidest woman always possesses." On the other hand, the want of reticence and tact observable in Frénilly, shown in his description of his much-loved wife as "an ugly woman with Chinese eyes," is exhibited in a perfectly-amazing manner with regard to an episode in which his cousin Mme. de Bon played a part. The idea that any man could put such things on paper, even if he *did* "write for himself alone," is so staggering that for a moment the reader is tempted to place the book by the side of the forged memoirs of Mme. de Créquy and the rest. But Frénilly has no misgivings as to the possibility of the manuscripts which he left behind him falling into strange hands, and complacently pours out his tale, which we cannot help thinking M. Chuquet would have done well to omit.

"It is not my intention to write history," the Baron explicitly states, but even so, the horrors of the Revolution do not seem to have impressed him much more when they were not actually before his eyes than the great plague did Pepys. The taking of the Bastille, which Mme. de Genlis brought her young Orleans pupils to witness, is only noticed by him as the subject of a bet which caused him the loss of a louis, and "nothing remains in his memory of the terrible winter of '89 but the balls and *fêtes*."

He goes mad with joy at the news of the King's flight to Varennes, but makes no mention of his execution or that of Marie Antoinette. Whatever he takes *personal* part in, he can describe graphically, but he was plainly one of those

happy people on whom distant troubles make little mark. Yet now and then he shakes off his rather egotistic preoccupation, and allows his mind to dwell on public affairs. He recognises that "the abortive journey to Varennes gave the impulse to the emigration of the nobles," and that it was "the emigration which gave the revolutionaries their chance." "The nobles were ruined, not by the decrees but by emigration."

During the autumn of 1791 Frénilly went into Auvergne to pay a visit to his cousin Flora, now Mme. de Romeuf. In spite of her two brothers-in-law having fallen victims to the fascinations of their neighbour M. de La Fayette, one of the numerous pack of Frénilly's *bêtes noires*, he enjoyed himself vastly, and entered into the chilly expeditions planned to amuse him with the zest of a boy. In the course of a few weeks news arrived that La Fayette was expected at his estate near Clermont, and excitement reigned throughout the whole district.

Frénilly happened to be driving along the road at the moment, and beheld an enormous crowd gathered, and troops lining the way. At the sight of his post-chaise someone raised the cry "There he is!" and began to run after the carriage. The post-boy whipped up his horses, and they dashed along accompanied by shouts of "Long live La Fayette!" while the guns thundered a welcome. Suddenly the mayor and the notables of Montferrand advanced to one side of the carriage while the general and his staff came to the other. The Baron let down the window, and putting his head out, asked what they wanted. "Illustrious General," began the mayor.

"Monsieur, I am not a general."

"Not a general?" exclaimed the mayor, thinking he was losing his senses.

"Whom do you take me for?"

"Why, for the person you are, the illustrious General La Fayette."

"You are mistaken; I am not General La Fayette."

"No more he is!" shouted a grenadier, pressing closer, "but who is he?" and the people answered, "He is a spy and a traitor. To the guillotine! To the guillotine!" The post-boy waited to hear no more, but lashed his horses till they flew like the wind, followed by a volley of stones which hit the carriage. Frénilly was soon out of reach of danger, and in the evening the mayor and the general commanding the troops called to apologise for the mistake they had made.

The winter season of 1792 was one of the most brilliant within the recollection of Frénilly, and when he returned to Paris in January, "it seemed as if society was laying up a store of high spirits against the hour when tears would be its portion to drink." Mme. de Frénilly was there also with her daughter, for she had just inherited a large fortune from her uncle and the Hôtel de Jonzac besides, a delightful house opposite the convent of Jacobins, close to the Cour du Manège, where the lower-class revolutionaries were accustomed to assemble. But as the Hôtel de Jonzac needed repairs, Mme. de Frénilly took a house in the Rue Vivienne, destined shortly to become "a magazine of arms and a storehouse of uniforms." As to what happened between January and the 10th of August, "his mind is a blank," but he does recollect that he and other young aristocrats enrolled themselves into a National Guard numbering about 6000, and having made all the preparations possible to defend the monarchy, danced and acted to their hearts' content, "not from heartlessness, but from sheer excitement and impatience to begin the inevitable fight."

He was at supper with his mother and some friends on the 9th of August, when the call to arms broke upon their laughter. It had come at last, what they had been waiting for, and uttering a cry of joy, the young men ran and put on their uniforms, and joining their comrades, silently formed up on the terrace of the Tuileries as the

clock struck midnight from St. Germain l'Auxerrois. But it was not the defenders of the monarchy who alone assembled. At dawn all the tocsins in Paris were sounding, and the people were under arms. In spite of the multitudes, silence reigned, and the King, who came to review the National Guard, was unhappily as silent as the rest, when a few words of encouragement might have put new life into his soldiers. Chance after chance was lost; post after post remained unoccupied. Finally the Royal family left the Tuileries; the National Guards were forbidden to fight, and the Swiss were mowed down where they stood.

After this Frénilly thought it was time for his mother to leave Paris and retire to her property at Loches. He himself set off first to make preparations, but in spite of his passport, the "très joli nécessaire" of silver which he insisted on taking with him almost ruined him, as another *nécessaire* had ruined Marie Antoinette. Driven from section to section, he returned home, to learn that the September massacres had begun. At length, however, he succeeded in getting his mother and sister out of danger, and then went back to Paris to see to his affairs, and with a curiosity which was one of his strongest characteristics he next day took his stand in the Rue St. Honoré to watch the tumbrils go past. In the first was Danton, and beside him stood the late Advocate-General of the Parliament of Paris, Hérault de Séchelles, in whose footsteps Mme. de Frénilly had wished him to follow ten years before.

It is impossible to relate the course of the Revolution or of the doings of Frénilly. He and his family returned to Paris in 1795, a Paris without horses or carriages, where it was "the height of fashion to be ruined and imprisoned, and where it was difficult not to regret that one had never been guillotined." All governments were alike abhorrent to him—one may say, all kings, except his *preux chevalier* Charles X. To him Louis XVI is an "ill-shapen and inert

lump," Louis XVIII a "self-opinionated egotist." For Napoleon, of course, he has nothing but abuse, of the stupidest, blackest, and most baseless sort. He even goes the length of denying him military genius, and speaks of the campaign of 1813 as "the only one in which he had not on his side numbers, the season (Frénilly seems to have forgotten Russia), the enthusiasm of his soldiers, and the fear felt by the enemy"; while elsewhere he announces that "Bonaparte only contrived to be a general when circumstances were all in his favour." Yet one cannot help feeling that in spite of his words Frénilly had recognised in the years of the First Consulate that the "Strong Man armed," for whom France was crying, had come.

The description of the toilette of the Parisian ladies in another gay winter, that of 1799, reproduces the sights we have lately been contemplating. Petticoats vanished, sleeves followed them. "Anatomical necks or Hottentot throats were displayed with equal indifference. Thick red arms or pointed elbows met your gaze at every turn, while a Titus wig or a Greek coiffure crowned the whole. The numbers of these Athenians who died from having worn at a Parisian ball in January the same costume in which they would have danced in August on the banks of the Eurotas are really not to be counted." Prominent amongst the fashionable ladies was Josephine, "one of those women who contrive to remain at thirty for at least fifteen years."

Frénilly was thirty-two when at length he found a lady whose position and circumstances he considered suitable for his wife: a widow of twenty-six, named Mme. Praudeau de Chémilly, with a large neglected property in the department of Aisne. The marriage proved extremely happy, but however strong may have been Mme. de Frénilly's ultimate affection for the Baron, she would hardly have enjoyed knowing that on first acquaintance he considered her "ugly, with eyes like a Chinaman's, affected and timid, yet severe." To be sure, while passing these strictures, he informs us

that in a short time she passed through a transformation and her defects turned into qualities, a change which he doubtless attributed to his own influence. He certainly grew very fond of her, and held a high opinion of her judgment.

Henceforth the Frénillys divided their lives between Bourneville and Paris, seeing many old friends and making new ones. The Baronne soon expanded in this congenial atmosphere, and was equally ready to preside at the small weekly dinners it was their custom to give, or to share her husband's schemes for the regeneration of Bourneville. So the years passed till Napoleon was in Elba and Louis XVIII on his way to Paris. Whatever might be the rejoicings on the part of the Royalists, those who lived near Paris experienced some sinkings of heart when the news came that "every division of the allied army was followed by a host of Cossacks, who would of course be billeted in the various towns and villages." Naturally the very name of Cossack conjured up visions of every sort of lawlessness, and the Baron at once set about digging holes in which to hide his most valuable possessions. He dared not remove everything lest he should arouse the wrath of his unwelcome guests, and took a sad farewell of his pictures and books before starting to join his wife, while servants and peasants hid themselves in the woods.

The Cossacks, however, like other people, proved much less black than they were painted.

"I must confess," writes Frénilly, "that these savages turned out to be the best creatures in the world. They would never have thought of wringing the neck of a fowl or giving a slap to a child; they spoilt nothing out of mischief, and destroyed nothing out of wantonness, and when I returned I found my mirrors, my statues, and my pictures all intact. They showed even a superstitious reverence for trees, and when they made a big fire in the

courtyard, which was planted round with shrubs, they sent for my gardener (the servants had by this time come back) to ask him if they could warm themselves without damaging the growing plants. But though possessed of so many virtues, they lacked conspicuously that of being able to distinguish between 'mine and thine,' or, rather, they were only capable of grasping the knowledge of 'mine.' In a word, they were the biggest possible thieves, and as, unfortunately, the keys of my drawers had not been left out, they broke open cupboards and writing-tables and wardrobes in the vain hope of finding heaps of gold and silver. The metal boxes containing my archives were forced, and the papers scattered about, but when on my return I began to collect them, not a single leaf was missing."

Well may the Baron remark that this statement "sounds fabulous."

On the 21st of March following, "a small post-chaise drove quietly through Paris and stopped before the Pavillon de l'Horloge." Napoleon had come back, "and all the violets in France were awaiting him." Louis XVIII had already gone, and would have sought refuge in Lille, but Mortier, who had broken his allegiance, prevented this plan from being carried out by reinstating the Imperialist garrison, and confiscating, with the help of the Duke of Orleans, the million of francs which the King had brought with him. In no instance is the Bourbon fatuity more clearly manifest. Instead of providing himself with notes or bills, Louis XVIII took the money in francs, which travelled solidly and slowly in a *fourgon*, under the care of M. Hue, who had the happy idea of insuring its safety by proclaiming that the waggon contained the ashes of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, which the King thus hoped to preserve from sacrilege.

Napoleon was in Paris, but alone. Marie Louise was in Vienna, and "His Majesty the King of Rome," now a prince without a title, was with her. As regards the late

Empress, Frénilly's judgment is curiously wide of the mark. Alluding to the time of her marriage, he says, "In France everyone was sorry for Marie Louise, and regarded her as a victim sacrificed to the peace of Germany. If she had been unhappy they would have adored her. But this *pécore* at once began to dance and laugh, and, worse, to love her Genghis Khan." Rostand, in the inimitable scene with Bombelles, shows her as she was, a cold-hearted, mean-souled, shallow woman.

During the years in which the detested Fouché and the despised Decazes ruled Louis XVIII and France, aided by the no less hated Talleyrand, Frénilly passed most of his time in the country writing books and pamphlets in support of the Royalist cause, and contributing articles to the *Conservateur*. In 1816 and again in 1820 he stood as an ultra-Conservative candidate for the Chamber of Deputies in the Department of the Oise, and each time was defeated. But in 1821 he was invited to represent Savenay in the Loire-Inférieure, and in 1824, at his own request, was nominated Conseiller d'État. But though to all appearance he was content, his lately-awakened ambition was unsatisfied, and when a chance offered for further advancement he was not slow to take it.

For some time past the question of a fresh creation of Peers had been mooted, but had so far only resulted in the promotion of a few insignificant followers of Decazes to the Upper Chamber. But, in 1827, the Minister Villèle needed a majority among the Peers, and determined to obtain it by elevating seventy-six supporters of the Government to the ranks of the *Pairie*. It at once struck Frénilly that, owing to the degeneration of rights and privileges pertaining to the nobility since the days of Charlemagne, he himself had become "tout-à-fait *pairable*," though admitting that he "set little store by a position which, great as it seemed, lowered itself to his level instead of raising him to its own." Still it had its uses, and among

them he reckoned that a hereditary Peer could always command a *dot* of a million francs with his bride, and—*his son was twenty-four!* In England we phrase it differently. Here the accepted formula is, "Of course I do not care about it myself, but it pleases my wife."

So he paid his visit to Villèle and preferred his modest request. "If new Peers are created, you shall be one of them," said the Minister whose expedient had been described by Frénilly himself as "a piece of colossal imbecility," and was destined from the point of view of the Conservative monarchy to bear bitter fruit. As to Frénilly's own attitude in the matter, it is quite incomprehensible. He has abased himself to ask for the *Pairie*, yet "he finds *to his great regret*, his name amongst the honourable crowd of seventy-six, the flower of France in birth and fortune," who nevertheless received but a cold welcome from the ancient members of the Upper Chamber. And there we will leave him where he leaves himself, *Pair malgré lui*, as he would have us believe—with an ardent desire to throw away the pen with which he had recorded the events of sixty years, and to forget the rest of his life spent in exile. He would never own as king one of the "nest of Vipers" from Twickenham.

MISS GRANT OF ROTHIEMURCHUS[1]

SINCE the days when Dorothy Osborne wrote her delightful letters to her rather unresponsive lover, and revealed the fact that young ladies of the seventeenth century led a life of greater independence and liberty than they are generally given credit for, no more fascinating picture of contemporary manners has been given to the world than the *Memoirs of a Highland Lady, née* Miss Grant of Rothiemurchus.

Its charm lies, not in literary style or in the relation of stirring events, for the Peninsular War and the Battle of Waterloo make as little impression on her as the Great Plague did upon Pepys, but in the absolute lack of pose, and the candour with which she states her opinions. If she finds Sir Walter Scott personally uninteresting, and his novels dull, she does not scruple to say so. If Oxford as it was in 1810 strikes her as monotonous, and the ladies composing University society eminently undistinguished, she does not attempt to conceal her impressions. If, her style apart, Madame de Sévigné's letters had bored her, she would at once have admitted the fact, damning though it might be. In short, in telling the story of the first thirty-three years of her long life Miss Grant says what she thinks, and not what she *ought* to think.

The Grants of Rothiemurchus, as every Scotchman knows, are a very old family, living on the banks of the Spey, with the Grampians for neighbours. Joan Beaufort was their direct ancestress on one side, while on that of the spindle the writer of the Memoirs cherished the tradition that her mother's family name of "Ironside" owed its origin to the epoch of the great Edmund. In any case,

[1] London, 1898. John Murray.

the Ironside estate had descended unbroken from the times of the first Norman kings, and its remote situation in a corner of Durham had preserved it alike from border raids and baronial rapacity.

A numerous connection of Ironsides, married and single, resided in and about Houghton-le-Spring, and wooing must have been an embarrassing proceeding carried on under such a multitude of critical eyes. Miss Jane was, however, exempted from this fiery ordeal, for her successful suitor was introduced to her during a visit the young lady paid to her sister, Mrs. Leitch, wife of a Glasgow merchant. No doubt Mrs. Leitch speedily spied out the state of affairs, and hastened to inform the family of her suspicions; but letters were rare in those days, and Jane must have escaped a great deal of the advice and scrutiny she would have had to undergo at home.

As far as we can learn, no positive engagement seems to have been entered into. John Peter Grant was as yet only his uncle's heir and a law student, and was not, therefore, in a position to support a wife. He was, besides, of a cautious turn, and resolved not to commit himself hastily, for even when he was called to the Bar, and succeeded to Rothiemurchus—two events which happened simultaneously—he did not by any means fly to throw himself at the feet of his beloved. On the contrary, he spent a year in Edinburgh society and in visiting Irish friends, in order, as his daughter naïvely remarks, "to make sure of the fidelity of his attachment." This being ascertained, he set out for Houghton-le-Spring, and in August 1796 the young people were married.

The next four or five years were spent by the Grants in Charlotte Square, Edinburgh; but in 1802, when Elizabeth was five, William four, and Jane two, we find them occupying a house in Bury Place, London, Mr. Grant having from motives of ambition exchanged the Scotch for the English Bar. His children were devoted to their father, in spite of some Spartan principles which caused them a great deal of

suffering at one period of their lives; but even from their earliest moments they appear to have been able unconsciously to separate the man himself from the principles he held. If in many respects he was a stern disciplinarian, in others the doctrines of Rousseau and Madame de Genlis had influenced his views; but, apart from either, he was the most delightful playfellow ever known, and when he went away, says his daughter, "all our joy went with him."

Like most education between that given to the learned young ladies of Queen Elizabeth's day and the systematic one bestowed on our own daughters, the lessons learnt by the Grant children were in general set tasks, often above their comprehension, pattered off to their mother or governess, with explanations neither given or demanded. With idle or stupid children, no doubt, the matter ended there, but with intelligent ones like the Grants, the method answered well enough, for as Elizabeth observed, "our brains were not over-excited," and as they all of them (except the dunce, Mary) could read fluently at three, they had the rest of the day in which to study what they liked. Pages of *Geography by a Lady*, columns of spelling, were soon committed to memory, and then they were free to read any books they could understand. At eight or nine Elizabeth picked up in her mother's dressing-room the *Letters* of Lady Hertford and Lady Pomfret, which kept her spellbound, and when she knew them almost by heart her father gave her the *Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*. For lighter moments she had the *Parents' Assistant* and the *Arabian Nights*.

In 1803, when Elizabeth was barely six and William not yet five, they were taken twice to the theatre. The first play was the *Caravan*, at Sadler's Wells, and children were, as was natural, rather bored with most of it. John Kemble was the lover, and a very lugubrious one he seemed to be. "The actor that delighted me," she writes later, "was a dog, a *real* Newfoundland, trained to leap into a cataract

and bring out of the water, *real* water, a doll representing a child. They could not persuade me the doll was not the real child; I thought it dead, drowned, and cried and sobbed so violently I was hardly to be pacified—not till all the audience had been attracted by the noise. The other play was the *Busy Body*. Bannister in all sorts of scrapes, doing mischief continually from over-officiousness, hid in a chimney, discovered when least welcome, &c., a collection of *contre-temps* that fidgeted and annoyed much more than they amused me." In fact her state of mind was exactly that of the child who, provoked at the persistent confusion of two members of the pantomime between "orphan" and "often," rushed to the front of the box and exclaimed in shrill despairing accents, "*Don't* you understand? He means of—ten and of—ten!" Training is necessary to some extent in order to appreciate the conventions of the threatrical world.

As frequently happens on this very ill-regulated planet, "the best-laid schemes of men and mice gang aft agley," and Mr. Grant may have been flattering himself on the success of his favourite educational theories when he suddenly received a rude shock. "It was an idea of his," relates his daughter, "that we were better unguided; characters self-formed were to his mind more brave, more natural, than could ever be the result of over-tutoring. We were, therefore, very little directed in our early days. We were always informed of our wrong-doings, sometimes punished for them, but we were very much left to find out the right for ourselves." This system of education, so strikingly opposed to that of Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, answered well enough as long as there was some grown-up person in the house, who would keep an eye on the children. Except for hearing them spell and taking them to concerts, their mother does not appear to have troubled much about them. She was often ill, and a good deal absorbed in her books, and though beautiful, clever, and energetic when she chose, as is shown by the way she acquainted herself on her marriage

with the Highland "Home Industries," Mrs. Grant was in general rather an indolent person. Her place in the household was for some years supplied, as far as her children went, by an aunt and her own maid, but when these kind and tactful women married, there was no one to stand between the wind and the severity of the parental crazes. "One mode was applied to all: perpetual fault-finding, screams, tears, sobs, thumps formed the staple of the nursery history from this time forward. . . . Our nursery breakfast was ordered, without reference to any but Houghton customs, to be dry bread and cold milk the year round, with the exception of three winter months, when in honour of our Scotch blood we were favoured with porridge. Had we been strong children this style of food might have suited us, but we inherited from my father a delicacy of constitution demanding great care from our infancy. In those days it was the fashion to take none; all children were alike plunged into the coldest water, sent abroad in the worst weather, fed on the same food, clothed in the same light manner. From the wintry icy bath Aunt Lissy had saved us; our good nurse Herbert first, and then Mrs. Lynch, had always made us independent of the hated breakfast; but when they were gone, and the conscientious Mrs. Millar, my mother's 'treasure,' reigned alone, our life was one long misery. In town, a large, long tub stood in the kitchen court, the ice on the top of which had often to be broken before our horrid plunge into it; we were brought down from the very top of the house, four pair of stairs, with only a cotton cloak over our nightgowns, just to chill us completely before the dreadful shock. How I screamed, begged, prayed, entreated to be saved! half the tender-hearted maids in tears beside me; all no use. Nearly senseless I have been taken to the housekeeper's room, which was always warm, to be dried; then we dressed, without any flannel, and in cotton frocks with short sleeves and low necks. Revived by the fire, we were enabled to endure the next bit of martyrdom, an hour upon the low sofa, so many yards

from the nursery hearth, our books in our hands, while our cold breakfast was preparing. My stomach entirely rejecting milk, bread and tears generally did for me." Being hungry and thoroughly miserable, they soon took to lying, if they thought anything was to be got by it, and matters were in this condition when their father returned from an electioneering campaign in Morayshire. "The recapitulation of all our offences drove us to despair, for we loved him with an intensity of affection that made his good opinion essential to our happiness; we also dreaded his sternness, his punishments being *à la* Brutus, nor did he ever remit a sentence once pronounced. The milk rebellion was crushed immediately; in his dressing-gown, with a whip in his hand, he attended our breakfast—the tub at this season we liked—but that disgusting milk! He began with me; my beseeching look was answered by a sharp cut, followed by as many more as were necessary to empty the basin. Jane obeyed at once, William after one good hint. . . . Whatever was on the table we were each to eat; no choice was allowed us. The dinners were very good: one dish of meat with vegetables, one tart or pudding. How happy our dinner-hour was when Aunt Lissy was with us! a scene of distress often afterwards! My mother never had such an idea as entering her own nursery. . . ." On one occasion Jane, then about five, rejected cold spinach at every meal for thirty hours, and then gave in, and was ill all night in consequence.

For some reason that is not clearly explained, this terrible state of things did not last long. "Aunt Mary" Ironside, afterwards the wife of the Master of University, seems to have managed to check the severity of Mrs. Millar. At any rate, it was after her marriage that nursery discipline became sterner than ever. At last the children could endure it no more, and laid an ingenious trap for their tyrant. Often as their father flogged them, corporal punishment was strictly forbidden, no matter what the provocation, from anyone else. Nurse Millar transgressed this order

frequently, but took care to time her punishments when Mr. Grant, a very methodical man, was absent from his dressing-room, which adjoined the nursery. It was agreed between the two eldest victims that William was to watch for the chance of his father coming upstairs at "uncanonical" hours, and warn his sister, which he accordingly did. Elizabeth instantly became peculiarly irritating, and was rewarded by several hard slaps on the back of her neck. Loud yells followed; then more slaps and screams, which increased in agony till Mr. Grant rushed in upon the scene. "I have long suspected this, Millar," he said. "Six weeks ago I warned you. In an hour you leave this for Aviemore." And she did. Sad to say, the younger children, whom she had always indulged—she was one of those women who only care for infants—turned upon their sister, and even William declared that Elizabeth's temper had been the cause of half their woes. Perhaps it was; but it was not to be expected that she would admit the fact. "Kill the next tiger yourselves," she said indignantly, and withdrew from their society for half a day.

Strange as it may appear, the children's devotion to their father never swerved for all his whippings, and they still loved no playfellow as they loved him. "Sometimes he was an ogre groping about for prey, which when caught he tickled nearly into fits; sometimes he was a sleeping giant whom we besieged in his castle of chairs," but whatever the game, "it was always charming, and redeemed all our troubles." It was he, apparently, who chose the books they should read, took interest in their pursuits, and settled their various masters. The Grants were great upon masters. As some people cannot pass a fortnight in a town without flying to a dressmaker, the Grant family were unable to spend a month even in a foreign city without taking lessons in music, dancing, and Italian. Their intermittent governesses—selected, not very successfully, by Mrs. Grant—were only intended to teach the children the rudiments of what would now be classed as "English," and to keep them in

order. This was not always very easy. The children were clever, critical, and (in spite of the food and the floggings) very undisciplined. They promptly detected the shortcomings of their rulers, and decided on their own line of conduct. "She is a fool; I shan't mind her any more," Elizabeth at six remarked of her first instructress, and on this principle they all acted through life. Driving over Flodden in the year 1812 on their way north, their father seems to have asked them what event they connected with the name. "'Miss Elphick' (the new governess) 'will tell us, I am sure,'" said Elizabeth; "for I had taken her measure at once, and knew she knew less of Flodden Field than I did. 'Decidedly not,' said my father. 'Take the trouble to hunt out all the necessary information yourself. You will be less likely to forget it. I shall expect the whole history a week after we get home.' Whether, suspecting the truth, he had come to the rescue of the governess, or that he was merely carrying out his general plan of making us do all our work ourselves, I cannot say, and I did not stop to think. My head had begun to arrange its ideas. *The Flowers of the Forest* and *Marmion* were running through it. 'Ah, papa,' I said, 'I need not hunt; it's all here now: the phantom, the English lady, the spiked girdle, and all. I'm right, ain't I?' and I looked archly at the governess, who, poor woman, seemed in the moon altogether."

Whether in London, Edinburgh, or their beloved Rothiemurchus, a wonderfully pleasant and rational life was led by these children, who ran wild about the country in their pink gingham frocks and coarse straw bonnets lined with green. There was none of the incessant fuss and supervision which we are accustomed to associate with the existence of little girls a hundred years ago, based possibly on the immortal work of Mrs. Sherwood. They had that best of educations, free access to books, and on the lengthy journeys between London and Rothiemurchus their father took care to provide a good travelling library suited to all ages. On the

occasion of the visit to Flodden it included Goldsmith's *History*, *Animated Nature*, *Adèle et Théodore*, *The Seven Champions of Christendom*, the first three of Scott's poems, *Childe Harold*, which had just appeared, and roused even the prosaic Elizabeth to enthusiasm. Then they were habitually taken to the best concerts and plays—pictures none of them seem to have cared for—and, lastly, they were continually thrown in the society of those whom force of character or intellectual gifts rendered interesting. One of their nearest neighbours at Rothiemurchus was the celebrated Duchess of Gordon—Burns's Duchess—whose taste for lively as well as intellectual people had by no means passed away with the days when she or one of her sisters rode a sow down the High Street of Edinburgh. "Half the London world of fashion, all the clever people that could be hunted out from all parts, all the neighbourhood from far and near, without regard to wealth or station, flocked to this encampment in the wilderness" (which was literally a cottage) "to enjoy the free life, the pure air, and the wit and fun the Duchess brought with her to the mountains. . . . When the Duchess had miscalculated her supplies, or more guests arrived than she could possibly accommodate, the overplus, as a matter of course, came over to us. All our spare rooms were often filled, even to the many beds in the 'barrack,' and at Kinvara (the name of the cottage) shakesdown in the dining-room and the sofas in the drawing-room were constantly resorted to for gentlemen who were too late for a corner in the 'wooden room,' a building erected a short way from the house."

In spite of railways and telegraphs and daily steamers, this happy state of things has not entirely passed away. "Where did we all sleep?" is a question which many of us still have had occasion to ask each other, for Highland houses have not yet ceased to be hotels, and the most charming and hospitable hotels in the whole world.

Some of these guests were, of course, mere "visions" as

far as any acquaintanceship went, but with others, such as Mrs. Thrale and her daughters, the Grants maintained permanent relations. Then there were the Duke of Manchester, son-in-law of the Duchess, "the most beautiful statue-like person that ever was seen in flesh and blood," and her own son, the wild and fascinating Marquis of Huntly. Another of the visitors was an Irish Mr. Macklin, who "played the flute divinely and wore out the patience of the laundry-maids by the number of shirts he put on per diem." He was "a very clean gentleman," and took a bath twice a day, not in the river, but in a tub, a tub brought up from the wash-house, for in those days the chamber apparatus for ablutions was quite on the modern French scale. "Grace Baillie was with us with all her pelisses, dressing in all the finery she could muster, sometimes like a flower-girl, sometimes like Juno; now she was queen-like, then Arcadian, then *corps de ballet*, the most amusing and extraordinary figure stuck over with coloured glass ornaments, and by way of being outrageously refined. Well, Miss Baillie coming upstairs to dress for dinner, opened the door to the left instead of the door to the right, and came full upon short, fat, black Mr. Macklin in his tub! Such a commotion! we heard it in our schoolroom. Miss Baillie would not appear at dinner. Mr. Macklin, who was full of fun, would stay upstairs if she did; she insisted on his immediate departure; he insisted on their swearing eternal friendship." The gentlemen were in fits of laughter, the ladies much shocked, and the only person with any sense seems to have been Miss Ramsay, the governess, who remarked that if Miss Baillie had just shut the door and held her tongue no one would have been any the wiser.

These friends came to them, as it were, by inheritance; but we get besides glimpses of others whom chance threw in their way. During a short visit to the little Durham watering-place of Seaham, the children came across Miss Milbanke, the future Lady Byron, who lived for part of the

year in a little villa close by their inn. At Oxford Elizabeth gazed with awe and disapproval at Mr. Shelley, "the ring-leader in every species of mischief"—credited, however, with much "mischief" for which he was not responsible. At Ramsgate, where a house was taken in 1811 for Mrs. Grant's health, they found themselves living next the "Baroness d'Ameland," otherwise the Duchess of Sussex, with whose son and daughter the little Grants soon became intimate. These children bore the name of D'Este, one of the names of the Duke, and were called by their friends "Prince" and "Princess," though their mother, apparently a person of great good sense, never spoke of them but as "my boy" and "my girl." Princess Augusta began the acquaintance on the downs, and continued it over the paling that separated the two gardens; and Mrs. Grant shortly received a hint that a visit next door would be acceptable. Very soon Jane, everybody's favourite, became almost a fixture in the "Duchess's" house; and Mr. Grant was consulted by the great lady in the many difficulties that were constantly arising in her life. She was a clever and accomplished woman, very fond of children, and to amuse her own got up a private performance of *Macbeth*, with the Princess as Lady Macbeth, and Jane, who scored a brilliant success, as her lord. The actors being so few, the parts had to be more than doubled; but that only added to the interest of the affair; the Duchess painted one scene, which did duty for all, and Mr. Grant, who had been a pupil of Stephen Kemble, was stage manager.

Nothing strikes us more in reading these Memoirs than the slight bar which then separated class from class in Scotland. No doubt this was to a great degree the outcome of the clan system. Members of a clan were looked upon as one family; their interests were identical, their intercourse natural; there was no condescension on one side, and no awkwardness on the other. Hence the manners were good, for where there is neither self-consciousness nor assumption,

politeness springs up of itself. If, as often happened, the sons of a family went away to India or elsewhere, rose from the ranks and got their commissions, they came back quite unspoilt to see their old homes and their humble friends. Where, indeed, would have been the use of pretensions, when all the clan (which composed their world) knew who they were and all about them?

Another curious fact is the footing of absolute equality on which illegitimate children were placed, even by those who would seem to have most cause to resent their existence. These *petits accidents de l'amour*, to quote a French actress, were tolerably numerous everywhere at that day; but in Scotland, at any rate, they had no reason to complain of their treatment. Annie Grant, the "accidental" daughter of Mr. Grant's half great-uncle, was one of these, and her history is far more romantic than the wildest efforts of modern fiction. As a child she was seen by Mrs. Grant of Rothiemurchus, bare-footed and bare-headed, attending the parish school, and herding the cows in her leisure moments. After her father's death Annie was transplanted into the household of one of the Grant relations, to help in the housekeeping and do anything she was wanted. Here she remained till Mrs. Grant died, when she was sent to a good school in Forres by the Lady of Logie. But the poor girl must have felt that death had a special spite against her, for not long afterwards she lost her protectress, and was taken up to London by her guardian, Mr. Grant of Rothiemurchus. By him she was apprenticed to the Misses Stewart, fashionable dressmakers in Albemarle Street. Her position, however, affected her friends as little as did the circumstances of her birth. Everyone seems to have loved her, and there was no end to the houses open to her for her holidays. And when, on the retirement of the Misses Stewart, Annie came to live at her guardian's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, an era of happiness—and goodness—set in for the Grant children. With Elizabeth she read

Goldsmith, Robertson, Rollin, and Shakespeare, also some good novels and Miss Edgeworth's fashionable tales. Later, Annie went out to India, married a General Need, played, as her husband's position demanded, the great lady at Cawnpore, and finally came home to pick up her old threads in a country house not far from Nottingham. A strange career, truly, for a bare-footed Scotch lassie!

As the years passed on, electioneering expenses grew heavier, and money became scarcer and scarcer. In 1812 they went north for good, and henceforth "did a season" in Edinburgh instead of one in London. In the spring of 1815 Miss Grant was pronounced grown up, and the best dressmakers in Inverness and Glasgow were entrusted with her outfit. Hitherto, in spite of the six years' difference in their ages, Elizabeth, Jane, and Mary had all been dressed alike. Their common frocks were pink gingham or nankeen, their best ones white calico, with fine straw bonnets lined and trimmed with white. Over the frocks they wore tippets to match, unless for a change their mother gave them silk spencers, "of any colour that suited her eye."

It was in the conscious elegance of such garments that Elizabeth and Jane passed the summer of 1810 at Oxford, their arms carefully placed within each other before setting out to walk, that they might promenade gracefully through the town, after the manner of Isabella Thorpe. These clothes Elizabeth now set aside in favour of trimmed cambrics and muslins, and for occasions of state a lilac-checked silk gown. Sashes, up till now a forbidden luxury, were "tied at one side in two bows with very long ends." The dinner gowns were muslin—pink, blue, and white. Of course the petticoats were scanty and the waists short, while only natural flowers were considered "becoming a young woman." Elizabeth's best bonnet was of white chip trimmed with white satin and blush roses, and her best spencer of pink. We do not know how she wore her hair at this time, but a few years after she mentions that, on the

advice of some Brussels girls, she arranged drooping ringlets in front, while the rest of her hair, which reached to her ankles, was coiled up in plaits. And to this style she always kept, whatever the fashion.

"Where maidens are fair many lovers will come"; and after her *début* at the Inverness Gathering—a meeting which owed its birth to the Duchess of Gordon—Elizabeth had her full share of admirers. Considering the way in which she had been brought up, and the amount of society and gaiety in which she had mingled from a baby, it is rather difficult to picture the young lady "frightened out of her wits" at her first dinner-party at Kinvara; but, at any rate, her shyness (which one cannot help suspecting to have been *de circonstance*) had quite worn off by the time she danced her first reel.

It was during her first season in the "Northern Athens" that the romance occurred which saddened Elizabeth's life for many years, and turned her, at eighteen, from a girl to a woman. From her account of the circumstances we get many curious glimpses of contemporary manners and customs, which confirm the impression made by Mrs. Somerville's Memoirs, that girls in those days were by no means as strictly kept as is commonly supposed.

The hero—we are not told his name—was the only son of a rich professor, and heir to a fine property on the Tweed. He was a great friend of William Grant though several years his senior, and was soon on a footing of real intimacy with the whole family. The young ladies on both sides exchanged calls, and were welcomed at each other's houses, but the elders remained aloof—a proceeding which strikes us as it did the young Grants as very odd; but if anyone expected the crisis, nobody took any pains to avert it. When it came, the outcry was loud, and the marriage was pronounced impossible. Why, nobody knew, or at any rate nobody would say; till at length, after a miserable period of tears, exhortations from family friends (Rothiemurchus,

himself characteristically kept out of the way in London), and a secret correspondence on the part of the young people, the knot was cut by the hero's mother. This sensible woman one day called on the girl and explained that the two fathers had been in their college days the dearest of friends till some quarrel had taken place, of which the origin was still wrapped in mystery. Further connection was out of the question, and Elizabeth's pride was appealed to, and not in vain. The wound might have been healed sooner without leaving any scar, had it not been for a lack of sense and tact on the part of Mrs. Grant. She so irritated and worried her daughter that for some time the girl seemed in danger of becoming a heartless flirt, and of breaking hearts for "pastime" during the gay autumn that followed.

Elizabeth's taste for balls suddenly changed after this episode, but Jane enjoyed everything and was welcome everywhere. She was lively and good-tempered, and very much admired; less volatile than Elizabeth, very well read, and a beautiful dancer; easy to please in everything except a husband! The various aspirants to that honour were rejected without a second thought. One and all, "their knowledge of history was so defective." How was it possible to think seriously of a companion for life with whom there could be no rational conversation? At one moment the family hoped for better things on the reappearance of an old friend, Duncan Davidson; but "they fell out," and he departed. "We never could make out what the disagreement had been; perhaps some historical subject; a failure as to dates, or facts, or something—as had been the case with poor Tom Walker." However, Jane knew what she wanted, and when she was twenty-six she got it, in the shape of Colonel Pennington, "very clever, very good, very agreeable, but old and ugly." Meanwhile she was quite happy at home and visiting her various friends, who were always delighted to have her. We get a pleasant picture of a few days spent at Abbotsford, in the course of a Border tour

with Sir Thomas and Lady Lauder. "Jane was in an ecstasy the whole time. Sir Walter Scott took to her, as who would not? They rode together on two ponies, with the Ettrick Shepherd and all the dogs. Sir Walter gave her all the Border legends, and she corrected his mistakes about the Highlands. At parting he hoped she would come again, and he gave her a small ring he had picked up among the ruins of Iona, with a device on it no one could ever make out." Besides Sir Walter, Jane also met at Abbotsford Mrs. Hemans, "a nice, quiet little woman," and her two boys, "quite surprised to find that there was another *lion* in the world besides their mother."

Elizabeth did not appreciate Sir Walter's novels—she never came across him herself—indeed, it is not easy to discover any trace that in her later years she cared at all for fiction. Jane Austen she never mentions any more than she does the Peninsular War, though one made almost as great a stir as the other! Miss Burney, Miss Ferrier, and the older novelists she does not seem to have read, and though she alludes to Miss Edgeworth two or three times, she gives no clue as to the opinion she formed of her. Poets, too, when she met them, appear to have been judged as men of the common herd, without any of the leniency often held the privilege of greatness. The recollection of Shelley at University never seems to have roused any curiosity about his poems in the mind of Elizabeth. Coleridge, who visited at her Uncle Frere's, she thought a poor mad creature, "who never held his tongue." Miss Joanna Baillie, so highly praised by Scott, was "a nice old lady"; Edward Irving (and his wife and child) struck her merely as being "very dirty."

The winters in Edinburgh in those days were very pleasant times, and whatever good things were going, the Grants had a share in them. The quaint individuality that is the result of living in an isolated groove was to be found in plenty, and was (occasionally) a welcome change from the

easier manners of those who prided themselves on being "citizens of the world." These old-fashioned ladies and gentlemen looked down, as if from a pedestal, on the new standard of behaviour then in vogue, and seldom failed to put their finger on any weak spot. They still held themselves of superior clay to the "snobs" whom stress of circumstances compelled them to visit, and gazed with horror on any approach to laxity and fastness. Persons so erring were graphically summed up by Miss Clerk of Eldin as "the sort of people you never see in mourning"; and though the deduction is rapid, is it incorrect? "He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend. Eternity mourns that."

During all these years the affairs of Rothiemurchus had gradually been going from bad to worse. Election expenses had proved a heavy drain; his household was lavishly conducted, and he himself absolutely incapable of putting down waste, or developing the resources of his estate, on which, with a keen eye for the picturesque, he had laid out a great deal of money. In the year 1820 matters came to a crisis. One morning—it seems to have been in the spring—the two younger girls were despatched to some distance with a note, the servants dispersed on various pretexts, and Elizabeth informed by her mother (who appears to have been alone) that an execution was to take place in the house, and the men expected in every moment. This piece of intelligence, utterly unexpected as it was, would have upset most people; but both mother and daughter were perfectly calm; and, indeed, as the furniture was hired, and there was very little plate, the law library and the piano seem the only items on which the bailiffs could lay hands. But the lesson had been learnt; as soon as possible the move to Rothiemurchus was made, and the children set to work trying as far as possible to remedy the mistakes of the parents.

The seven years that followed grew leaner and leaner. The debts amounted to £60,000, a sum large enough to daunt even the hopefulness of youth, but William was a

born farmer, and was enchanted to give up the Bar for a more congenial task. The forest industry was developed, the outdoor servants overlooked, while in the house things throve better and more economically under the guidance of Elizabeth than they ever had done under that of her mother. At first all went happily enough. In the summer their friends were all round them as usual, and the girls were too busy in their different departments to have time to bewail the glories of the past, while in 1822, Elizabeth, on whom the heaviest burden fell, was cheered and rested by some months passed in visiting the south. It was on this occasion that she travelled for the first time in a stage-coach, instead of in the landau-and-four to which she had always been accustomed. In the Highlands coaches were even now few and far between, and great fun was made of the advertisement of one started between Blair and Dunkeld, which ran as follows: "Pleasing intelligence. The Duchess of Athole starts every morning from the Duke's Arms at eight o'clock."

After Jane's marriage, in 1826, matters became worse still. With the exception of a very small sum set aside for the family's maintenance, the whole of the profits that could be made out of the estate was devoted by the creditors to the payment of the debts. Every penny that could be saved was saved by the girls, who walked about in patched and odd satin shoes, and wrote for the magazines in a room without a fire. Oh, what joy when the first effort from Elizabeth's pen produced the sum of £3 from the editor of *Fraser!* while a second cheque for £40 was not long in following.

But the tide of affairs was now on the turn.

The borough of Tavistock, which Mr. Grant had represented during two Parliaments, was required by its owner, the Duke of Bedford, for his son Lord John. The shield of Parliament being withdrawn, Mr. Grant, still very deeply in debt, was liable to be arrested at any moment, and when in

order to avoid this, he left his home, taking John with him, the spirits of his family must have been at their lowest ebb. But scarcely had he quitted England than the news arrived that he had been nominated to a vacant judgeship in Bombay. This piece of preferment he owed in the first place to Lord Glenelg, and in the second to the opportune production of a bin of Glenlivat whisky on the occasion of George IV's visit to Holyrood in 1822.

From this time their fortunes were tolerably prosperous. Mary had become engaged during the four months' voyage out to a Mr. Gardiner, a civilian with a good appointment, and early in 1829 Elizabeth gratified her friends by accepting one Colonel Smith, the very husband they had all picked out for her! His health was bad, and they did not remain long in India, returning in 1830 to settle on an Irish property worth £1200 a year, which the Colonel had lately inherited from his brother.

There is "an end indeed of Eliza Grant" are the words with which she closes her recollections, but, as far as her Irish estate was concerned, there was only the beginning of Eliza Smith. Her untiring and successful efforts for the good of her tenantry are alluded to in the preface, and the work she did seems to have been not only extensive but enduring.

In the course of memoirs written exclusively from recollection, many inaccuracies are of course inevitable, and Elizabeth Grant doubtless makes frequent mistakes when she is repeating from mere hearsay—as in the account she gives of the Sobieski Stuarts. But with every allowance in this direction, her memory for the events of her early life remains astonishing. She does not, as far as can be seen, attempt to foist on twenty the riper judgments of forty; she never attempts to gloss over her own shortcomings, or—when it is necessary they should be mentioned—those of other people; from first to last all is genuine.

In studying most reconstructed memoirs we are haunted by a sense that the criticisms are not really (as they purport to be) contemporary with the circumstances, but no such feeling troubles us in the recollections of Elizabeth Grant.

POETS AS LANDSCAPE PAINTERS

POETS are a fortunate race. The art of rhyming was till lately so far beyond the power of most people that the few who possessed it were looked on with awe, and allowed to commit all sorts of crimes unmolested. Breaches of the Decalogue might be urged on the reader, and he only smiled as he murmured "poetical licence." High treason and sedition might be sought, but as long as they were taught in verse nobody cared. It is time, however, that moralists and teachers of the exact sciences made a stand at the false statements of poets as landscape painters. How many of us have had our minds fatally corrupted by the astonishing description in Campbell's stirring poem of "Thy wild and stormy steep, Elsinore!" The imaginative infant instantly figures to itself bare beetling crags stretching far into a sea that is for ever swirling at its base, the foam mingling with the white wings of the circling sea-birds; and the picture remains long after he has become aware of the actual facts—that at Elsinore the Sound is bordered by a flat green stretch of land, what in Scotland would be called a "haugh"—that there is no cliff, no sea-gulls, no nothing. To the end of its life the child harbours a sense of injury towards the inoffensive Elsinore; he feels towards it as grown people feel towards the original of a very flattering portrait; as if the sitter was in some way responsible, and that they would like to be revenged on *him* if they only got the chance. If the child is conscientious, and of a truthful nature, his whole future will be poisoned by Campbell's rash statement concerning Elsinore. He will dread to visit Rome lest the Tiber, instead of "tossing his tawny mane," should turn out a blue and tranquil stream.

He will shun Mont Blanc for fear that the Arve and Arveiron, instead of "raging" at its "base," may prove to be in some distant valley. Cashmere will be a sealed book to him; for who is to know if the roses really are bright by the calm Bendemeer, or if it is merely the convolvulus or cowslip which flourishes by those waters? Wordsworth is certainly a more trustworthy guide in this important question than most of his rivals, and has less inaccuracy on his conscience. The very qualities which made him a faithful chronicler of Betty Foy and her afflicted offspring led him to be careful and accurate in his descriptions of scenery, and if the "plough and harrow" are not precisely the first images suggested by the mention of "pleasant Teviotdale," but rather the echo of the baaing of many lambs, both plough and harrow are implements by no means unknown to the inhabitants.

In his description of the notorious swan on still St. Mary's Loch, Wordsworth is deserving of all praise. Think what a temptation to create (as Scott did) a herd of swans arching their graceful necks and gazing complacently at their reflections in the limpid waters. But no. He was proof against all the blandishments of the Muse, and confined himself strictly to the truth, which was that there was one swan, and no more, on the loch. Why there should be only one swan, and if it is always the same, and when it first came there, are questions which the student of natural history may be able to answer. To the uninitiated they are as darkly mysterious as the origin of Prester John; but this swan goes about killing young ducks.

In proportion as Wordsworth is to be commended for the *retenue* and dignity of his attitude towards the swan of St. Mary's Loch, we must severely condemn Scott for his account of the home—whether permanent or temporary—of that interesting bird. Even in Scotland many people have no idea of the existence of such a spot as St. Mary's; while in England it is quite safe to assert that it would

never have been heard of at all had it not been "honourably mentioned" by these two poets. But the "children of larger growth" who are impelled by Scott's majestic lines to drive eighteen miles from Selkirk, or nearly as many from Moffat, to visit "St. Mary's silent lake," will be rather bewildered when, book in hand, they compare the reality with the description in *Marmion*—

> Thou know'st it well; nor fen, nor sedge,
> Pollutes the pure lake's crystal edge;
> Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
> At once upon the level brink;
> And just a trace of silver sand
> Marks where the water meets the land.
> Far in the mirror bright and blue
> Each hill's huge outline you may view,
> Shaggy with heath, but lonely, bare.

There is not a single statement in these nine lines which is not open to criticism, or even contradiction. The numerous and pretty water weeds keep themselves well below the surface, serving the double purpose of shelter for the fish and traps for the lines of the fishermen. The "mountains," so far from being "abrupt" and "sheer," are round, pudding-shaped lumps of no great height, and perfectly easy of ascent from any part of the shore if the traveller has the mountaineering mania strong upon him. The "silver sand" turns out to be a streak of whinstones, only visible when a dry summer has left the shores bare, otherwise the water comes right up to the edge of the grass. As to the "brightness" and "blueness" of the mirror, that is a matter of the luck of the particular tourist, though certainly the poet was so far right when he spoke of the reflections. Whether the water be grey or blue, the reflections are equally firm and clear, and no dog could be accounted a fool for mistaking here the shadow for the substance. But when the conscientious explorer turns to look for the "huge outline" of the

objects reflected, he snorts with indignation. The tallest of them does not seem above 600 feet, and its outline would not disgrace an apple-dumpling or a dish-cover. Three false statements in as many lines naturally make the humble student of poetry and nature suspicious as to the rest; but he bounds with surprise when he is next asked to look upon the hills as "shaggy with heath." This is the crowning insult to his understanding; for, however long his sight and keen his eyes, he may sweep the horizon to the end of his life without being able to detect more than one hill with heather on it. This is the great drawback to the hills of the south of Scotland. Their shapes are often fine, but, with few exceptions, their green is apt to become monotonous except for the brief space in the autumn when the bracken changes into gold. After this nothing matters. The "thousand rills" which flow into the lake (the country —for Scotland—is curiously destitute of them), and the "solitude" which is profaned by a horse's hoofs, though not apparently by the baaing of the endless sheep, may pass unnoticed. But our faith is shaken. It may be true that on occasions known to the poet the lake "heaves her broad billows to the shore," and that eagles scream around Loch Skene. But perhaps the strangest part of the whole is, that these assertions should be quoted in all the local guide-books as if they were literally true. Yet even a landlord of an inn can see that they are purely fanciful, and that St. Mary's and Loch Skene are no more like Scott's pictures than the ladies who sit to Mee, R.A., resemble his charming portraits.

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